Warsaw Community High School
History Dept. Room 25

Personalities

Make

History

by Corinne Forsee

PERSONALITIES MAKE HISTORY

by

Corinne Forsee

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FOREWORD

Although our country is comparatively young, when we include the colonial period it does stretch across several centuries. So when historians try to cover all of this in a school history book, they have to do some vigorous compressing. As a result, our books tell us all about the main trends, but they leave out most of the interesting details. They tell us WHAT HAPPENED, but not much about the PEOPLE who played roles in these events. Or, if they do mention people, they tell us so little about them that they don't seem like real people.

The purpose of this book is to put some of the flesh back onto the skeleton of United States history as it appears in such textbooks. We shall do this by studying together the people around which this history has been made.

Rather than to have too many of them flit quickly across our pages, we shall try to focus more sharply on a few of our more interesting forebears. We shall not simply concentrate on the "saints", but shall include some of the "rascals" as well. We shall not try to gloss them all with a glamor, but shall cover their aches and pains, their little vanities, as well as their worthy ambitions, their misdeeds as well as their heroic ones.

In that way, we can learn that history has not been made by a strange type of people, different from you and me, but by ordinary flesh and blood people. And yet many of these ordinary people suffered great hardships and toiled strenuously to make, altogether, this country the world leader it is today!

Biographical material is often very scarce in some of our schools. The factual material contained in this book is the result of a lifetime of collecting interesting historical data. Part of this data has been culled from innumerable scrapbooks, containing brief items coming to the author from here and there, some from very unusual sources. Much more is from historical biographies, some recent, but many long out of print. Some of the sketches contained in this book have been compounded from fifteen or twenty of these old, historic sources.

From this book, you will learn that the people who helped make American history weren't lifeless or shadowy, but eager, hard working, live persons who perhaps loved to eat flap jacks, fried chicken or apple pie, who had runny noses because they got colds from wet feet, who danced and flirted with the girls, who often walked five miles to school, and so on.

If you can learn to like and appreciate these people, you will learn to like and appreciate the American history of which they have been a part!

JOHN PETER ZENGER AND FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Have you ever heard of John Peter Zenger? Chances are your answer is "No". But he gave to us here in America, and to people in many other parts of the world, a priceless heritage - freedom of the press.

What does freedom of the press mean? It means that our newspapers can print practically anything they want to print, with a few exceptions, from the funnies to the very serious reports on our government's activities.

It is, of course, the business of our people to watch what public officials are doing. Are they efficient? Are they honest? Are they spending the peoples' money wisely? If there were no freedom of the press, no criticism of the government could be printed. Men in political office would be free to indulge in graft, to take away all our people's rights and freedoms, to become virtual dictators! Freedom of the press guarantees the people an important check on their government.

What has John Peter Zenger to do with all this? We'll soon see, but first, let's learn all we can about Zenger himself. It is little wonder if you never heard of John Peter, for he was born in Germany, away back in 1697. In 1710 he arrived in New York with his mother, a younger brother and a sister. His father had been washed overboard at sea, making John, at the age of 13, the head of the family!

Soon after the Zengers reached New York, John (who was an impressive looking lad better than six feet tall), was offered an apprenticeship with an apothecary. This he turned down as it wasn't really what he wanted. He hoped to become an apprentice to a printer, mainly so he could learn to write and read and to spell. In a few days he was lucky and became an apprentice to William Bradford, a printer in New York City. When his apprenticeship was finished, John Peter, then twenty-two years old, went to Philadelphia to become a printer on his own. This venture was not successful and he returned to New York and to the shop of William Bradford. In 1725 he entered into a partnership with Bradford, but in 1726 he withdrew and again set up his own shop.

In 1722, John Peter Zenger had married a Dutch lass, Anna Maulin, the daughter of a prominent family. Anna was well educated for a girl of those days. She had an active mind, a strong imagination, and unusual powers of persuasion and ambition, especially where John was concerned. Anna was particularly interested in newspapers. As a young girl she had seen London newspapers and other foreign papers and she developed very definite ideas as to what a newspaper should be. She thought it should be a true account of the times, a record for posterity of what went on in the colony from day to day.

The first newspaper in New York was published in 1725. It was called

the New York Gazette and consisted of one sheet of foolscap paper folded into four pages. Editorially it had little resemblance to the type of newspaper Anna pictured in her mind. The Gazette specialized in news of the King and his representatives, and of the ships that sailed in and out of the harbor. It also contained a few advertisements such as:

> "Morrison, Peruke Maker from London, dresses ladies hair in the politest taste. He has choice parsel of human, horse and goats hair to dispose of."
>
> "Ties, bobs, majors, spencers, fox tails and twists together with tetes for the ladies."

When Anna married John Peter she immediately began to talk newspaper to him. After several years she managed to fire his interest and he discussed the idea with Bradford. As a result Bradford began to publish a newspaper. This was a blow to Anna whose enthusiasm for a newspaper had been directed at her husband, not at Bradford.

Even though John Peter was not the publisher Anna could be said to be responsible for the publication of the first "colonial" newspaper for Bradford's paper was the result of her idea and it printed local news and controversial articles as she had envisaged. In those days of the 1700's very little thought was given to reading material for the common people. Their reading was apparently supposed to be confined to the Bible but it didn't take long for them to become absorbed in reading the newspaper articles which questioned the fairness of the ruling officials. As the people's interest in the conduct of these officials grew, the fears of the rulers grew too, and soon an order was issued that nothing could be printed that was critical of the rulers, no matter how true or just it was. The "big shots" were furious with what Bradford printed. They called on him and threatened him with punishment and Bradford gave in. There would be no more attacks on the activities of the men in charge of the government.

In the meantime Zenger, in his printing shop, was turning out religious pamphlets. He had a knack for printing artistically which brought him a good business and gave him satisfaction in his work. But Anna still wasn't satisfied. She began again where she had left off when Bradford had started the newspaper she had wanted John to publish. Matters had grown worse in the government. The people were uneasy, and would be eager to learn in print about some of the things that were happening.

About that time a new Governor was appointed in the New York colony, Cosby by name. He took on so much power that the people came to believe that Cosby thought he was the King and not just the King's representative. In order better to control the Legislature, Cosby wanted to disfranchise men who would vote for representation opposed to his dictatorial use of power. For example, one district in question was extensively Quaker, so Cosby's men

ruled that no person could vote who would not take an oath of allegiance to the King. This was against Quaker religious philosophy (as Cosby well knew), so the Quakers were ruled ineligible to vote.

Things like this, combined with Anna's pleadings, and his own sense of indignation finally so moved John Peter that in November, 1733, he established his own newspaper, the New York Weekly. This was Zenger's and not a loyalist paper as Bradford's had turned out to be. The people welcomed it. The Governor and his friends sneered at it.

In his paper Zenger attacked the misdeeds of officers as he saw them. He was a courageous writer, if not a clever one. There were, however, articles in his paper that were snappy and sassy and which some people have attributed to Anna! The public mind was ready for such ideas and before Cosby and his friends realized it the paper had planted the seed of freedom and independence for the first time in colonial America.

There was plenty for Zenger to criticize. High officials were removed with no explanation, elections were manipulated, money was misappropriated. Zenger printed articles about all these things. Especially entertaining to the people were bits of doggerel (light verse) attacking the Governor. That gentleman was furious and was all for jailing Zenger. The Governor's friends tried to dissuade him, however, because "freedom of the press" was highly regarded in the Mother Country. The Governor then ordered the critical rhymes burned publicly. The "Whipper", the proper official to do it, refused and the Court refused to force him to do it, but a Negro servant of the Sheriff finally took the offensive papers out and burned them. A few days later Zenger was arrested. Bail was set at 600 British pounds (about $3000), which was excessive. He was remanded to prison where he was held incommunicado for several days. Later he was allowed to talk to his wife through a hole in the door!

The Grand Jury refused to indict Zenger (which means to accuse him officially of a crime). However, the court refused to let him go and refused him a writ of habeas corpus (an order giving him an immediate trial). He was in jail right where Cosby wanted him. From the outside world, he had only his wife to talk to, but that was enough. For under his direction Anna kept the newspaper going. Many of Zenger's friends helped her. Lewis Morris, James Alexander and William Smith, Zenger's backers for the newspaper, all prominent men in the colony, stood by both her and Zenger. But day after day, week after week, month after month, Zenger was kept in his dark dismal cell. None except his wife was allowed to come and talk to him through the opening in the door. He became ill, discouraged, and hopeless.

His family suffered, too. Children refused to play with the Zenger children, saying "your father is in jail". Anna was forced to give up teaching a Sunday School class. "It doesn't look right for you to teach a Sunday School class when your husband is in jail". John had undertaken to print the paper in

behalf of the common people whose rights he was eager to defend, but many of them gave him no thanks, and his wife no consideration.

As he sat alone, deprived of the legal services of his friend, Lewis Morris, and of the common rights of habeas corpus and trial by jury, John Peter's thoughts went back to a trial he had listened in on for a few minutes when he had been in Philadelphia on his first printing venture, fourteen years before. A powerful lawyer, one Andrew Hamilton, was pleading a case, so forcefully, so ably that John Peter Zenger thought to himself, "If I were ever in trouble I'd like that man to plead my case." Now he was in trouble and he needed the best lawyer obtainable, desperately! Since then Andrew Hamilton had become the most famous lawyer in the American Colonies. Various friends each agreed to write Mr. Hamilton separately and ask him to defend Zenger. Anna also wrote directly in behalf of her husband. The answer came quickly to Anna. Mr. Hamilton had been reading about Zenger's case in other colonial newspapers and had become very much interested in it. He would be glad to defend John Peter Zenger! Not knowing of Zenger's arrangements with Andrew Hamilton, the Court appointed a young lawyer, Chambers by name (who presumably would follow the orders of the Governor), to represent Zenger.

The trial was set for August 4, 1735. Anna had set up a statement in the New York Weekly Journal:

> "The friends of John Peter Zenger, who has been in jail since last November but never indicted, will be interested to learn that the supreme court has ordered a special panel to hear the case. The panel will be drawn on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth of July at five P. M. in the court room in City Hall, situated at Wall and Nassau Streets. All friends of John Peter Zenger, and all those interested in a fair trial for him, are entitled to be present when the special panel is drawn."

The panel was drawn at the appointed time, and though the Governor's friends tried to pack it with stooges, they were unsuccessful. The jury was made up of unbiased men!

On the morning of August 4, 1735, the court room was crowded to suffocation. As the court was called to order by the traditional "Oyez, Oyez," a stranger entered. He was an elderly gentleman of distinguished appearance. Accompanied by Rip Van Dam, a friend of Zenger, he quietly took a seat in the rear of the court room.

The Governor was represented on the bench by two of his "good" and crooked friends, Justices De Lancey and Philipse. They were both very plainly curious as to the identity of the stranger. They hadn't long to wait. John

Chambers, whom they had appointed to represent Zenger very unably, rose and said:

"May I address your Honors to say I have been advised that I am to have the cooperation of another attorney. I ask that you declare to be qualified at this bar, Mr. Andrew Hamilton, of the bar of our neighboring colony, Pennsylvania."

The Governor's henchmen were stricken with amazement and awe (how had Zenger obtained such a man to defend him!). As Chambers had stood, so had Hamilton, thus there was little time for the judges even to consider the thought of refusing to let him enter the case. As Chambers finished, Hamilton simply said, "I am ready to take the oath". They seemed to have no choice, and almost mechanically, (he was so stunned, De Lancey lifted his own right hand), administered the oath to the venerable lawyer. It was a great moment for Zenger. The ablest lawyer in the colonies was about to defend him.

Right at the start Hamilton confounded his listeners by admitting Zenger had published the offensive articles! Seizing upon this acknowledgment the Governor's lawyers asked the jury for a verdict of guilty. To this Hamilton quickly objected, stating that he could not think it proper to deny his client the right to publish articles on any topic of his choosing, even to complain against the Governor. He then moved on to the foundation of his defense. The printing of articles, however critical, is not in itself a crime. In order to constitute a crime the statements printed must be proved to be false, scandalous and seditious or else the accused was not guilty of libel.

The Judge however, refused to accept this thesis. He announced that the mere printing of libel against the government was a crime and that the truth or falsehood of the statements had nothing to do with the case. In fact, he pointed out, truth merely aggravated the crime. This being the case the bench refused to listen to Hamilton's arguments.

Blocked in his appeal to the Court Hamilton then directed all his remarks to the Jury. His defense was simple but remarkable; no sound and fury, just logical illustrations. He quoted the Bible. He pointed out that an attack on the governor was not an attack on the King. The King was a very fine man. He admired the King, but Cosby was the King's representative, not the King.

He quoted Roman history: "But why do I go to Rome to bring instances of the love of liberty. The best blood of Britain has been shed in the cause of liberty. The freedom we enjoy at this day is owing to the glorious stand of our forebears against the arbitrary demands and illegal impositions and outright exactions of tyrannical power against which our fathers courageously assumed the right openly and persistently to protect."

"Power may justly be compared to a great river. While kept within its bounds, it is beautiful and useful. But when it overflows its banks, it is then too impetuous to be stemmed. It bears down on all before it and brings destruction and desolation wherever it comes."

The jury gave Hamilton rapt attention. In fact, all those in attendance were in a state of mental paralysis as he rose to heights of eloquence. Long before he was finished the judges and the Governor's friends knew they were defeated!

DeLancey kept trying to interrupt to instruct the Jury but each time Hamilton went on to greater heights of eloquence until he reached his climax.

"Governors who injure and oppress the people under their administration provoke the people to cry out and complain and then make that very complaint the foundation for new oppressions and persecutions.

"The question before the Court and you gentlemen of the Jury, is not of small nor private concern. It is not the cause of the poor printer, Zenger, nor of New York alone which you are now trying. No! It may in its consequence affect every free man who lives under the British Government on the main of America. It is the best cause! It is the guarantee of liberty!"

The court room was still. Those present knew they had just listened to one of the greatest courtroom orations ever heard. Finally De Lancey got a chance to charge the Jury, reminding them of Zenger's sins in printing libel against the King's representative and practically instructing them to bring in a verdict of guilty.

The Jury retired to the jury room. The officers of the Court likewise left the room. In fifteen minutes the Jury was back and the Court returned.

"Gentlemen of the Jury. Have you agreed on a verdict?"

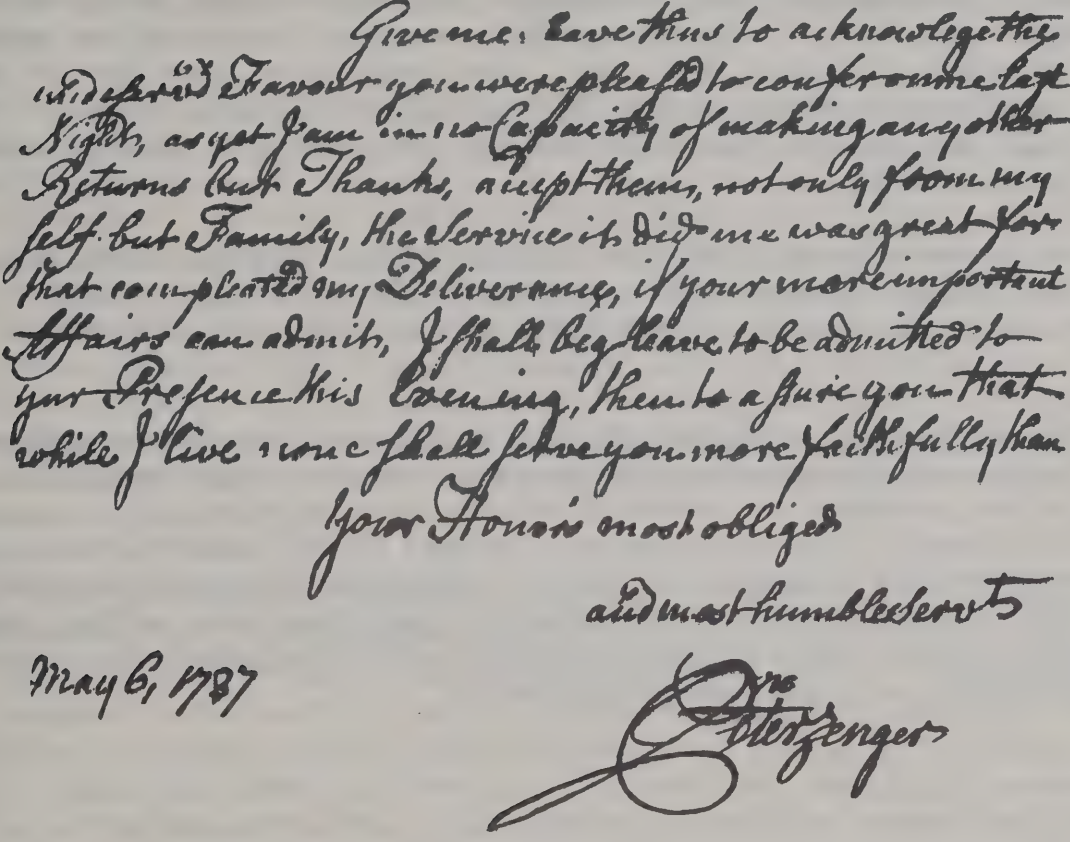
"We have."

"Have you agreed that John Peter Zenger is guilty of printing and publishing the libels as charged?"

"We find the defendant not guilty".

A great demonstration was touched off. Everyone except the Governor's friends rushed to Andrew Hamilton to shake his hand and congratulate him. John Peter was outside the magic circle and forgotten. The Court, shocked at the adverse decision, walked out. Soon Hamilton and his admirers left and there sat Zenger. He couldn't leave. The Court hadn't dismissed his case, so he had to go back to his hated cell

The next morning the Court properly dismissed him and with no fanfare he was set free. After ten months in a dark cell, the light blinded him and he was weak and hurt that he had been so ignored the day before. He was the one who had suffered for the people's rights and it had been Hamilton who enjoyed the thrill of victory. He was happy just to get home to his faithful wife, his children, his mother and to relax.



Give me Leave thus to acknowledge the
undeserved Favour you were pleased to confer on me last
Night, as yet I am in no Capacity of making any other
Returns but Thanks, accept them, not only from my
self but Family, the Service it's did me was great for
that compleated my Deliverance, if your more important
Affairs can admit, I shall beg Leave to be admitted to
your Presence this Evening, then to assure you that
while I live none shall serve you more faithfully than
Your Honor's most obliged
and most humble Servt
May 6, 1737
John Peter Zenger

Reproduction of a photograph of the letter written by Zenger to Andrew Hamilton following his acquittal, thanking the attorney for his efforts in Zenger's behalf.

That night there was a banquet for the hero of the hour, the most pretentious affair most of the colonists had ever seen. Andrew Hamilton was presented with a scroll encased in a box made of gold, giving him the freedom of the city. In his speech of acceptance he made a second speech almost as famous as the one in defense of Zenger. He said:

"The right of the people to worship according to their consciences cannot endure unless there is a free press to defend that freedom. The right of the people to speak freely cannot endure unless there is a free press to defend that freedom. The right of the people to meet publicly and talk over their troubles with their ruler cannot endure unless there is a free press to

defend that freedom. You, Mayor Richards, and these good people of New York have witnessed the most important incident that may ever occur in the entire history of your city. You have seen freedom of the press established! You have made the pattern for the whole world! And you have seen this done through the verdict of twelve good men and true who based their decision on the courageous efforts of John Zenger".

Zenger's newspaper took advantage of the jury's verdict and printed the complete story of the trial. Later recognition was given Zenger in his appointment to be the public printer of New York. New Jersey also gave him the same honor. Zenger lived for twelve years after his acquittal. After his death Anna and John Peter, Jr. ran the New York Weekly, but soon after Anna's death the paper was discontinued.

This is the story of John Peter Zenger of whom you may never have heard, but who assured us one of our most cherished freedoms. Edward Channing the great American historian sums up what this trial and verdict meant.

"The importance of this decision lay in the fact that the newspapers which were printed in the colonies after that time came to be the vehicle of instruction on the constitutional status of the American colonist and on the rights of Americans as men. These articles were written by the ablest politicians and literary men of the day in America. Had the newspaper press been muzzled it is possible that the Declaration of Independence might have been written, but it certainly would not have been adopted by a Continental Congress in the year 1776 or in all probability for many years therafter."

JOHN HANSON-FIRST PRESIDENT?

Who was the first President of the United States, John Hanson or George Washington? Robert Ripley , the famous cartoonist, said John Hanson was, but if you took an opinion poll in the United States, George Washington would probably win about one million to one. Ripley was one who took delight in shocking the American people with statements contradictory to popular belief. Another poll would probably conclude that Ripley was a better cartoonist than a historian. The basis for his contention, however, is interesting.

Let's go way back in United States History to the time when a group of patriotic men who loved Liberty and America better than England and bad taxes, met in Philadelphia in 1774 to voice their dissatisfaction with the policies of the Mother Country. This was called the First Continental Congress. A few months later a Second Continental Congress met and this body did some quite important things though it was not legally authorized to do so. One of these was to approve the Declaration of Independence. Another was to appoint a committee which should draw up some form of government by which the rebelling colonists might be governed if their war for independence should be successful. This new plan of Government--the first constitution for the United States--was called The Articles of Confederation. It was adopted seven months before the Battle of Yorktown.

On November 5, 1781, the Congress provided for in the Articles of Confederation, met in Philadelphia and chose John Hanson, one of the delegates from Maryland to serve as President for one year. This is confirmed by a letter found recently in the archives in the Library of Congress. The letter was written by Charles Thompson, the Secretary of Congress, to George Washington. It reads: "I have the honor to inform you that this day (January 5) pursuant to the Articles of Confederation, the United States in Congress assembled proceeded to the choice of a President and have elected for the ensuing year his Excellency John Hanson". George Washington immediately wrote to John Hanson addressing him as President and congratulated him upon his "appointment to fill the most important seat in the United States". It is on this historical fact, that many people have asserted that John Hanson really was the first President. The Articles of Confederation were in effect eight years--1781-1789, and in each year Congress elected one of its members to be President. By this reckoning, Washington would be the ninth President of the United States.

There is at present a small but very active group in this country who are doing all they can to foster the cause of John Hanson and save him from oblivion. Their goal is to restore his home, publicize his services, see that his statue is honorably placed and a commemorative stamp issued. In fact, bring back John Hanson's name from obscurity and give him the honors he deserves.

John Hanson deserved many honors. He led a rich and lively life in the services of his country. He was born in 1715 in Maryland at Mulberry Grove, a one thousand acre estate, lying on the Port Tobacco River, a branch of the Potomac, fifteen miles south of Mount Vernon. His family traced their ancestry back to Swedish Royalty. JohnHanson studied at Oxford University in England and in Europe and upon returning to this country married Jane Contee, of French Huguenot descent and became a "landed aristocrat". He fathered eight children- four boys and four girls.

The difficulties with England brought Hanson into politics in his middle age. He was elected to the Maryland Legislature and soon after Bunker Hill, thundered out his opinion--"We will repel force with force". He led Maryland into the struggle for freedom by fostering the call for troops, the first southern reinforcements to reach General Washington in Boston. His antagonism for England was of long standing. In 1769 he had supported the Non-Importation Acts and took a stand for a boycott of English goods. He approved the use of arms against the British in 1775 and was sent as a delegate to the Second Continental Congress. When he became President of the Congress of the United States the Revolutionary War was still on. He was instrumental in raising funds for the Army and establishing a munitions plant.

Hanson's services other than in relation to the war were notable. He established a consular service, the first United States bank and a post office department; he was instrumental in the adoption of the Great Seal whose emblem was an eagle holding an olive branch and thirteen arrows and a scroll with the motto "E Pluribus unum". He also proclaimed the first Thanksgiving, November 28, 1786.

Perhaps his greatest service to the United States was his advice and leadership in Maryland's refusal to sign the Articles of Confederation until all the states had ceded their Western lands to the Federal Government. This had delayed the adoption of the Articles from 1777 to 1781. As a result the United States territory was extended from an area along the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi.

Despite the accomplishments of John Hanson , careful consideration will show there was considerable difference between the powers and office of the President under the Articles and under the Constitution. Under the Articles, the President was not elected by the people nor responsible to them. He was President of Congress rather than the United States. He was not President in the same sense that Washington was. But with his limited powers he did his best and served his country very well.

In 1781, his health was not good, made worse probably by sadness caused by the death of two sons in the War. He wrote to Washington. "The load of business which I have very unwillingly and very imprudently taken on me, I am afraid will be more than my constitution will be able to bear". Later as his

term came to an end he showed a hopeful attitude toward the future in another letter: "the present aspect of our public affairs is particularly pleasing. May heaven still continue to smile on our efforts". John Hanson died the next year after his term ended, at the home of a nephew, Oxon Hill, twenty miles from Washington.

Historians have been slow to credit John Hanson with any consideration. Most history books ignore his name. He is not listed in the Dictionary of American History or the Dictionary of American Biography, but for the last quarter century he has been included in Encyclopedia Brittanica and Encyclopedia Americana, and his "backers" grow and grow. We can be grateful to Robert Ripley for arousing our interest in this forgotten patriot.

DEBORAH SAMPSON-WOMAN SOLDIER

Deborah Sampson holds an unusual record--a record of being the only female soldier ever to have served in the United States Army.

Many women served in the early wars, especially the Revolution, as water and cider carriers, and once in a while one helped to man a gun, but Deborah Sampson, of Massachusetts, actually enlisted as a soldier, and served with the men in the field. Her true identity was never suspected or revealed in a year and a half's service.

Deborah, in a sense, came from fighting stock. She could trace her ancestry directly to Myles Standish. Her parents were poor and she had only a little schooling. Most of Deborah's adolescent years were spent as a "hired girl". It was while in this service that she got the idea of enlisting in the Continental Army. She cut her hair, borrowed a suit of clothes from a young man (without his knowledge), and signed up. She was paid the enlistment bounty (probably $100) and then, to honor the occasion, she stopped in a tavern and celebrated a bit too uproariously. As a result she was separated from the rest of her bounty money, her identity was revealed and-a bit wiser-she went back home and returned her borrowed clothes. (The young man was "so shocked" at the use to which his clothes had been put that he never got over it!) Thus ended her first attempt to enlist.

Deborah was not easily discouraged, however. Several months later, wearing a suit of her own-fashioned by a tailor "for a male relative about my size"-she went to a new neighborhood some seventy-five miles away and enlisted. She was placed in a group of new recruits to learn the Manual of Arms and get the other training necessary to a soldier. A few weeks later she saw active service and it is reported that on the march to the scene of operations Deborah kept up with the men.

Though often referred to as an Amazon, this Yankee girl who lived and fought with soldiers, was not of unusual physique. She was five feet, seven and a half inches tall. She was muscular, with good eyes and a pleasing voice. She was quick, lithe and strong.

In her first battle at West Point Deborah suffered a slash from an enemy saber and later a musket ball gave her a side wound. This she made light of, and to avoid inquiring surgeons, she hid herself in the woods for several days and dressed the wound herself. Consequently the ball was never removed from her body. While with the army several months later in Philadelphia she was stricken with "Malignant Fever" and her attending physician discovered her sex. The discovery seems to have been kept a secret at the time, however, except from a few officers. After she regained her strength she was sent to West Point where, in female garb, she performed duties more in keeping with her sex.

Deborah Sampson was honorably discharged in 1783 at the age of twenty-three. She married Benjamin Gannett and became the mother of three children, Earl, Mary and Patience. The State Legislature of Massachusetts, and the Congress of the United States both took cognizance of her unique position as an army veteran and her name was on the regular lists for benefits and pensions. The pensions in her day amounted to $8.00 a month. She died in 1827 at the age of sixty-seven and was buried near her home in Sharon. In April 1944, a Liberty ship was named for her, but it does seem that the United States Navy might well name a fighting ship for this unusual woman-the only female combat soldier in Uncle Sam's long list of soldiers.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FARMERS AND THE WHISKEY REBELLION

Alexander Hamilton, searching for ways to set up a sound financial credit for the new Republic and pay off her bothersome debts, hit upon a whiskey tax. This seemed like a good idea to many and it was accepted in most places with some grumbling, but obedience. But in Western Pennsylvania the story was different. Here there was a double objection and open defiance resulted. One objection stemmed from the fact that the people were Scotch-Irish settlers who believed in whiskey. Practically every man--even members of the clergy--drank the fiery liquid and had no thoughts of becoming drunk. Women drank whiskey--storekeepers kept it on their shelves-farmers stored it in their cellars. Whiskey was served at christenings, weddings, wakes, and funerals. Sometimes it was flavored with tansy, mint or maple sugar--sometimes it was just drunk plain.

The second objective was economic. The frontier farmer raised more grain than he could either eat or sell to his neighbors. If he took it to Philadelphia to market, he must carry it on packhorse, there being no roads on which a wagon could haul it--broken axles, spilled grain, made it unprofitable, even impossible. A horse could carry only four bushels in one load. There was no profit in that. But if the grain were converted into whiskey the same horse could carry two eight-gallon kegs of the distilled grain which represented twenty-four bushels. These two eight-gallon kegs would bring about sixteen dollars in the East. (Trade had been helped because the Revolution had cut off the old supply of rum from Jamaica). Since whiskey only brought from twenty-five to forty cents in the West it seemed that the smart thing to do was to distill the grain into whiskey and take it East to sell.

So the Western Pennsylvanians were furious at the plans of Hamilton to collect a tax on whiskey--"Why should we be made to pay a duty on our grain for drinking rather than eating it", they complained.

They petitioned the new government for further consideration but the law was passed with no regard for their legitimate objections. The Revolution was not so far away that any had forgotten it--George III had been taught a lesson when he levied an unpopular tax. Talk was cheap and the Pennsylvania farmers threatened to secede, to join Canada, to go west and seize the Indian lands. No one thought of adding the tax to the price of the whiskey and passing it on to the consumer.

Their emotions led them to the worst possible solution--to defy the government. When the revenue officers tried to collect the tax they met violence and determined resistance. They were shot at, captured, held prisoners, their papers were seized. Sometimes if an officer lived locally, his house was burned--sometimes he had to run for his life.

By August 1794 the "embottled" farmers were so out of hand that the

Federal Judge in that area advised President Washington that the "laws of the United States are opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the Marshal of that district". So Washington called out the militia of the nearest states, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia. General Henry (Lighthorse Harry) Lee, (father of Robert E. Lee), then Governor of Virginia, was placed in command of the expedition. When the troops reached Pittsburgh the ringleaders among the "Whiskey Boys" had fled down the Ohio, some got as far as Spanish Territory at Natchez. This meant that the less guilty ones were apprehended. But there was plenty of evidence of guilt. A "liberty pole" bearing the motto, "Liberty and no excise" stood in a prominent place. The presence of troops made converts of many, the arrest of a number of rebellious ones influenced others and the opposition melted away. The militia even fraternized with the erstwhile defiers of the law and sampled some of the product of the illicit stills. The rebellion was quickly over--no battles fought--no harm done. But Hamilton could not return empty handed, so a few men were arrested and taken to Philadelphia for trial. They were marched through the streets with cards on their chests which bore the word "Insurgent". Ladies and gentlemen of the higher social order shivered with apprehension as, standing at their lace curtained windows, they watched this group of shabby, awkward captives herded down the street. Then with a sigh of relief, they returned to their social duties. Hamilton had saved them! Some of the "rebels" were quietly turned loose at once. There was nothing against them. A few were taken to court, but only two were charged with crime and Washington pardoned them. (Most plantation owners, Washington included, were distillers for their own needs). Many thought it was "Much ado about nothing"--one historian commented it was like "taking a meat cleaver to kill a mouse".

But the tempest had served a good purpose. It had given Hamilton an opportunity to realize a life-long ambition--to ride at the head of an army. It had given the Federalists a chance to display authority and strengthen the Federal Government.

THEODOSIA BURR

Theodosia Burr, daughter of Aaron Burr was one of the most remarkable young women of the United States in its infancy. Born in 1773, just before the Revolution, she lived through the Revolutionary War as a little girl and saw the young nation emerge. More than most young women she could appreciate its growth and change, for her father had brought her up to be a thinking young lady, not a social butterfly. Aaron Burr had very definite ideas about how a child's mind should be trained and developed and just because his child was a girl he saw no reason to alter her education from what might have been given a boy. Aaron Burr was a grandson of Jonathan Edwards, the great scholar and churchman of colonial Massachusetts. He was the son of Dr. Aaron Burr who founded Princeton University and was its first President. Aaron Burr's intellectual heritage was better than most people had and he passed it on to his only child. To this end he "made of his daughter a living experiment in advanced pedagogy".

Though as a little child Theodosia was known as "Miss Prissy" and was a family pet, there was nothing soft or weak about her. While she was still very young, her father subjected her to vigorous discipline of self control. When she was still a baby she was put to sleep in a room, alone. When she could walk, she was sent to dark portions of the house to walk alone, and she was given a simple breakfast of bread and milk. She was given the same foundation for an education a boy might have had, in the three R's with a host of tutors and preceptors. When this routine education was over, then her attention was shifted to more feminine accomplishments: she learned to dance, to skate, to play the harpsichord and the pianoforte. As she grew older her studies became more difficult--French, German, Latin and Greek were added to her curriculum. At the age of nine she could read French books faster than her father could find them for her. At ten, she was reading Horace, Terence, Lucian; speaking both French and German, studying Gibbon, and Greek grammar, as well as riding, dancing and skating. From five a.m. to eight a.m. her schedule called for study in writing, ciphering and reading philosophy and all kindred arts. Though she had tutors her father found time for guidance and criticism of her reading, her spelling, her handwriting, her journal (diary), in fact, of every breath she drew! One wonders when did she find time to make mud pies, play with her dolls, play hop scotch or to jump rope, to shout, to laugh, to tear her clothes climbing trees!

Mrs. Aaron Burr was the widow of a British army officer, Prevost by name. Of Swiss origin she was of a Tory family, her maiden name being De Visme. By this former marriage she had two sons to whom Burr was always very kind. She was a devoted wife to Aaron Burr and was well enough educated to share his delight in classical literature and culture. Burr referred to her as the "best woman and finest lady I have ever known". She died in 1794, of cancer after a long, lingering illness. Theodosia was eleven years old at the time and she and her father were drawn even closer together in facing their grief.

After her mother's death, Theodosia at the age of twelve became the Mistress of her father's home. This meant she managed a whole corps of maids, grooms, and footmen. (The footmen were paid $10 a month to polish the hoofs of the carriage horses, scrub the horses' teeth, and treat their coats with a paste of whiting which when rubbed off dry, left the horse with a shining coat.) She planned the vegetable gardens, and the flower gardens, planting hollyhocks, tulips and snow balls. When her household duties were done, she could be seen riding through the country at terrific speed, making daring leaps and jumps.

It was as her father's hostess that she seems most remarkable. Sitting at the head of the table doing the honors for such famous guests as Tallyrand, Louis Phillipe, Jerome Bonaparte, Hamilton, Jefferson, she possessed a dignity and charm which enthralled them. She was only a little girl, with long curly hair cut in a bang across her forehead, and with flashing black eyes, yet she could converse with them in French and German, discuss classical literature, art and music, and speak intelligently on other subjects of the day.

Sometimes she had to entertain while her father was away. He once sent her a letter (when she was fourteen) to invite guests to a dinner party to meet Joseph Brant. Theodosia knew nothing of Joseph Brant except he was an Indian. She was quite sure he wouldn't come in a blanket and that he was not the scalping kind. She planned her meal and her guest list carefully. To meet her father's friend she invited fourteen prominent gentlemen including a famous doctor, Doctor Hosack, the Bishop of New York and the Captain of the Six Nations and Chief of the Mohawks, Thayendonegea. It is no wonder that Theodosia wrote her father, "What a charming thing a bustle is! Oh dear, delightful confusion. It gives a circulation to the blood, an activity to the mind and a spring to the spirits." She should know. Her life must have been a bustle most of the time!

Entertaining may have been easier for Theodosia than for many others because she lived in such a beautiful home. When Aaron Burr served in the Revolutionary War he became acquainted with an estate called Richmond Hill, thinking it most attractive. His opinion of it was increased when he visited John Adams, who as Vice President was living there. So impressed was he that he bought it for his own home. It was a frame building situated on a hill. It had a lofty portico supported by Ionic pillars. Two miles distant from the heart of New York City it faced the Hudson River and the Jersey shore. The estate covered more than one hundred acres, a large part of which was native woodland. Here the young gentlemen made a wellworn trail to court the charming Theodosia. It is rumored that Washington Irving and Merriwether Lewis "carried the torch" for the young lady of Richmond Hill. That is probably more rumor than fact. Aaron Burr once found a poem which delighted him--

"On Richmond Hill there lives a maid
More bright than May-Day morn.
Whose charms surpass all other maids
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet
Has won my right good will.
I'd crowns resign to call her mine
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill."

That the Richmond Hill of this poem was in England, and the fact that the poem was about an English lass made no difference to Aaron. It fitted his daughter perfectly!

Theodosia almost seems like a dual personality-a feminine Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. For at fourteen she was a plump, rosy cheeked, petite child, yet as we have already said she was also a charming self-assured hostess with her father's grace and repose; she could read two hundred lines a day from Homer in the Greek, translate French comedies and was familiar with all the economic and philosophic writers of the time.

Saint Memin: Theodosia Burr, Daughter of Aaron Burr

She enjoyed being with her father and they often rode horseback together to Albany or Philadelphia where his political duties took him. Theodosia enjoyed both the political and social life of the New York State capital city, and the Federal Capitol of the United States. In both places she was admired for her charm, her dignity and her precociousness. Many

young ladies envied her fortune and her popularity for Theodosia had many friends, especially among the well-to-do families of New York. The daughters of Alexander Hamilton were her very good friends.

When she was seventeen she met Joseph Alston of South Carolina. The son of a big planter, he was twenty-two years old, talented, very popular, a member of the bar (meaning he was a licensed lawyer), a great traveler, and a poet! From his grandfather he had inherited a large estate, "The Oaks". His soft Carolinian speech and gracious manners charmed everyone he met. He fell "head over heels" in love with Theodosia who was in no mind to marry in haste. She had her choice of suitors, but she teased Joseph Alston along and finally accepted his proposal.

They were married in Albany, where Aaron Burr was serving in the Legislature, in 1802. They went on their honeymoon to Richmond Hill and then to Baltimore where her father joined them. They then went to Washington to see Aaron Burr inaugurated as Vice President before leaving for her new home in South Carolina. For the newlyweds, marriage began very happily. There were two plantations and a summer place for Theodosia to manage, but managing an estate was nothing new to Theodosia. She was cordially received by her husband's family and friends and soon she was as busy socially as she had been in Albany, at Richmond Hill and Philadelphia. She shared her husband's enthusiasm for travel and they traveled north to Niagara Falls, being entertained wherever they went.

In 1802, Aaron went to visit his daughter. There were many ensuing parties, as Theodosia entertained often in his honor. It gave her great pleasure to say, "May I present my father, the Vice President of the United States". This was about their last carefree visit for in a few months occurred the famous duel between Burr and Alexander Hamilton. Many people blamed Burr for the duel and Hamilton's death. In fact the coroner's jury had returned a charge of murder against him. The Vice President was consequently a fugitive from justice and Theodosia was in a panic. All New York was singing:

"Oh Burr, Oh Burr!
What hast thou done
Thou hast shooted dead great Hamilton
You hid behind a bunch of thistle
And shooted him dead with a great hoss pistol."

(This was scarcely the type of poetry Theodosia had been raised on!)

In 1802, Aaron Burr Alston had been born, a child to delight his parents and another young mind for Aaron to plan for. When the baby was nineteen months old, his proud Grandfather Burr was writing "I am sure he may now be taught his letters and then put a pen in his hands and set him to imitate them.

He may read and write before he is three years old. This, with speaking French would make him a tolerably accomplished lad!"

All was not well with Theodosia. Her health had been poor since the birth of her son and her condition had been aggravated by her father's quarrel with Hamilton and the duel. She longed to go to her father, but the distance between their homes was a twenty day journey and that was too long for her to make with her health as it was. And of course, her father's present status made him a questionable guest. Questionable to every one but his daughter--she could believe no wrong of him. "Where you are there is my country and in you are centered all my wishes," she wrote to him

With his unpopularity at its height, Burr set out for places where he was not so well known. He traveled extensively in the West and South. Here many accused him of dreaming dreams and seeing visions. Ugly stories arose that he was about to use force and win himself an empire in the great Southwest. Mexico was having difficulties, the Western states and territories in the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys were unhappy over the excise taxes and felt the Federal Government was otherwise ignoring them; they threatened secession (New England was likewise voicing the same threat.) The Spaniards were unhappy over the Louisiana Purchase and the French in Louisiana were not too thrilled about it either It could be that Burr thought he was the man to pull all these discontents together and make for himself an Empire. It wouldn't be hard to see himself an Emperor, his Theodosia ruling beside him and the throne passing on to her son. But no one knows for certain that he plotted thus This story is one of the big unknowns about Aaron Burr in history.

Many things are known. He became involved with a rich man named Blennerhasset, also a dreamer, who owned an Island--Blennerhassett's Island, in the Ohio River. Here supplies and stores were to be gathered. Theodosia is thought to have approved the idea, and her husband was involved financially Once Theodosia wrote, referring to the disturbances in Mexico, "Thank God, I am not near my subjects; all my care and real tenderness might be forgotten in the strife." That puzzles people What did she mean by "my subjects"?

Burr was clever. There was no concrete evidence of his dream that could be used to convict him. After President Jefferson heard of these seemingly treasonable actions, Burr was accused and brought to trial. Aaron was arraigned in March of 1807. The proceedings were tedious and endless In July Burr sent for Theodosia. He needed her to talk to, to console him, and to protect him from the young ladies who showered him with fruit, flowers, cream and affection. Theodosia took a house and at once began to entertain. She won more friends for her father in one evening with her charm, her sparkling wit and her dazzling smiles then her father's lawyers had done in a month of oratory.

The trial occupied the attention of the nation. Was the ex-Vice President a traitor as well as a murderer? Everyone watched John Marshall, the presiding

judge and John Randolph, the foreman of the jury. There was great rejoicing among the Burr cohorts when the jury acquitted him. Burr at once left for New York, assuming the name of Edwards. (I don't think old Jonathan would have approved all this!) In 1808, he sailed for England (still under the name of Edwards) and stayed away four years. He wandered over Europe, longed for his daughter and his grandson, and wrote them long letters. Theodosia worked tirelessly to clear his name and to pave the way for his return. She still adored him as her letters showed. She wrote: "You appear to me so superior, so elevated above all other men. I contemplate you with such a strange mixture of humility, admiration, reverence, love and pride.....I had rather not live than not be the daughter of such a man!"

At "The Oaks", the Alston family led a busy life. Joseph Alston had become Governor of South Carolina and, as his wife, Theodosia had vast opportunity to again reveal herself as a charming hostess. Her attention, however, was divided between her father, now on his third year in Europe and her son, Gampy, who was now nine years old. She watched his education as carefully as her father had watched hers, and he was becoming their pride and joy.

In 1812, Burr returned to America. He landed in Boston, notified Theodosia of his return and went quietly to New York. His homecoming was ruined, however, by the letter he received from Theodosia. Gampy was dead. He had died of island fever. "One dreadful blow has destroyed us. That boy on whom all rested, he who was to have redeemed all your glory, and shed new lustre on our families, that boy, at once our happiness and our pride, is dead. There is no more joy for me. The world is a blank. I have lost my boy. May heaven by other blessings make you some amends for the noble grandson you have lost. Of what use can I be in this world, with a body reduced to premature old age and a mind enfeebled and bewildered. I will endeavor to do my part though this life must henceforth be to me a bed of thorn." Theodosia's grief was like that of any mother who had lost her beloved only son. Gampy had been eleven years old. Theodosia was twenty-nine. She was actually desperately ill, listless and comfortless. Her father insisted she join him in New York. Again there was the problem of the long journey. The long twenty-day journey overland she was too frail to make. The War of 1812 was raging, travel by sea was dangerous. A South Carolinian law forbade the Governor to leave the state while he was in office. Finally Burr arranged that an old friend, Timothy Green should go to South Carolina and accompany Theodosia to New York. Arrangements were made. Theodosia took passage on a privateer, the Patriot, a famous vessel noted for its speed. Her husband put her on board at noon on December 30, 1812 in the care of Green.

That was the last that is known of Theodosia Burr Alston. What happened no one knows. Was there a storm at sea and the little boat destroyed? Did pirates seize the vessel and make Theodosia and the crew walk the plank?

Did the British fire upon the ship and sink her?

Burr was heartbroken. For days and days he haunted the New York waterfront. For the lonely old man it seemed there was nothing left. She had been his all. He had rarely ever dined, either among friends or strangers that her health was not drunk. Even at parties he gave when she could not attend she had been a guest "in absentia." Her portrait was sometimes placed in a chair and she had her place among the guests. Now there was nothing left. Her husband was heartbroken too, and four years later he died. He was buried with his son in the family burying ground at "The Oaks". A trunkful of keepsakes was sent to her father, but nothing lessened his anguish.

Rumors of what happened to Theodosia became legend. There were death bed confessions from old sailors and pirates. One rumor had it that the Patriot was wrecked and looted off Kitty Hawk and the passengers left to die Another had it that pirates captured the ship, and that Theodosia, dressed all in white, very calm, her arms folded across her chest, but begging first that word be sent to her father and husband, was made to walk the plank The most logical explanation is that the Patriot was caught in a violent storm at sea The cargo probably shifted and the boat sunk. But it was an unfortunate circumstance to befall one who had such a rich full life and was yet so young!

NOAH WEBSTER-OF DICTIONARY FAME

Though "Webster's Dictionary" is an American classic, the credit for its compilation is often given to Daniel Webster rather than to Noah Webster, to whom credit is really due. In some ways, the American people are more indebted to Noah Webster for his spelling books and dictionary than to Daniel for many of the things he did.

Noah Webster was a New Englander, having been born in 1758 in Connecticut. His father was a poor man, but sensing something unusual in Noah, he mortgaged his farm and sent his son to Yale. After the Revolution, times were hard but Noah kept busy--he studied law, taught school, practiced journalism and prepared and published his first "Blue Back Spelling Book", considered now to be one of the great landmarks in the history of American education. Within a few years, fifteen million copies had been sold and an immeasurable aid given to the mixed up spelling of the early Americans

Noah Webster, like Daniel, (though no relation) was intensely patriotic. He thought spelling of words should be American rather than a copy of previous English methods, or the Latin, the Greek or some other foreign source. He thought a distinct American spelling would be a source of national pride. He simplified many words leaving out the "u" in honor, labor, etc., and the "k" in publick and so on. Fearing his books would be copied, since there were no copyright laws, he traveled to the state legislatures and worked for state copyright laws.

In 1803 he began the compilation of his first dictionary. This was a tremendous undertaking and for twenty-five years he labored on it. In 1828 his masterpiece, "An American Dictionary of the English Language" was published.

Noah Webster's interest in the world and what made it tick were similar to those of two other men, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson who in a broad sense were contemporaries. Interested in medicine, Webster wrote a treatise on epidemic and pestilential diseases; he compiled school readers whose basic purpose was to inculcate American youth with love and respect for their country. He wrote pamphlets on banks, insurance, even on the decomposition of white lead paint! A Monograph on "Experiments Respecting Dew" won national acclaim in scientific circles!

DOLLY MADISON- THE NATION'S HOSTESS

If there had been a popularity contest in the United States in 1815, or even 1835 or 1845, it is a safe bet that Dolly Madison would have won it! There are many who still believe her to have been the most popular feminine figure in official Washington circles from 1800 to the present time! Henry Clay once summed it up by saying, "Everybody loves Mrs. Madison," to which this gracious lady replied, "Mrs. Madison loves everybody."

Dolly Madison was born in 1772, in North Carolina, the daughter of John and Mary Payne. She was a beautiful baby with blue eyes and dark hair, and even at that tender age was everybody's darling. Her girlhood was spent in Virginia, much of it at Scotchtown where her cousin Patrick Henry had lived. As a child she wore a sunbonnet, and a mask over her face so the sun and wind wouldn't leave their traces on her fair complexion. Because her parents were Quakers, her dress was plain and unadorned.

Led by his interest in the Quaker religion, John Payne moved his family to Philadelphia, and there, in 1790, when she was eighteen, Dolly married John Todd, a young man whom her father admired very much and who seemed a very satisfactory husband for Dolly.

They were married with the simple Quaker service. "I, John Todd, do take thee Dorothea Payne, to be my wedded wife, and promise through divine assistance to be unto thee a loving husband until separated by death." Dolly repeated the same vow. They stood on the women's side of the Meeting House for the ceremony, but there were no decorations, no music, no flowers and no honeymoon. After the service they went to their own home and set up housekeeping.

In 1793 Philadelphia was visited with a yellow fever plague. John took Dolly and their two children out into the country away from the fever ridden city. Then John went back to Philadelphia to care for his parents. After their death he came out to Dolly but almost at once fell ill with the fever. Dolly nursed him and caught the disease herself. When she recovered she found her husband and her youngest child had both died. So at twenty-five, Dolly was a widow, having lost husband and baby within a year.

Returning to Philadelphia, she worked in her father's tavern, the favorite hostelry of many government officials where she met a large number of the male great and near-greats. One of these was Aaron Burr. One evening Dolly sent a hasty note to one of her best friends:

"Dear friend: Thou must come to me! Aaron Burr says the great little Madison has asked to be brought to see me this evening." One can imagine all the giggling and flighty conversation while dressing for that momentous moment.

John Todd had been a sober, manly, hard working young man and had he lived he would have been devoted to Dolly, but their life would have been somber, quiet and far from the social circles of the Capitol. But now her life was to so different!

James Madison in 1794 was a figure of prominence in the United States. He had been one of the "V. I. P." personages at the Constitutional convention and he was well respected in both Virginia and Washington. He was twenty years older than Dolly but he admired the beautiful and vivacious Mrs. Todd. Dolly had been schooled in the Quaker faith, but she was anything but a Quaker at heart. In fact it is reported that the Quakers were disturbed at anything so pretty being Quaker.

Later that summer Dolly decided (probably at Madison's suggestion) to go to Virginia to visit her sister Lucy. Lucy, younger than Dolly, had married George Steptoe Washington, a nephew of the first president, and was now living in a new home, "Harewood!" Here on September 15, 1794, Dolly married James Madison. This wedding was a direct contrast to her first wedding for it was marked by music, dancing, the fiddle and the banjo beating out the Virginia reel, and later there were rice, flowers and slippers for good luck. There is no record as to what Dolly wore at this wedding, but there is a record that the bridesmaids cut up the handsome Meehlin lace that Madison wore at his wrists, for keepsakes. After a month's honeymooning, they set up housekeeping in Philadelphia.

James Madison was an intellectual, a thinker rather than a doer so that Dolly's warm friendliness was a fine foil for him, and with her cheery disposition and gracious charm she won over senators, representatives, all the people whose support her husband needed. There is no evidence that she ever, herself, dabbled in politics but her influence was tremendous. The President's house was the scene of a continuous social whirl while she was its mistress. James didn't enjoy the parties ("I would rather be in bed"), but Dolly did.

Madison's first inaugural was one of the greatest social events held up to then in the new capitol. There were over four hundred guests at the Inaugural Ball and Dolly was queen of them all. Her gown was of yellow velvet, cut low and without sleeves. About her neck and arms were pearl ornaments. Her turban, imported from Paris, featured a bird of paradise plume and was an elegant crown to her attire.

When Madison had meetings with his cabinet, Dolly had a "Dove party"- the wives of the cabinet members. The ladies didn't stoop to crass gossip but talked about the topics of the day.

The story of Dolly's escape from the White House in the War of 1812 is well known. On her return to Washington she and the President had to move out of the President's House while the damage caused by the British was repaired.

They lived in the Octogon House which was loaned to them by the owner, Colonel John Tayloe, wealthy Virginia planter and friend of General Washington. This house is now owned by the American Institute of Architects and is a combined residence and museum.

In 1816, near the end of his administration James and Dolly Madison gave a large and beautiful party, inviting the Cabinet, the Justices, the Officers of the Army and Navy and prominent citizens. The decorations were magnificent and the White House (so called since its new paint job) was brilliantly lighted from garret to cellar by pine torches held in the hands of trained slaves. Dolly appeared in a gown of rose colored satin with a white velvet train which swept the floor for several yards. The train was lined with lavendar satin and edged with a ruching of lace. She wore a gold girdle and gold necklace and bracelets. This costume was completed by a turban of white velvet, trimmed with white ostrich tips and a gold embroidered crown. The British minister said, "She looked every inch a queen".

After March 4, 1817, James and Dolly left Washington and went back to their beautiful home, Montpelier, to live. Here their friends followed. Jefferson, their very good friend was at Monticello not very many miles away. Dolly often had to provide for over twenty house guests at night and ninety guests for an outdoor meal was not uncommon. Mrs. Madison, James' mother, was still living at ninety-seven and to her Dolly gave every attention possible. The old lady loved her daughter-in-law and said, "I am feeble and helpless and owe everything to her. She is my mother now".

But her plantation life was not all social. James grew older and more feeble and finally died in 1836. In 1837, Dolly returned to Washington to live, and friends frequented her drawing room, such people as Mr. and Mrs. John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Mrs. Stephen Decatur, Mrs. William Thornton, and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton. (Mrs. Hamilton and Dolly attended the Dedication Services for the Washington Monument together.) A steady stream of notables passed through her doorway. Philip Hone of New York and a famous traveler said, "She is a young lady of four score years and upwards; goes to parties, receives company like a queen of this new world."

But all was not well. The marshes of the District of Columbia aggravated her inflammatory rheumatism and she suffered considerably There wasn't much money. Twenty guests over night and ninety for dinner may be pleasant socially, but is hard on the pocketbook. Dolly's son by her first marriage had been a serious problem. Handsome, attractive, but spoiled, he was in constant financial difficulties. He drank, he gambled and ran up debts that Madison or Dolly had to pay. Her negro servant Jennings said, "When I was a servant for Mr. Webster, he often sent me to Mrs. Madison with a market basket full of provisions and told me whenever I thought she was in need of anything to take it to her. I often did this and gave her small sums of money out of my own pocket."

On her eightieth birthday, Congress bought a trunk full of papers (which Madison had written) for $25,000 and put it in a trust fund so that her declining years were free from financial worries.

Dolly Madison was still the belle of Washington. She had seen eleven Presidents come and go, from Washington to Polk. Little children were brought to her to be introduced as if that meant a special blessing. She was remembered and liked, not for what she did, but for being herself. She attended a party shortly before her death. Attired in black velvet and a bright Roman shawl she was led around the dance floor by President Polk.

On the 12th of July, 1849, death came to this gracious and charming lady, in her home on Lafayette Square. The Washington newspaper, The Daily Intelligencer, contained this account, bordered in deep black:

"It is with saddened hearts that we announce the decease of Mrs. Madison, widow of James Madison, Ex-President of the United States.

"Beloved by all who personally knew her and universally respected, this venerable lady closed her long and well spent life with the calm resignation which goodness of heart combined with piety can impart. It would seem an abuse of terms to say that we regret the departure of one so ripe and so fitted for a better world. But, in the case of this excellent lady, she continued till a few weeks ago to grace society with her presence and lend to it those charms with which she adorned the circles of the highest, the wisest, and best, during the bright career of her illustrious husband. Wherever she appeared, everyone became conscious of the presence of the spirit of benignity and gentleness, united to all the attributes of feminine loveliness. For ourselves, whose privilege it was to know and admire her through the last forty years of her life, it would not be easy to speak in terms of exaggeration of the virtues and winning manners of this eminent Lady. To attempt it would add no brightness to her fair name, and would be little needed to move the public sympathy. All of our country and thousands in other lands will need no language of Eulogy to inspire a deep and sincere regret when they learn the demise of one who touched all hearts by her goodness and won the admiration of all by the charm of dignity and grace."

Though she was buried in Washington, her body was moved a few years later to Virginia to rest beside her husband on the beautiful estate of Montpelier.

PEGGY O'NEALE EATON-THE ENIGMA OF WASHINGTON

Who was Peggy O'Neale? In her day she had more tongues wagging and more publicity than in modern times has been accorded Eleanor Roosevelt, Clare Booth Luce and Marilyn Monroe! Her whole life was a continuous round of indulgence, tempestuousness, admiration from the men, and disapproval from the women. Historically she has been referred to as an "impetuous girl, audacious woman and astounding widow."

Peggy was born in Washington D.C. just before the death of George Washington. Her mother was Rhoda O'Neale, a woman of marvelous energy, endurance, and fine dignity. Her father was a roguish and impudent Irishman, William O'Neale, the keeper of the most famous and popular Inn in the National Capital. From early girlhood Peggy had a ready tongue, a keen wit and a brilliant beauty. As she grew from infancy to adolescence she was the constant companion of her father, and became the darling of many of the Inn's patrons who, as members of Congress, were separated from their own families and missed their children sorely. These men lavished attention on the pretty, precocious daughter of the inn keeper. Thus at an early age she became very familiar with diplomats, Presidents and the top figures in the government.

As a small child, Peggy O'Neale sat on the knees of politicians as they discussed the purchase of Louisiana, the Embargo acts and the duel of Burr and Hamilton. Public discussions became the breath of life to her. It could be said with all honesty that she was the most popular little girl in the National City and instead of having one devoted father she had twenty men to carry her across the mud puddles that were Washington's streets, twenty men to bring her a sweetmeat, twenty men to bounce her on their knees, or to smile with indulgence when she was naughty. And so she grew month by month, admired, indulged, spoiled--a "little pitcher with big ears", some critical ones said; or "a broth of a girl who had kissed the blarney stone", said others.

Peggy was educated in Mrs. Hayward's private school for young ladies. The course of study consisted of:

orthography	arithmetic
reading	bookkeeping
writing	English grammar
composition	geography
belle lettres	Use of globes and maps
history	topography
chronology	drawing
French language	painting
music	dancing

and twenty-five different species of needlework. What among these were Peggy's

favorites? Music and dancing, of course. She soon exhausted the repertoire of her dancing teacher so her father allowed her to have private lessons from a foreign dancing master. Here she became so proficient that when the final students' ball was conducted, Mrs. Madison, the wife of the President, presented Peggy with the crown. This was a big moment in Peggy's life. Her social position by birth as the daughter of a tavern keeper, was not as lofty as some of the other girls, but what she lacked in heredity, she now had attained on her own merits--her first social triumph. From then on life had a new savor.

Peggy went to school but she didn't like to study. She was a disturbing influence in discipline and when she was fifteen she went back to her father's tavern-a celebrated "belle", the talk of the town, and a young lady of un-reticent charms, deportment and conversation. Her defenders were kept busy pointing out she was not bad-she was just frank, eager and harmlessly boisterous.

Her critics were given a "bon-mot" for their acid tongues when Peggy was foiled in her plans to elope. She had met a handsome young man-Captain Root of the United States Army, and she fell headlong in love with him. They planned to elope. Peggy made the plans. Two hours after midnight the Captain was to be in the garden below her window. She would secrete a strong rope with which her father tied the horses, and descend when she saw her sweetheart waiting. At two o'clock she saw his silhouette and dropped the rope to the ground. Two minutes later she was lowering herself to the ground when Fate intervened. The rope had caught a flower pot of geraniums on her window sill, dislodged it and sent it crashing down, with a smashing impact against her father's window on the floor below. By the time Peggy had wriggled down the rope, her irate father was on the scene. He was enraged. He sent Captain Root quickly on his way; he ordered Peggy back to her room, and in a few days packed her off to New York to school again!

Peggy's second exposure to education in a private school in New York didn't take any better than her first. Her father had left her under the super-vision of his friend, Mr. DeWitt Clinton who was much too strict for the ebullient Miss O'Neale. She begged her father to let her return home and before the term was up he relented and she returned to Washington. So her final finishing school was the tavern!

In June 1816 when she was about nineteen she opened her window one morning to look down upon a "blond god" passing by. She stared! He was so beautiful! She was again in love at first sight. That afternoon he came to the tavern where her father introduced her. John Bowie Timberlake, Purser, United States Navy. For once Peggy was speechless, but not for long. That evening they became engaged, and in two weeks they were married. Her family and friends were well pleased with her marriage and her wedding was large and well attended. But as time wore on, flaws appeared. It seemed Timberlake was not a land lubber. The responsibilities of marriage, of home duties were

repugnant. Even the birth of a son and two daughters didn't change his longing to get back to the sea. In 1822 he succumbed to the urge and re-joined the Navy.

Even if Timberlake had remained on shore it is doubtful that the marriage would have survived. Timberlake was weak, vacillating, dissolute. Peggy was strong, forceful, sure of herself. She lost her respect for her husband because he was so much weaker than she, and her respect was lessened still further as his financial records as a Navy purser came under investigation.

During the five years when John had been ashore a constant friend of the Timberlakes had been Major John Eaton. He had been introduced to them by Andrew Jackson who had met and known Peggy when he stayed at her father's tavern when she was a child. When Timberlake returned to the sea and was away from home for long periods of time, Major Eaton continued to see a great deal of Peggy. This was enough for Peggy's critics. They wove long damning stories about her, and she was bedeviled by vicious gossip. This went on for several years and then one day (in 1828) word came that Timberlake had cut his throat and died in foreign waters. The hue and cry was on. Her defilers said he had heard of her un-wifely relations with Major Eaton and in grief had taken his own life. Her defenders pointed out his financial records were in a precarious state and he had taken his own life rather than face a government investigation. Washington took sides violently--not only in regard to Peggy but also Major Eaton. But that didn't deter the Major. On January 1, 1829 Peggy and John Eaton were married--with Andrew Jackson's approval.

Up to now Peggy's morals, her escapades and male admirers had been a civil matter though rather public in character. But with her marriage, the criticism had a political flavor. When Andrew Jackson announced his intention of asking Major Eaton to become a member of his cabinet, a group of anti-Peggy and anti-Major Eaton radicals called on Jackson and protested. Now Jackson had always liked Peggy, thought her a sprightly, charming and interesting young lady. He was also very fond of Major Eaton of whose good morals he was positive. He also remembered how false and malicious gossip had ruined his dear wife, Rachel's happiness and caused her death. Jackson was also stubborn. So when the demand came, he defended his friends and appointed Major Eaton to be Secretary of War. His own private war was on.

The wives of the Cabinet Members declared war, too. They would attend no functions to which Peggy Eaton was invited. They would call in no home where she was received as a guest. Mrs. John Calhoun, wife of the Vice President, led the opposition. In time there developed two factions in Jackson's official family. The married men, spurred on by their wives formed one group and the unmarried or widowed men formed the other. Friction grew so violent that men in both groups were finally forced to resign--even John Calhoun. Defending Jackson's stand and befriending Peggy Eaton was Martin Van Buren. As Calhoun's popularity declined, Van Buren's rose. He had won a firm place in Jackson's regard and was to profit by it politically.

So there lies the big question--

If Calhoun had remained in Jackson's favor, if he had not been influenced by his wife in the quarrel over Peggy Eaton, if he had not resigned the Vice Presidency, would he have followed Jackson in the Presidential chair? If Van Buren had not followed Jackson's wishes in being friendly with the Major and his wife would Jackson have regarded him with favor as his successor? What would have been the future of the country if John Calhoun, stout defender of states rights and a strong Democrat, had been President for four or eight years in this critical period of expansion and slavery issues? Can Peggy Eaton be called a maker of Presidents or a foil to one who might have been? For these questions, there seems to be no answer but it raises an interesting problem.

That was the climax of the "Eaton Malaria" as Van Buren called it. Jackson appointed Major Eaton to be governor of Florida, two years later to be Minister to Spain where Mrs. Eaton and her daughters became "the life of the party" in court circles. (No one in Madrid had ever heard of the O'Neale Tavern). Peggy became a favorite of the Queen and her daughter, Virginia, married a duke and went to live in France.

With the closing of the Van Buren administration and the invasion into Washington of the Whigs, the Eatons left Spain and Peggy's triumphs, and returned to the United States. For sixteen years, until the death of Major Eaton in 1856, their life together was sort of an anti-climax. Peggy's daughter Margaret died and she had to raise her two orphan grandsons and two granddaughters which she and the Major adopted. When the Major died he left Peggy some $70,000, a good sized fortune for that day -and his most treasured possessions, tokens of twenty-seven years of happy life together. For a second time Peggy was a widow. She lived with her mother in the home she had known as a child. She was past sixty and her days as a stormy petrel in Washington seemed to be over.

But with a woman of Peggy's temperament there had to be one last fling! It was like history repeating itself. Emily, Peggy's young granddaughter was enrolled in dancing classes at Morini's where she was a very apt pupil. On the last day of the season, Peggy accompanied her granddaughter to the closing Carnival. She was much pleased with Emily's teacher who seemed a favorite with all her grandchildren. Could they invite him for dinner they asked, and she agreed. He was Italian-he was handsome-his manners were Continental. She liked him--she liked him very much. He was popular with the children-he was good for them, she told herself. He came to dinner more often--finally he moved in.

Peggy's interest in life took a new turn. She was still beautiful even if the years proclaimed her an old lady. She was gay, she bought bright new clothes, she enjoyed spending her money. Then came the big blow. In June of 1859 Peggy, the wealthy widow of past sixty, became a bride again, marrying

the nineteen year old, Italian dancing master Antonio Buchignani! Peggy should have known better! The gossip buzz became a hiss. A Secretary of a cabinet member wrote "the people of Washington knew Peggy O'Neale better than they did President Lincoln. They knew of her sore trials and wonderful triumphs as a leader of society and politics, and they did not hesitate to handle her reputation freely."

Everyone was amazed as the marriage seemed to go very well. President Lincoln offered the young groom the post of Secretary to the Consul at Naples, but Antonio refused to leave the country while the Civil War was on. He then accepted a position as Assistant Librarian to the House of Representatives. Peggy appeared in Washington society a happy, beautiful woman.

Things were too good to be true, however. Tonio became more demanding for money, a coldness grew between them. One day in 1867, Peggy returned home to find Emily and Antonio had eloped-sailing to Italy. Antonio had manipulated to get most of Peggy's money in his possession so this astonishing woman was left in her seventies, jilted for her granddaughter and without funds! After two years Peggy divorced Antonio so that he might legally become the husband of her granddaughter. (Her ex-husband thus became her grandson-in-law). The divorce granted her the right to use the name of Eaton, which she bore proudly.

In November of 1879 she died of dropsy. Her last words were "I am not afraid to die, but this is such a beautiful world to leave."

How shall history reckon her? She was indeed "an impetuous girl, an audacious woman, an astounding widow". Did she change the history of the United States or was she just a woman searching in her own way for fulfillment and happiness--more sinned against than sinning?

THE MEN WHO BUILT THE ERIE CANAL

The people who make history are not always the people whose names we recognize. Many of the men and women who had a profound influence on our country's destiny are nameless. They are the everyday people who worked and played and sang and cried in anonymity, but who nevertheless left an indelible record on the annals of America.

Such were the men who built the Erie Canal. Singing, fighting, swaggering sweating, these unknown heroes dug their way through three hundred sixty-three miles of rock and dirt and swamp to produce the fabulous "ditch" that was to join the Atlantic Ocean to the Great Lakes.

To many the Erie Canal was the eighth wonder of the world. Even now, in the twentieth century the canal is worthy of careful attention from the student of American history. It is important not only in itself, but as a study in manners and customs of the early nineteenth century and as a development in transportation which exerted a decisive influence on the expansion of our country.

The Erie Canal stretched across the state of New York from Buffalo to Lake Erie to Albany on the Hudson River, so it can truly be said that the Erie joined the Great Lakes with the Atlantic. The Canal was three hundred sixty-three miles long, forty feet wide and four feet deep and was the largest engineering project undertaken by any country in the world up to that time. In its hey-day the Canal had an impressive dignity, almost the majesty of a great river like the Hudson, the Ohio or the Mississippi.

Every great project, of course, is the brain child of some dreamer. The Erie Canal was, to a large extent, the brain child of De Witt Clinton. Although many people had thought about such a Canal he really stuck to the idea. He talked it up with everybody he met, he wrote articles about it, and drew plans for it. He went to Washington in 1812 in an unsuccessful effort to get federal funds to build it and he was on a Board of Commissioners in New York which tried to get funds for it. The fact that the New York Legislature was persuaded in 1815 to approve a bond issue for the Canal's construction was largely due to his efforts. The Canal became so closely associated with De Witt Clinton in the minds of the people that many referred to it as "Clinton's Ditch". When the Legislature gave the Canal Board permission to borrow money the Board planned on $5,000,000 but raised $6,000,000 without any trouble. Bankers were eager to loan the money. The final cost of the Canal was something over $7,000,000.

The route to be used was given careful consideration. There were several places where the canal could be dug and after much study a route was chosen connecting with the Mohawk River which flowed into the Hudson at Albany. There were marshes and a turbulent river to cross, and a solid mass of rock to cut through. The first part of the route lay through upper Central New York,

where such prosperous cities as Schenectedy, Little Falls, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Palmyra and Lockport are now located. Albany and Buffalo were the terminals.

On Independence Day in 1817 the actual work for the Canal was begun at Rome with a ceremony attracting a large crowd. There were many speakers, including DeWitt Clinton who was now Governor. A prominent judge leaned upon a spade with his foot, and then lifting the spade loaded with black muck, water dribbling from it, tossed it to one side. A cannon boomed. Construction of the Erie Canal had begun. A dream was to be realized that had been in the minds of generations of Americans for a hundred years.

To the East and to the West, as far as the eye could see were the red stakes marking the route which the canal would follow. The reason for starting the Canal in the middle, as it were, was both political and moral. The hardest construction would lie around Albany and if work were begun there and failure should seem likely the whole project would probably be abandoned. Whereas, if a successful area had been completed enthusiasm would fill men's minds and more tolerance would be accorded the slow hard spots.

One of the first things that had to be done was to open a path through the wilderness. Underbrush had to be grubbed out, great trees and their stubborn roots cleared out. It was slow business. One of the unnamed heroes of the project worked out a method to get rid of the brush, however. He attached cutting blades to a cast iron plow. With this he could shear through roots of shrubs and bushes in no time. But this did not work on the stumps of big trees. Then came another unnamed "genius" to the rescue with a stump puller fitted with sixteen foot wheels. After a big oak, elm or hickory tree had been felled and removed, the stump puller moved in. It fastened onto the stump with a cable worked by an endless screw. It then backed away about one hundred feet to get leverage. The oxen furnishing the motive power strained and the screw wound in the cable and the stump with all its roots was yanked out as "neatly as a dentist pulls a tooth". But not all the work was done by machines. Most of it was done by spade and shovel and back-breaking labor. Foot by foot the muck was dug up, dumped into a wheel barrow and pushed up a plank to the land along the canal, to become the basis of the berm (foot path) and tow path.

One of the discouraging aspects of working on the canal was the fact that it refused to stay dug out. The sides of the canal wall were forever sliding in, so piles, stakes and planks were used as a sort of retaining wall. In some places there was quicksand. The men had names for these bad spots: "Digger's Misery", "Breakback Bog", "Bottomless Pit". In time a horse or mule was attached to a scoop and that proved to be an easier and quicker method.

By 1818 work on the Canal had progressed very well. The work was divided into projects which were sublet to contractors who hired their own workmen. Many immigrants were used as laborers and the English, Irish,

Welsh and Dutch all proved to be better diggers than the Yankees. Camps sprang up all along the area of construction where there were congregated men, teams, tools, loads of hay for the horses, chuck wagons for the men, etc. Every day loads of equipment were sent in by the contractors--wheel-barrows, ploughs, scoops and piles. New horses and new men and shipments of food also arrived every day. Corduory roads were laid down for all this heavy hauling.

In the marshes as much work as possible was done in the cold weather. The greatest difficulty in the marshes was not the mushy condition of the soil and the constant earth slides. The real difficulty was the constant sickness. These bogs were infested with mosquitoes which fell on the diggers in hordes and, though it was not known then, these mosquitoes carried malaria. The men came in from the job with eyes swollen shut and hands so poisoned they could hardly wield their tools. And at dusk the malaria-bearing Anapoles awaited them in their bunks. All sorts of remedies were tried. One unique one was the "smudge bucket". This was a pail of twigs and damp leaves burning in a slow deep fire. The men wore them around their necks and called them "Montezuma necklaces". The smoke was supposed to discourage the mosquito and other insects. But the men spent more time coughing than digging and inflamed eyes and nostrils were almost worse than the mosquitoes. Despite anything that could be done the men got sick and died like flies.

In these mosquito ridden areas it was very difficult to keep laborers or to get new ones to come in. The contractors advertised "No wet feet, no disease, top pay", but still few came. Only the arrival of winter saved the day. Cold weather came early and froze the mosquito. The contractors bought thousands of pairs of woolen gloves (made by farm women and church sewing circles) and the work went on. Opponents of the canal project used the malaria and ague as propaganda. They whispered about that this was a judgment of God upon those who, dissatisfied with His (God's) handiwork in forming the natural waterways, undertook to supplant them by the puny and impotent creations of men.

Men were paid to work from sunrise to sunset, six days a week. Wages included housing and food which made it difficult for the contractors. They also had to supply the tools. Advertisements such as these were posted:

	Wanted	
Grubber	wages	$.47 a day
Boy	"	.30 a day
Use of horse		.25 a day

Foremen were paid $10 a week. The men were well fed. They had to be, for their work was very strenuous. An average breakfast would consist of sausage, steak, boiled or fried eggs, ham, pork chops, boiled or baked potatoes, corn bread, white bread, rolls, batter cakes with thick molasses, buckwheat cakes with maple syrup, fried mush or mush and milk, fresh milk, buttermilk, tea and coffee.

On Saturday night, or as a special reward for a difficult assignment completed on time, a big feast would be held. Something called a pot pie would be prepared in huge kettles. Each such kettle was said to hold thirteen fowls, sixteen squirrels and ten rabbits, along with big chunks of beef, mutton, and venison and potatoes, carrots, parships, turnips, peas, onions and cabbages. Then there were "side dishes" of baked beans, stewed squash, dried peas boiled with pork. From home ovens came pumpkin pies two feet across. Liquor would flow like water with every sort in abundance from hard cider to blackberry brandy.

The middle section of the Canal was finished on July 4, 1820 and was quickly put into use. This convinced those who had doubted. The canal was really a success. When the first water rolled into the completed areas people rushed to the tow path. Some shouted in glee, others stood with tears in their eyes gazing silently at the welcome sight. A boat was launched at Rome and floated along the canal-tangible proof that the dream was becoming a reality. A military band played on the deck and bells along the way rang jubilantly.

The canal meant that the cost of shipping a ton of freight fell from $100 to $30. On the other hand, farmers now had a new market for their produce. Wheat that had been selling for thirty cents a bushel in the Genesee Valley, could now bring a dollar a bushel in New York. People were so enthused that they offered land free if the Commission would take the Canal across their farms. This meant that many bridges would be needed. (Eighty were built). Miles of fence had to be put up to keep cattle, sheep and pigs off the tow path and out of the canal. Since it was a toll canal, toll houses were erected along the way. Sometimes sly captains would try to cheat by muffling their horses' hooves and slipping by a toll house in the dead of night. One toll-house keeper foiled them however. He had his toll house built in an arch over the water. Then he had a network made of iron chains which were lowered into the water by a winch. Any captain attempting to dodge the toll found his boat was caught in this iron net. This device ended the cheating at this particular spot.

The last bad section to be completed was the hard rock formation at Little Falls. Here Welshmen (coalminers from Wales) attacked the problem. Handy with pick and crow bar, canny with powder and fuse, they opened up this section in three months where the commission had expected it to take three years! As one contractor said, they "went through that rock like mice through a cheese." However, building locks through this area took a long time. Between Albany and Schenectedy there was a rise of two hundred eighteen feet, which averaged seven feet to the mile. Twenty-six locks, lined with square cut stones, were built; a feat of engineering in those days. It took boats twenty hours to do the thirty miles through the locks. For freight this meant little difference, but for passengers it was aggravatingly slow. Later double sets of locks were built--one set for east bound traffic and another for west bound. They were twelve feet high. At one point on the tow

path, the horses were sixty feet above the ground level.

From an old print by W. H. Bartlett
Looking Down the Erie Canal, Lockport, 1830

The Canal proved to be of vital importance in that it was a major factor in further opening the West. In the first four years fifteen thousand immigrants landed at Detroit and other thousands had pushed through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois to the Mississippi. In 1817, as the canal was begun, an eight-horse freight wagon, with good luck made the journey from Albany to Buffalo in fifteen days. The freight charge was $100 a ton. When the canal was completed the same journey could be made in five or six days, and the freight charge was $6 a ton. A freight wagon drawn by a team could haul one hundred bushels of wheat weighing about three tons. That same team attached to a canal boat could haul fifty tons of wheat with almost no effort. Hemp which had been priced very low, now could make a $44 profit per ton. Timber values rose-lumber was in great demand to keep up with houses for the growing population. During the first ten years of its operation, freight charges between Buffalo and Albany fell from $22 to $4 a ton. In 1882, when canal tolls were abolished, a total of $121,461,891 in tolls had been taken in for the State of New York. This was close to fifteen times the original cost of the canal ($7,143,789). In 1862 the canal was enlarged to seventy feet in width at the surface, fifty-two feet wide at the bottom and seven feet deep. It could carry vessels of two hundred forty tons with a draft of six feet. In 1895 the state spent $9,000,000 improving the canal and in 1903 New York voted a bond issue of $101,000,000. The Erie canal was then combined with three shorter canals to form the New York State Barge Canal. This canal, with a length of five hundred twenty-five miles was opened in 1918.

The Erie canal, during the fever of the great westward expansion, played a big part. Before the day of railroads it was a common carrier for an immense flow of merchandise westbound, and farm products eastbound. It gave to the west, nails, steel, knives, scissors, fabrics, sewing machines in exchange for pork, beef, wheat and corn. Travel was slow. A man could walk as fast as the horse pulled the boat, but riding was much more pleasant. (Railroads fill rush orders--not so canals.) Canal boats had fancy names such as Starry Flag, Lion of the West, Pirate's Pride, American Spy, Try and Catch Me, Humility, the Flea, and Fair Play. Occasionally boats raced one another, especially for first place before the locks, thus saving hours of time. This was against the law and a heavy fine was meted out to those who were caught.

Accommodations for passengers were primitive but probably seemed luxurious to those riding on this man-made wonder, one hundred twenty-five plus years ago. For night travel, the ladies and children had a cabin, not as large as any modern bedroom,in which twenty or thirty tried to sleep. The men slept in the dining room on tables or bunks let down from the sides of the wall by chains. They were less than two feet wide and most uncomfortable, as well as dangerous. One could so easily roll off. If boats were overcrowded people with no assigned sleeping place were allowed to stretch out on the floor, using their carpet bags for pillows, and overcoats for blankets. George Pullman, a carpenter by profession, was once an overnight passenger and was so impressed with the "bunk-on-chains" that he went home, worked on the idea and invented the sleeping car which brought him a fabulous fortune.

Passengers "freshened up" after a night's sleep with a "morning wash". A tin dipper was fastened to the boat's rail with a stout chain. A passenger was welcome to all the water he could dip up from the canal. A mirror on the wall and a public brush and comb (also chain fastened) constituted the rest of the accessories. (No common towel or tooth brush though!). Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune, rode on the Canal and in his recollections he observed that passengers traveled a mile and a half an hour for a cent and a half. Not until fifty years after it was opened did the Erie Canal lose its record as a freight hauler, to the New York Central Railroad which ran parallel to it. After the railroads criss-crossed the country, passenger travel went to the faster method, but the waterways of the nation still are carrying thousands of tons of freight each year.

Practically every major project in the history of this or any other country is celebrated in song or poem. The Erie was no exception. There were many songs of the "canallers" sung as the horse trudged along. Here is one called:

"The Erie Canal"

I've got a mule, her name is Sal
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal

She's a good old worker, and a good old pal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
We've hauled some barges in our day
Filled with lumber, coal and hay,
And we knew every inch of the way
From Albany to Buffalo.

Refrain

Low bridge, ev'rybody down!
And you'll always know your neighbor,
You'll always know your pal,
If you ever navigated on the Erie Canal.

We better get along on our way, old gal.
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal,
Cause you bet your life I'd never part with Sal
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
Git up there, mule, here comes a lock.
We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock,
One more trip and back we'll go,
Right back home to Buffalo.

The completion of the canal was marked by elaborate ceremonies. At nine o'clock on the morning of October 26, 1825, a procession formed in front of the courthouse in Buffalo. The Buffalo band played. Squads of riflemen were in readiness to fire a shot announcing the great event. The parade moved toward the head of the Erie Canal where Governor DeWitt Clinton, the Lieutenant Governor, members of the canal commission and many other "big wigs" were waiting aboard the Seneca Chief. On her deck stood two kegs painted red, white and blue containing water from Lake Erie. Two huge paintings decorated the boat. One showed Governor Clinton as Hercules resting from hard labor; the other depicted the scene of the moment--the Seneca Chief moving from Buffalo Harbor. A shot sounded and The Chief steamed out of the harbor. Other craft followed; the Superior, the Commodore Perry, the Buffalo and the Noah's Ark. The last-named contained a bear, two eagles, two fawns, several fish, and two Indian boys--symbolizing "products of the West". There were no telephones or telegraphs in those days, but news that the triumphal journey had begun was sent from Buffalo to New York, a distance of over five hundred miles, in eighty-one minutes! This was done by means of a series of cannon placed along the way. The firing of each cannon was the signal for the next to fire.

This was the start of a gala four week pageant which, joined on the way by boats of all descriptions, wended along the miles from Buffalo to New York City. In every hamlet, every village, almost every town, jubilant crowds, booming cannon, ringing bells greeted the flotilla. Clinton was the

hero of the excursion. Speeches and banquets honored the Governor and his party at every stop. A ball at Rochester finished the first day's run. Through Syracuse, Rome, Utica, Schnectady it moved slowly, reaching the last lock of the long canal at Albany seven days later, November 2 (an average of a little over fifty miles per day). A twenty-cannon salute was given as the procession went up to the state capital.

The next morning the flotilla set sail down the Hudson. At sunrise November 4, it arrived at New York City where it was joined by various craft carrying city officials. A ceremony took place at Sandy Hook in which the kegs of water from Lake Erie were poured into the brine of the Atlantic to symbolize the "marriage of the waters".

THE ERIE CANAL, which helped the U.S. expand by linking the Atlantic states with the West through a 363-mile, hand-dug "ditch" between the Hudson River and Lake Erie, was commenced on July 4, 1817. Eight years later Governor De Witt Clinton of New York opened the new route (*above*) by pouring water from Lake Erie into New York Bay.

A huge parade in New York City stretched over a mile and a half. All classes were represented: military and civic associations, educational institutions, state and city organizations. The exhibition of fireworks that evening was said to be the greatest in the city's history. Three days later the celebration was concluded with a magnificent grand ball. After the celebration the committee departed for Buffalo carrying the same kegs filled now with water from the Atlantic Ocean. The last scene of the pageant was enacted on November 25 after the return voyage. There, at the basin of Lake Erie, the waters from the Atlantic were poured into the Lake--finally uniting the Ocean with the Great Lakes.

Thus was opened a new era in American history. The canal that even George Washington had seen the need for was completed. The west was joined irrevocably to the East--the barrier of the Alleghenies had been circumvented. No longer could a foreign power seek to make a province of the Ohio and Mississippi Valley, no longer could Aaron Burr aim to set up an empire. Now the west became a real part of the coastal United States. Politically it added democracy to the sea-board states, economically it fed the east and gave a new market for eastern industry. Forty thousand people traveled on the Erie Canal and opened up a new area of the United States.

CURRIER AND IVES-FIRST PICTORIAL NEWS REPORTERS

There are many avenues by which the students of American history may approach the past--legal papers, speeches, memoirs, contemporary records, biography, eye witness accounts--and others. One of the most fascinating is through the study of Currier and Ives prints. From 1835 to 1907 this firm put out thousands of prints which are not only a pictured record of all those years, but a reproduction of the manners, styles, habits and customs, life and tastes, history and achievement of those years which witnessed the building of this great republic. In fact these prints are "mirrors of the national taste, weathervanes of popular opinion and reflectors of American attitudes in the years 1835 to 1907." They cover practically every facet of human interest; family life, politics, sports, human emotions and news events. These prints not only found favor in the eyes of the American people but were sold in foreign countries as well; and though their publication was abandoned only fifty years ago, today they have great popularity and value-one recently being sold for $3,000!

What then were the Currier and Ives prints? They were reproductions of life as it was lived through three quarters of a century--as has been said they were "the tabloid newspapers" of their day-catching the eye of the passing crowd. Man was still primitive enough to be fascinated by danger and death, women by sentiment, and to these emotions Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives devoted their skills. A classification of the prints could be listed thus:

Disasters and wrecks
Mexican and Civil War-land and naval battles
Clipper ships-Whalers-river boats
Railroads
Fire Scenes
Political cartoons and campaign banners
Portraits of presidents, pugilists and notables
Panoramic views of cities
Scenes of farm and country life
Scenes depicting winning of the West
Life among the Indians
Sporting prints, hunting and fishing pictures
Pictures of horses-especially the trotter
Sentimental prints
Prints for children
Religion

The public liked these prints because they were easy to understand and they were found literally everywhere: adorning the walls of bar rooms, barbershops, firehouses and hotels, as well as the homes of rich and poor alike.

Nathaniel Currier, born in 1813 in Roxbury, Massachusetts was apprenticed at the early age of fifteen to William and John Pendleton, Boston, who were the first men in this country to make use of a new process of printing called lithography. Nathaniel mastered the process quickly and when he was twenty he went to Philadelphia to work with a lithographer expert. In 1834 he established his own business. In 1852 James Ives, twenty-eight years old, eleven years younger than Currier came into the firm primarily as a bookkeeper. He, however, was an art lover and visited art galleries and exhibits so his talents were a complement to those of Mr. Currier. Their business associations were both successful and pleasant. Their partnership was long and continuous and they outstripped all their competitors and gained a fame that has lasted long beyond their own time. Their success was due to the choice of pictures that were typically American at a price that fitted an average man's pocketbook.

Winter in the Park Currier & Ives

How were these lithographs made? It proved to be quite a simple process. The word lithography means "written in stone", and the new process

used by Currier and Ives depended on the simple principle of the natural antipathy between grease and water. A special kind of stone was needed--it must be soft and very porous. The stones used by Currier and Ives were imported from Bavaria and were highly calcareous. Stones were bought and sold by the pound and were cut in rectangular blocks of the desired length and width and a couple of inches thick. The stone was a soft yellowish gray in color. To prepare the stone for the prints, a very thin layer of sand was spread over the stone and ground smooth by another stone rubbed over it in a circular motion. This process, called graining, gave the stone a fine, velvety surface texture, so delicate that a touch of the fingers could damage it. The stone was then ready for the design which would be sketched on it with special lithographic crayons made of water-repelling substances. Like painters' brushes, the crayons varied in width from a delicate "diamond" size, used for lettering, to coarser grades one and a half inches wide. As the design was worked on the stone, brushes were used to add shade and shadow. The work was extremely delicate and required precision and faultless accuracy. No erasure was possible and the picture had to be put on the stone in reverse (as in a mirror). When the design was complete, the stone was given a bath of gum and acids. Those places on the stones which were not protected by the crayon would bubble up under the acid. Then the stone was washed clean with another solution, the hard crayon would resist the acid and the design would stand out in low relief. The plate was ready for printing.

The plate was then wet thoroughly, the porous stone absorbing the water while the parts covered with the crayon repelled the water. It was placed in the press and a special greasy ink was applied to the roller. (The formula for making the lithographic ink believed used by Currier and Ives was compounded of beef suet, goose grease, white wax, castile soap, gum mastic, shellac and gas black). As the roller passed over the plate, the greasy ink was picked up by the crayon, and repelled by the wet stone. Paper was then placed on the inked plate, pressure applied and released, and the paper pulled from the press. This was the print which was now ready to be colored by hand. As time went on the crayons used were improved-an excellent one being perfected by Charles Currier, a younger brother of Nathaniel. With these crayons an even better print was possible. When there was an unusually large demand for some particular picture, several stones were prepared and prints were made from all of them. This accounts for differences in detail in pictures with the same name. Sometimes a picture would be in demand years after its original release and a new stone would be prepared. The prints varied in size, the smallest measuring 2.8 inches by 4.8 inches, then they went to 8 by 13 inches, 13 by 20 inches to the largest which was about 18 inches by 27 inches.

The prints were hand colored. A staff of about twelve young women, all trained colorists and mostly of German descent, were regularly employed. They worked at long tables with a model set up in the middle of the table where it could be seen by all. Each colorist applied only one color, and when she had finished passed the print on to the next worker, and so on until all were colored. A "finisher" would touch up the print when necessary. The colors were imported from Austria and were valuable because they did not fade. When rush orders were piled up, extra help was called in and they "washed in" the colors to which the regular colorists would add the finishing touches. Pay for coloring the small prints was one cent apiece, and up to one dollar for coloring twelve of the large prints. Currier and Ives were fortunate in the artists who worked for them as their artistic abilities did much for the success of Mr. Currier and Ives. Among the most famous painters and artists were:

Louis Maurer	-	expert on horses
Thomas Worth	-	negro comics
Arthur Tait	-	(an Englishman) famous for his hunting, camping, and sport pictures
George Durrie	-	trees and snow scenes
Charles Parsons	-	marine expert
Fanny Palmer	-	most versatile and prolific, whose specialty was scenery

AMERICAN WINTER SPORTS
Trout Fishing "On Chateaugay Lake"

Prints were also available uncolored. These were often used in schools where the pupils colored them.

Where did Currier and Ives get all their ideas for prints? A number of artists brought in their paintings which Currier and Ives bought and reproduced as lithographs. They copied famous paintings of great artists. They had a capable staff who drew pictures of all sorts, some being specialists in current happenings. It is said that Mr. Currier had an unusual "nose for news" and sensed what would appeal to the public.

This is well illustrated in the story of the Lexington. On the evening of January 13, 1840 the steamboat Lexington, with a crew of forty and nearly one hundred passengers caught fire on Long Island Sound. The wooden vessel burned like tinder, the life boats, badly handled capsized on being launched, the pilot's efforts to run the ship ashore failed when the engines stopped two miles out from shore. Persons on the boat had to choose between burning to death or drowning in the icy water. Only a few survived. Three days later, when everyone was buzzing with all sorts of conflicting stories of the disaster, there appeared on the streets of New York what was probably the first illustrated "extra" in history. There, was a very realistic picture of the flaming vessel, figures lined the rails and leaped into the water while others were spilling out of the life boats. In the foreground a few frenzied women, and men in stove-pipe hats were taking refuge on cotton bales or clinging desperately to floating bits of debris. The print was accompanied by a seven column story of the disaster. The print was signed "N. Currier, Lith & Pub. 2 Spruce St. N. Y." The presses ran day and night to supply the demand. Copies were shipped to many other cities with Mr. Currier helping to wrap and tie the bundles and send them away. Overnight N. Currier had become a national figure.

Distribution of the prints became "big business" for that day. The main store, from 1838 to 1872, was located downtown in New York at 152 Nassau Street. (They had four other places of business in New York also.) It must have been a most interesting place to see. The store was about twenty-five feet wide and seventy-five feet deep with an area of roughly fifteen feet fenced off in the rear for the office. Hundreds of prints were pinned or tacked on the walls or stood framed or unframed on display racks. The walls were lined with huge bins which contained the prints. Each bin bore an inventory and heavy sheets of cardboard separated the various subjects from one another. Each lid when raised became a picture rack on which the prints could be exhibited. The room was filled with tables on which the prints were piled high and in good weather, tables outside on the sidewalks were also piled high with the cheaper prints, guarded and sold by a boy. The chief salesman for more than forty years was Daniel W. Logan, and he had a force of five clerks to serve customers, and to pack and ship the prints.

But distribution was by no means limited to retail stores. Every morning a number of push cart salesmen would appear at the store. Each

would select the prints which he thought would sell in the area he intended to visit. The prints were piled neatly on the cart-and prints also fastened on the sides of his cart to attract customers-and off he would go hawking the latest deathbed scene, the most recent fire or horrible shipwreck. Each peddler left a deposit on the prints taken, and at night he would return with the prints left, have his deposit refunded and pay for the prints he sold. Agents for the distribution were sent to other cities even including London and other cities in Great Britain, France and Germany.

KISS ME QUICK—Although frowned upon by etiquette manuals of the day, a kiss could occasionally be arranged through subterfuge.

At wholesale, the small prints sold for six cents each or six dollars a hundred. In the store the single prints sold for fifteen to twenty-five cents except for odds and ends sold on bargain or sidewalk tables. The large prints

cost from $1.50 to $3.00 each. A catalogue sent to their agents listed eleven hundred subjects comprising

Juvenile	School Rewards
Domestic	Flowers and Fruits
Love Scenes	Motto cards
Kittens and Puppies	Horses
Ladies' Heads	Memory Pieces
Religious	Drawing Studies
Patriotic	Family Registers
Landscapes	Comic
Vessels	Miscellaneous

Some of the most famous prints include:

Life on the Prairie-Buffalo Hunt-1862-by Tait, valued at $1500

Trappers on the Prairie-Peace or War-valued at $1500 (Indians and White Men meet)

Life of a Hunter-Tight Fox-Tait, sold for $3000 (bear about to attack man)

Noah's Ark (six variations)-(Well behaved animals march two by two into Ark)

Chicago Fire-1871

Across the Continent-1868-Fanny Palmer-valued at $1500

Rocky Mountains-1866-Fanny Palmer-valued at $1500

Pioneer Home-1867-Fanny Palmer

Yosemite-Bridal Falls-1866-Fanny Palmer

The Road-Winter-1853-copied from a picture bought from artist (popular on modern calendars)

Home for Thanksgiving-1867-George Dorrie-New England Farm

Winter Morn-Feeding the chickens-1863-Dorrie

Clipper Ship-Red Jacket-1855-Parsons-sold for $1250

Whale Fishing-1860- (one of the rare prints) worth $1500

Disputed Heat-Horse Race-1878-Mauer- (Horses were very popular before baseball, etc.)

Baseball-1866-valued at $2000

Central Park-Skating-1862-Charles Parsons-(seventy-five people in the costume of the Period)
Darktown Comics-Thomas Worth-73,000 copies

From this short listing (out of seven thousand possible choices) one can see the prints performed a real service. The philosophy of God Bless Our Home was instilled! People were educated in geography, history, nature, and how others lived; the stay-at-homes were informed about what perils their venturesome loved ones encountered far from home. The horrors of the drunkard's life were portrayed with realism anteceding Mr. Volsted and Carrie Nation. Mrs. Bloomer and her latest style even got a print. The artists were smart from a business viewpoint because pictures were often created in sets-such as a pair-The First Load (hay) and The Last Load, or the four seasons of Life; Childhood, Youth, Marriage, Old Age. Another famous quartet covered the Life of a Fireman; 1. Night Alarm 2. The Race (to the fire) 3. The Fire 4. The Ruins. This series was by Mauer.

About 1860 a process known as chromolithography was perfected, in which pictures were reproduced in color directly from stones. Currier and Ives did little with these "chromos". The development of new processes of picture reproduction and the rise and popularity of cheap newspapers however did replace the Currier and Ives prints. Cameras gave the public quicker and easier pictures and the era of the lithograph was over.

Messers. Currier and Ives were looked upon as men of prominence. They had notable friends, among them Thomas Nast, Horace Greely, P. T. Barnum, Henry Ward Beecher, and John Greenleaf Whittier. Their business was run like a newspaper office with reporters sent out for news and the usual contacts with men who had similar interests. Mr. Currier retired in 1880, and his son, who was a lawyer, succeeded him. Mr. Ives retired in 1895 and his son carried on with young Currier but the sons were not particularly interested. The camera had come and the lithograph was a business which could not compete. So the stones were sold by the pound and the shop was closed. Another era was over.

What is the place of these prints in the field of art? They were not Art with a capital A. They were, primarily the forerunner of pictorial journalism, helping America to get acquainted with itself. No one will deny that many of them were actually hideous. There was a monotony in the color scheme. The eye was offended by the glaring green of the grass, the bull-baiting red for fires, and the placid bright blue of the water. There were glaring mistakes in anatomical proportions--children looked like midgets.

The largest collection of Currier and Ives lithographs today is owned by Harry T. Peters. He ranks as the foremost "collector" having over 6000 prints which makes him the envy of all those who are earnest admirers of this primitive art. He began his collection when he was only sixteen, buying many of his first copies for a dime a dozen. Many were "rescued" from stable doors of horse barns.

This, then, is the story of the Currier and Ives prints. They are homely in the best sense; simple sincere representations of an era that is past. "They belong to the genus Americanus and embody so genuine a record of our development and culture that their permanence is assured."

LOW WATER IN THE MISSISSIPPI

FAMOUS MEN FIGHT FAMOUS DUELS

A little over a century ago in this country the duel was a very common method used by men to settle their differences, sometimes very trifling ones. According to the dictionary a duel is "a private combat between opposing parties conducted by pre-arrangement under generally understood rules and with weapons acceptable to the times." Public opinion backed this procedure up. The "Code Duello", while regrettable, was held to be absolutely necessary "if a gentleman would support a reputation for honor, courage and propriety". The duel was used especially by men in public life and officers of the army and navy. Benjamin Franklin exhibited both bravery and common sense when he made the following public statement concerning dueling--"It is astounding that the modern practice of dueling should continue so long. Formerly, when duels were used to determine lawsuits, from an opinion that Providence would in every instance, favor truth and right with victory, they were excusable; at present they decide nothing. A man says something which another man tells him is a lie. They fight. But whichever is killed, the point in dispute, remains unsettled."

Laws were passed during the nineteenth century by one state after another, but still there was an occasional duel until close to the end of the century. In fact some men used this illicit method to settle affairs of honor in Europe until World War I. It had been forbidden in the English Army about 1845. On the other hand it was practically compulsory in the German army. The Kaiser endorsed it. Officers who failed to accept a challenge lost their commissions. In German Universities dueling was like hazing in American colleges. Scars obtained in duels were highly prized. "Old Heidelburg" was famous for its duels. Bismarck, when a student in a German College, fought twenty-eight duels, receiving just one scratch.

Duels were fought in many ways. Usually the contestants faced one another at a specified distance of 8-10-12-20 paces, (a pace was three feet.) Weapons were swords rapiers, daggers, or the bowie knife. Later pistols became the more favored weapon and even the doubled barreled shot gun was used sometimes.

In some cases the contestants rode at each other on horseback carrying their weapons and attempting to best each other while passing. If they fell from their horses they rolled and tossed on the ground till one was defeated.

Dueling pistols were a necessary part of a gentleman's "equipment". Dueling pistols were the finest example of a gunsmith's art. They averaged fifteen inches in length with a ten inch barrel. The handles were carved or trimmed with silver or "Mother of pearl"; they were equipped with front and rear sights; had hair triggers; were .45 or .65 calibre and used round lead balls or a quite light powder charge. They were kept in specially made cases

of wood or leather. A first class hand-made set would cost around $250.

Statistics taken in 1836 show that in two hundred duels, one participant in six was wounded and only one in thirteen was killed. The reason that duels were not too often fatal was probably because the average duelist was not a good shot. He had become involved in the duel because of his emotions rather than his desire to exhibit his prowess. A senator from Missouri once said "Dueling is like getting married-the more barriers erected against it, the surer are the interested parties to come together".

There was very little dueling in early America. The first duel in America was fought in the Plymouth Colony in 1621. Two men, both servants fought with daggers. Both survived to endure the punishment passed on them: "To have hands and feet tied together, and to lie there for twenty-four hours without food or drink". (Fortunately for them they were released before the time had expired.)

The first fatal duel fought in the United States took place in Boston between Henry Phillips and Benjamin Woodbridge, both prominent citizens of Boston. Woodbridge was killed and buried in the Old Granary Burying Ground in the heart of Boston under a stone which tells:

"Here lied interred The Body of Mr. Benjamin Woodbridge, son of the Honorable Dudley Woodbridge, Esquire, Who died July 3rd, 1728, In ye 20th year of His Age."

During the Revolutionary War, dueling among officers and gentlemen was very popular. But the hey day of the duel was in the South in the half century preceding the Civil War. Rifles, double barrelled shot guns loaded with buck shot, army muskets, carbines, Colt revolvers, cavalry sabres and knives all were used. In New Orleans, swords were the most popular.

Indications are that Southerners really enjoyed dueling. In Charleston, South Carolina, there was a dueling society to which no one could belong unless he had fought a duel. The members, it is said, ranked according to the number of men each had killed. One day the president of the club was mortally wounded in a duel. Before he died he summoned the members to his bedside and charged them to disband the organization and to do all they could to put an end to the "atrocious system" of dueling.

Duels were governed by definite rules-

The challenged party chose the weapons, named the place and the distance.

The use of charms, magic or "coats of mail" were forbidden.

No apology allowed at dueling ground until after the first shot.

Distances were to be from eight to twenty paces.

Firing in the air was tantamount to an apology.

Each duelist would be represented by a second who would be his spokesman. Seconds must be equal in social rank to the duelist

Many other rules gave explicit directions on the formalities to be followed.

Duels could be refused if the challenged one thought the challenger beneath him socially.

No apology could be given or accepted which concerned a lady's honor.

Most men practiced with their dueling pistols like men today practice putting golf balls.

Most cities had a favorite dueling ground.

Seconds were important. They

delivered the challenge

tried for reconciliation

planned details

examined weapons

paced off distances

gave commands of fire

stood by and watched

As the frontier West opened up, the duel followed the settler. Duels were less formal between these frontiersmen but the rules were just as binding the "even-break" fighting found there must be regarded as a duel in spirit and detail.

An interesting encounter once occured near Louisville, Kentucky. John Thurston challenged John Harrison as a result of a quarrel over a few cents. Thurston's second was Robert Breckenridge and Sullivan was Harrison's second. Just as the principals were expecting the word "fire", Breckenridge asked Sullivan what he thought of the duel, and Sullivan parried "What do you think?" Breckenridge said he feared the world would wonder why two such prominent men hurried into a duel over twelve and a half cents, to which Sullivan replied, "The world will say that they had slain one another for ninepence!" Breckenridge proposed that the principals be given an opportunity to reconcile their difference and Sullivan agreed saying "I like a hot fight better than a hot toddy on a cold night, but I hate a bad fight worse than a nest of yaller-jackets. There ain't no good in a fight, and I don't like the weapons, neither. Pistols is all right for Injuns and B'ars, but they are awful things turned against friends. I propose that we end up the fight with a shootin' match. Our side agin your side will shoot at a tree the size of a man, at sixty yards, at the word and the shot nearest the center wins." The duelists laughed, shook hands, shot at the tree, and left the grounds alive and friends.

The right man did not always win. As Benjamin Franklin pointed out, Providence was supposed to be on the side of the Right, but too much depended on the experience and emotional condition of the men. The man with the trickier eye or the quicker finger won more often than the one with the right cause.

An English traveler sized up the American fondness for settling quarrels by the duel when he wrote, "America is the country where life is held cheaper than anywhere else. There, duels or 'difficulties' are off hand diversions. But when they fight in the states, they fight in earnest. Killing is the word. Revolvers are forever revolving. There is no objection to fowling pieces, to rifles, to bowie knives. In the hotels at Washington and elsewhere, you may see the marks of bullets on the walls, shots that missed, fortunately, or that went through a man leaving him dead on the floor."

Once in a while a man refused to accept a challenge. This often took more courage than to accept and to meet this antagonist on the dueling ground. One man who refused a challenge did what many other men would have liked to do, but lacked moral stamina to do. He wrote his challenger, "I have not the least desire to kill you nor to harm a hair on your head, and I am not conscious of having done anything to entitle you to kill me. I do not want your blood upon my hands and I do not want my own on anybody's."

There are many interesting stories of duels that show the minor causes of some antagonisms or that bring a smile because of their outcome.

Ralph Waldo Emerson told a tale of a duel between an Englishman and Frenchman in London. The seconds put out the lights and left the antagonists in the dark. The Englishman not desiring to hurt his opponent moved over and fired up the fireplace chimney and brought down the Frenchman who had sought safety there!

An army colonel was killed by a navy captain because the latter didn't like the tone used by the colonel when their dogs got in a fight. The colonel addressed the navy captain, "Call off your dog, sir," and for this the captain killed the colonel.

Israel Putnam of Revolutionary War fame was once challenged by an officer of the British army. Putnam accepted the challenge and placed a lighted candle in an open keg of gunpowder and invited the Britisher to join him in sitting beside it to await the result. The British officer withdrew his challenge.

In 1777, Button Gwinnett, member of Congress, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence fought Lackland McIntosh, an officer in the Army of the Revolution. The fight took place near Savannah. The weapons were pistols. McIntosh said that Gwinnett called him a scoundrel. They fought at twelve paces and Gwinnett was killed. He was only forty-four years old. His short life as a public figure meant he had signed few papers. As a consequence his autograph is the most valuable of any of the "Signers". A recent sale brought the fabulous price of $51,000.

Once Andrew Jackson challenged General Winfield Scott to a duel. Scott declined and "told off" Jackson with a few choice army phrases. Andrew cooled off and was civil to General Scott afterwards.

John Randolph fought his first duel when he was eighteen. His opponent was Robert Taylor of Norfolk, a fellow college student. Their difficulty arose from the pronunciation of a word used in their debating society! In the first round there was no hit, in the second Randolph hit Taylor in the hip. Taylor lived to be an old man but carried Randolph's bullet to his grave.

One of the most deadly duels took place in 1837 between an Albert Jackson and William Gohlson over the reputation of a woman. Weapons were pistols at ten paces. Both were young, excellent shots and each was confident of winning. Gohlson looked calmly at his opponent and boasted to his friends standing near by, "Watch me. I'll hit his spine and he will be dead in a minute or so." Jackson was just as optimistic saying confidently to his friends, "He has a spot on his shirt near his heart, see? It gives me a good target." They took their places. Soon the command came--"Fire-one-fire two-three!" At three they fired simultaneously. Jackson gave a start, his gun dropped to the ground, the bullet had gone through his body. Gohlson remained standing, his eyes fixed on his opponent lying on the ground. He took three or four steps forward and with that he seemed to twitch and fell suddenly. The doctor ripped open his collar. Gohlson was dying. The bullet had gone straight to his heart, under that little spot on his shirt.

After the War of 1812 Oliver Hazard Perry, hero of the Battle on Lake Erie, cruised in the Mediterranean as commander of the Java. At this time he had a quarrel with Captain Heath of the Marines. This resulted in a court martial and a private reprimand for both officers, and later in a duel. The duel was held at Weehauken. Stephen Decatur was Perry's second. Neither was injured, Heath missing and Perry declining to fire.

It will be a surprise to many that Lincoln once found himself involved in a challenge. Long before he became a national figure he wrote a humorous letter to the Sangamo Journal. The letter poked gentle fun at James Shields, a lawyer who was a Democrat. He signed the letter "Rebecca". He told Mary Todd, whom he was then courting, about the letter. Mary and a close friend, Julia Jayne, decided it would be good fun if they, too, wrote a letter which they did. It was also published over the name "Rebecca". The letter written by the girls was not "gentle fun", but a lampoon hitting at Mr. Shield's manners, clothes, and personal qualities. Shields demanded from the editor of the Sangamo Journal, the name of the author of these attacks against him. Realizing that Mary was involved, Lincoln assumed responsibility for all the letters and Shields challenged him.

Lincoln's seconds notified Shields seconds that the duel would be fought with cavalry broad swords, across a plank ten feet long and nine to twelve inches wide on a sandbar on the Missouri side of the Mississippi River near Alton. Lincoln used a row boat to reach the sandbar, then sat on a log and practiced swings and swishes in the air with his cavalry broad sword. Once Lincoln unfolded his lanky height and casually snipped off the highest twig in sight. In the

meantime friends, lawyers, the seconds on both sides, were attempting to find a satisfactory solution without a duel. Lincoln announced he had no intention of injuring Mr. Shield's character--that the articles were written purely for political effect. Mr. Shields accepted the explanations and the duel was called off, the men becoming later good friends. Lincoln, in speaking of the weapon with which he was to have fought, said, "I did not intend to hurt Shields unless I did so clearly in self-defense. If it had been necessary I could have split him from the crown of his head to the end of his backbone."

The stories of major duels are quite interesting. Hundreds of duels were fought in this country and a few of these are especially noteworthy. Following are descriptions of some of these encounters:

1. Philip Hamilton vs George Eacker
2. Aaron Burr vs Alexander Hamilton
3. Henry Clay vs Humphrey Marshall
4 Commodore Stephen Decatur vs Commodore James Barron
5. Henry Clay vs John Randolph
6. Thomas Benton vs Andrew Jackson
   Thomas Benton vs Charles Lucas
7. Andrew Jackson vs Charles Dickinson
8. Felix Huston vs Albert Sydney Johnston
9. Jim Bowie vs Several

Philip Hamilton versus George Eacker

This is the sad story of two young men, Philip Hamilton and his friend Mr. Price who let their youthful exuberance mixed with a little liquor lead both of them to duels and one of them to death.

George Eacker at twenty-seven was one of several rising young politicians in New York in 1801. He was one who had helped oust the Federalists in the election of 1800. Later as a strong supporter of the Republicans, Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr, he had been the chief speaker at the fourth of July celebration held by Tammany Hall in 1801. In his speech he had mentioned some "fallen" Federalists, among them Alexander Hamilton.

Philip Hamilton was the eldest of Alexander Hamilton's eight children. He was gay, popular, handsome and had just graduated from Columbia College. On Friday evening, November 1, Philip Hamilton and his good friend Mr. Price attended a play at the Park Theatre. They soon discovered that Mr. Eacker, of

Republican political persuasion, occupied the next box. The young men began at once to heckle Mr. Eacker. Before the play began and during the intermission their loud talking and ungentlemanly behavior became more and more objectionable. When Eacker went to the lobby they followed him. When he remarked it was "abominable to be publicly insulted by a pair of damned rascals" they became more violent. They demanded he name the "damned rascals". After friends interfered, the boys left the theatre and Mr. Eacker returned to his box, but before the play had ended he had received a challenge to meet each young man in a duel. "They must defend their honor!"

Arrangements were made to meet Mr. Price first. This encounter took place at noon on Sunday at Weehauken. Three shots were exchanged between the young men with no hits. They agreed to have a fourth try which also resulted in no hit. Price commented that since Eacker was as thin as a string bean he might aim at him all day and never hit him. They laughed and shook hands. All were satisfied and that was the end of that.

When they arrived back in New York City, Eacker sent word to Philip Hamilton that he was ready to meet him. Philip knew he had been wrong. He had been insulting in a public place. All he needed to do was admit he had been ungentlemanly and apologize, but that he would not do. He must "defend his honor". He feared for his social future (men might call him a coward) more than he did the accuracy of Eacker's aim.

George Eacker and Philip Hamilton met at the same dueling ground in Weehauken on Monday. Philip knowing he had been wrong decided to hold his fire which meant he was admitting his guilt publicly by deed which he would not do by words.

Eacker hit him on the first shot. The impact caused Hamilton to touch the hair trigger of his pistol so that it discharged in the air. Eacker's bullet entered Hamilton's right side above the hip and passing through the body, lodged in his left arm. It was known at once to be a mortal wound. He was carried back to the city. All the physicians in the community were sent for but none could save him. He died early Tuesday morning. His parents were overcome by their grief, his father so prostrated that he had to be supported by two men at the graveside. Alive, gay, happy, on Friday evening, dead on Tuesday morning. The duel was a cruel way to prove one was a gentleman!

Aaron Burr versus Alexander Hamilton

From the day of their first meeting, Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton were rivals. In the Revolutionary War each had rendered honorable service. Burr had joined the expedition against Quebec and had won commendation from James Montgomery and Benedict Arnold for his courage. Hamilton

fought at the end of the war, leading a column in the final assault at Yorktown. Both young men were aides at the same time to Washington, but Burr didn't like the confinement and returned to active army duty.

After the war they both became lawyers. They both located in New York. Both went into politics. Burr followed the faith of Jefferson, while Hamilton founded a creed of his own called Federalism.

Hamilton became Secretary of the Treasury in Washington's cabinet. Burr became a Senator in the Federal Congress (defeating Hamilton's father-in-law.) The seeds of antagonism in their public life had been sown, though in their private lives they remained quite friendly. In 1800, the election turned out to be a problem. Jefferson and Burr received the same number of votes which meant there was a tie for the office of President which had to be broken by vote of the members of the House of Representatives. Here Hamilton used his powerful influence throwing his support to Jefferson. Burr's soul rankled because, except for the whispering campaign Hamilton had conducted against him and for Jefferson he might have become President. Hamilton had been in a tight spot. There was no love lost between him and either Jefferson or Burr. He had no faith in either, but faced with a decision, he turned against Burr.

Burr did not run for re-election in 1804, but ran for office of Governor of New York. Here he was defeated by seven thousand votes, again by the influence of Hamilton. A big newspaper campaign had been waged. Hamilton was backed by a wealthy and powerful group of men including the Clintons, the Livingstons, the Schulyers. These men owned a newspaper called "The American Citizen", which supported Hamilton's views. He was also supported by another paper, "The Evening Post". To offset the attacks from those papers Burr started a paper of his own, "The Chronicle Express", hiring Dr. Peter Irving, brother of Washington Irving as editor. In addition newspapers, pamphlets and handbills were printed denouncing in bitter attacks the policies of the opposing party. Quarrels raged and lawsuits were threatened.

After the contest was over, Burr's friends, feeling his defeat was the result of Hamilton's influence, clamored for Hamilton to apologize or retract statements which he was accused of making, such as "General Hamilton declares Mr. Burr is a dangerous man who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government". A note was sent to Hamilton calling attention to the above statement and asking for an explanation or apology. Hamilton replied he could not remember all the remarks he had made about Colonel Burr in the fifteen years they had opposed each other politically! And he added that he would not consent to be questioned. Other notes were exchanged, Hamilton refused to deny or acknowledge the remarks, and he certainly would not apologize! By this time the break had come. Accordingly on July 6, 1804 Aaron Burr challenged Alexander Hamilton to a duel. The date was set for Wednesday, July 11 at Weehauken (where Alexander Hamilton's son Philip had fallen a year before).

Each man spent the night before the duel writing letters and notes to members of his family and friends, knowing full well he could meet death in the dawn of the next day. Aaron Burr and his second arrived at the selected place first. Finding it overgrown with weeds, they took off their coats and began to clean it up a little. When Hamilton, his second, and a doctor arrived, Burr replaced his coat. The contestants bowed to one another but spoke no words. The seconds measured the distance-ten paces, determined who would give the commands and loaded the pistols. It was agreed that upon the word "Present" each party could fire whenever he pleased.

Hamilton's second had been chosen to give the command. When the men were in their proper places he ordered: "Present". With coolness and accuracy Burr raised his pistol and fired. The bullet hit Hamilton in the right side, causing him to raise himself involuntarily on his toes, turn his body to the left and fall upon his face. He had neither aimed nor fired, but as he swayed the pistol went off and the ball cut the leaves above his head. The doctor rushed to Hamilton's side. Burr made a step toward Hamilton but his second urged that they leave at once. He raised an umbrella to shield Burr's identity so that the doctor could swear, if the need ever arose, that he had not seen Hamilton's antagonist.

Hamilton spoke to the doctor, saying, "This is a mortal wound, Doctor. The doctor and the second carried Hamilton down to the boat and back to the east shore of the river. There they took him to the home of a friend. His family was sent for and he recognized them. He died at two o'clock in the afternoon following the duel.

His funeral was one of the largest New York had ever known. The streets were lined with people who wept unashamedly. On the coffin lay Hamilton's hat and sword. His saddle, his boots, with their spurs were placed backwards across his horse. This horse, a fine gray charger, caparisoned in mourning was led by two black servants, dressed in white, their turbans trimmed with black. An army escort followed the hearse, marching in single file, with trailing guns. The band played "The Death March from Saul". Muffled bells tolled till sunset. The only sound was the bells, the solemn music of the band and the heavy tramp of many feet and a gun salute every minute from boats in the harbor. The procession moved to Trinity Church where the military formed in two columns. The casket was placed at the church entrance and was surrounded by Hamilton's sons. A brief but impassioned address was given by Hamilton's friend Governor Morris. The burial ground lay next to the church and after the address the troops formed a hollow square; the coffin was lowered into the grave and three volleys were sounded over the grave. The immense throng dispersed. The city and the people wore mourning for a month, the bar (lawyers) for six weeks.

The Hamilton-Burr Duel

Feeling was high against Burr. Duels were common, but because of Hamilton's prominence people took it seriously and accused Burr of murder. To protect himself, Burr left quickly and secretly for St. Simon's Island, off the coast of Georgia.

Popular feeling against dueling was expressed freely after Hamilton's death. Sermons were made against it all over the country and many newspapers demanded that men settle their disputes in a more humane way.

Henry Clay versus Humphrey Marshall

Henry Clay had magnificent visions of the future of the United States if the sections-the industrial Northeast, the agricultural West and the plantation South would work together. He even advocated that good loyal Americans should wear clothes made from the products of Northern mills instead of broadcloth and fine linens imported from Europe. He believed in this plan so firmly he introduced into Congress a resolution referred to as his "homespun resolution", which provided that legislators should "clothe themselves in the productions of American manufactures and abstain from the use of broadcloth or linens of European fabric, until the belligerent nations respect the rights of neutrals by repealing their orders and decrees as related to the United States". This last referred to conflicting regulations from France and England restricting the United States in their commercial activities. The sentiment he expressed was in accord with public opinion but Humphrey Marshall, a Federalist, termed it the "Clap-Trap of a demagogue".

Old hostilities between Clay and Marshall came to a boiling point in debates over the issue, which became very abusive. Clay questioned the patriotism of men who opposed American manufactures and failed to support the government in times of peril. At length, Humphrey lost his head and called Clay a liar, then darted at Clay, ten feet away with his arm uplifted. Members of Congress interposed. Beside himself with anger, Clay struggled to be free. They were finally separated by General Riffe, a giant sized man of German extraction. Seizing each he admonished them "Come, boys, no fighting here, I vips you both".

Turning to the House, Clay apologized. He would not have taken the liberty, he said, if his opponent had been a man of honor. This was too much for Humphrey to take. He rose from his seat and yelled, "It is the apology of a paltroon."

That night Henry Clay challenged Humphrey Marshall, "After the occurances in the House of Representatives on this day, the receipt of this note will excite you with no surprise. My friend Major Campbell is authorized by me to adjust the ceremonies proper to be observed." Marshall's acceptance

was prompt and tart.

The legislators were worried. Marshall had been in many brawls and young Henry Clay had had little experience. Arrangements for the duel were made by Major John Campbell for Clay, and a Federalist Senator, Colonel James F. Moore represented Marshall. The rules were worked out in fine detail. The principals were to meet at ten paces and at the word "command" were to fire at their leisure. A snap or a flash would be equivalent to a shot. The man who fired first must hold his position and await the fire of the other. A violation of these rules by either party would subject the offender to instant death by seconds.

The duel was held on a Thursday in January. The cold was biting so early in the morning. The principals with their surgeons, seconds and a few friends crossed the Ohio River at Louisville and selected a spot near Silver Creek. The surgeons stood by, their knife cases open. The seconds consulted together, the pistols were examined, the ten paces were measured off. Then in the awesome silence, tall, slender fair-haired Henry Clay faced tall, swarthy Humphrey Marshall in mortal combat. A moment of suspense, a tightening of the trigger finger, then the fatal words, "Attention-Fire".

The crisp air was cut by the sound of a shot. Clay stood steady but Marshall staggered. Clay's ball had grazed his abdomen and given him a slight wound.

On the second round Clay's pistol snapped. There was only one shot. Marshall fired without effect.

On the third round Clay staggered, his shot went wild. Marshall had given him a flesh wound on the thigh.

Clay wanted another round, but the seconds gave an agreed statement. "We deem it justice to both gentlemen to pronounce their conduct on the occasion cool, determined, brave in the highest degree".

Commodore Stephen Decatur versus Commodore James Barron

About one mile out of Bladensburg, Maryland, made famous by the battle of Bladensburg in the War of 1812, lies a little green dell. Here for a period of over sixty years men met in duels to settle with deadly weapons personal and political feuds One of the most celebrated of these encounters occurred on March 22, 1820 when James Barron, a man not a favorite with the American people nor with many men in the armed service, met Stephen Decatur, one of the most respected and popular men in the United States.

Born in 1779, Stephen Decatur joined the Navy when he was eighteen; in July 1798 he sailed for the West Indies under Commodore Barry in the "United States", one of the new ships of which Americans were so proud. He became a Lieutenant in May of 1799. At this time he fought his first duel with a mate of a merchant vessel, in a disagreement arising out of recruitment duty and he wounded his opponent in the hip.

Decatur was given command of the Essex and held various posts on the Constitution and the Congress. He was very active in the war with the Barbary Pirates and special praise was given him because of his fearless activity in planning the destruction of the Philadelphia. When the war of 1812 came he served well and honorably. He was extremely popular when shore leave brought him to Washington and was feted at many banquets. His exploits had become immortal and he was often toasted; "Commodore Decatur, the man whom his country delights to honor." Stephen Decatur himself was the author of a statement which has often been used as a toast or a slogan. "My country, may she ever be right; but right or wrong, My Country!"

James Barron's life ran in a less glorious pattern, much of it being lived under a cloud. He was six years older than Decatur and was a lad in the Navy when John Adams decided the Navy needed to be enlarged. Like Decatur he served on many of the famous ships of his day. In 1802 he was in the Mediterranean, fighting against the Barbary Pirates. After this he was given command of the Essex and later of the Chesapeake. At the time of the Chesapeake's unfortunate encounter with the Leopard and because Barron surrendered his ship, he was subjected to a Naval Court martial and his rank and pay were suspended for a period of five years (1808-1813).

Following his suspension Barron sailed to South America in the merchant marine, and later spent much time in Europe. Though his term of suspension was over in 1813 he did not offer his services to his country during the War of 1812. For that, the men in service never forgave him. He returned to the United States in 1818 and asked to be reinstated in active service. Decatur, a member of the board of Navy commissioners opposed Barron's reinstatement, his objection, like that of the other commissioners, being founded on Barron's stay in Europe during the war.

It was out of this situation that the duel between these two men was fostered. It was a topic of earnest discussion wherever navy men met. Once Decatur was faced with a question "if Commodore Barron chose to challenge you, would you consent to meet him?" To this question Decatur replied he would.

Immediately Barron began an extensive correspondence (one letter was over twenty pages long) demanding from Decatur explanations and answers to inquires. Finally the quarrel had grown to such proportions Barron challenged

Decatur. It had been a nonsensical quarrel, but one for which there seemed to Decatur to be no honorable alternative other than to accept Barron's challenge. As the challenged, Decatur could choose the weapons and the location. He chose Bladensburg because it was close to Washington; the weapons were to be pistols at eight paces The shots were to be fired between a count of One and Three.

In the early morning of March 22, handsome brilliant, popular Stephen Decatur opened a little, low side door in the brick wall surrounding his dwelling, closed it softly so as not to awaken his family and rode away. He met his second and a friend in a Washington hotel and then all rode on to the secluded, pleasant ampitheatre among the trees. Crosswise with the sun, the distance was paced out, and men took their positions. As they moved to these positions Barron spoke to Decatur saying he "hoped on meeting in another world they would be better friends than in this."

Decatur answered: "I have never been your enemy, sir."

Upon the word "One" they fired simultaneously so that it sounded like one shot. Both fell. Decatur had been shot in the abdomen, Barron in the hip. Decatur had previously determined he would shoot low because he knew Barron had poor eyesight and he did not wish to put him at a disadvantage. Decatur recognized his wound was mortal and said to his friends, "I am mortally wounded, at least I believe so, and wish I had fallen in defense of my country." Decatur was carried at once to his home in Lafayette Square in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Decatur had no idea what had taken her husband away and had invited guests for tea, Mrs. Dolly Madison, and her sister, Mrs. Cutts. When word came of the duel and its tragic outcome, Mrs. Decatur fainted. Her guests cared for her and for the stricken commodore who died shortly before midnight. The next day, the National Intelligencer, a Washington newspaper carried news of the duel. It said "Mourn for one of your brightest stars has set; a son without fear and without reproach." Stephen Decatur was forty-one.

Commodore Barron, though badly wounded, slowly regained his health and even more slowly worked his way back into the good graces of his fellow men. In 1838 by virtue of the death or retirement of his superiors he became the senior commodore in the Navy. He had survived them, but was reconciled with but a very few. He died in 1851.

Henry Clay versus John Randolph

This was one of the most outstanding duels in American History. Of it, Thomas Hart Benton who had fought a couple of duels and been a second or a consultant for many more, said "It was about the first high-toned duel that I have witnessed and among the highest-toned that I have ever witnessed."

Both duelists were very prominent Americans, important figures in public life, with antagonistic feelings toward one another which grew out of political differences. John Randolph was one of the F. F. V. (First Families of Virginia). His political and social beliefs were based upon a prejudice for the aristocracy, a hatred of the Democratic West-especially Kentucky and Kentuckians-and social convictions for states rights. He was a fearless speaker. He denounced everything he did not like and he had the most unusual vocabulary in Congress. He was savage, cruel, rude, fearless and vindictive. Henry Clay was the opposite of Randolph in many ways. He was an ardent American, wished for his country's growth in greatness, believed in the people and was beloved by them. He was kindly, fair, tended to compromise and had great faith in the West. It was natural these men should become political enemies.

The duel arose because of an attack on Clay's support of certain ideas which Randolph violently opposed. In the first place Randolph hated John Adams, and then he hated John Quincy Adams even more, "the cub is a greater bear than the old one". After the disputed election of 1824 when Adams had won and made Henry Clay Secretary of State, Randolph polished off all his good (or rather bad) words to use against what he termed a corrupt bargain. When Clay dreamed up his Pan American Congress and Adams approved the idea and appointed delegates, Randolph's anger knew no bounds. He made vituperative speeches:

"An alliance offensive and defensive between old Massachusetts and Kentucky-between the frost of January and young, blythe, buxom, and blooming May-not so young however, as to not make a prudent match, and sell her charms for their full value." His attack on sending men to the Pan American Conference concluded with this famous charge. "I was defeated, horse, foot and dragoons-cut up and clean broke down by the coalition of blifil and Black George-by the combination of the Puritan and the Black-leg. I shall not say which is Blifil and which is Black George. I do not draw my pictures in such a way as to render it necessary to write under them this is a man, this is a horse."

An explanation of just why the above was so insulting is probably in order, a story well-known in that day was "Tom Jones" by Henry Fielding. Two of the meanest characters in this story were Blifil, a whining fake, and Black George, a villain. Randolph's meaning was clear to his audience. Adams was the Puritan or Blifil and Clay was Black George or black-leg. Since the term black-leg was a term used for a crooked card player it was an extra kick below the belt against Clay. Clay acted at once. He sent General Thomas Jesup of the Army with a challenge to Randolph. Since the above speech had been made on the floor of the Senate where Senators are supposed to have freedom of speech without being held responsible, Randolph protested Clay's right to challenge him but he sent his acceptance.

Randolph was one of the best shots in Virginia, but he had no desire to take Clay's life. The night before the duel he told his second, General Hamilton, "I have determined to receive without returning, Clay's fire; nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head; I will not make his wife a widow or his children orphans. Their tears would be shed over his grave, but when the sod of Virginia rests on my bosom, there is not here in this wide world one individual to pay this tribute upon mine."

The duel was to take place at four-thirty p.m. at a spot near Little Falls Bridge on the Virginia bank of the Potomac. Randolph had insisted on this for if he fell in defense of the honor of Virginia as well as himself, he was determined his blood should flow into his native soil! Randolph arrived by carriage wearing a long white dressing gown. He wore buckskin gloves. Clay wore business attire. Randolph had chosen pistols as weapons; the distance was short, ten paces (thirty feet). The party consisted of the two seconds, a surgeon and Thomas Hart Benton, a friend of both of the contestants. There was a Virginia law forbidding dueling but Randolph insisted since he would shoot in the air it really wasn't a duel!

The men took their places. The sun was setting behind the Virginia hills. The seconds were ready to hand out the weapons. As Randolph adjusted the pistol to his hand, it went off, the muzzle pointing to the ground. This could have become a debatable problem, but since Clay had not yet received his weapon, he generously allowed it was an accident. When both men were ready the command was given. "One-two-three-Fire", there were two shots. Randolph had shot after all. Neither had been hits. Clay demanded a second shot which the seconds got ready. Once more the opponents took their places. At the signal, Clay fired. His bullet whipped past Randolph, cutting through the skirt of his dressing gown. A second afterward, Randolph lifted his gun and fired toward the sky. "I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay," he called, moving forward with his hand outstretched. Mr. Clay likewise moved forward. Randolph chuckled, "You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay, to which the gallant Clay retorted "I am glad the debt is no more." The duel was over, without fatality. No one would expect them to be ardent friends in the future but their honor had been defended. There is a story--when Randolph died and was buried in his beloved Virginia, wits claimed they placed him with his face to the West, so that he could still keep his eye on Henry Clay!

Thomas Benton versus Andrew Jackson
Thomas Benton versus Charles Lucas

Thomas Hart Benton enjoyed duels as other men enjoy cards or horse racing. He fought three duels himself, once against Andrew Jackson and twice with Charles Lucas. He was the second for several duels including one for his brother Jesse, and seemed to be the major domo, or high authority on rules and regulations for proper encounters upon the dueling grounds.

Thomas Hart Benton was an early pioneer into Tennessee and was a personal friend of Andrew Jackson. He raised a regiment and fought with Jackson in the War of 1812. He had great faith in the West and in his long service in Congress. He fought with determination for the Western areas. He owned slaves but did not believe in slavery or its extension. He was a large man, a little on the burly side, very honest and patriotic. One of his great faults was his favorable opinion of himself. He considered himself better than most men. Once when he was passing down a street a little boy dashed into his home, calling to his mother, "Mom-Mom, come quick. The president is going by!" (Who but the President could be so big and important looking?) When Benton, late in life, wrote his Memoirs, the printer asked him how many copies he should have run off the presses. To which Benton replied, "check the United States census!", meaning that everybody, certainly would desire a copy of such a notable book about such a notable man!

Before he became a real duelist, Benton almost had a duel thrust upon him. Senator Foote once drew a gun on him in the Senate. Benton faced the Senator fearlessly and dared him to shoot. Foote changed his mind, but Andrew Jackson, later, didn't change his!

The duel with Andrew Jackson was brought on by another duel, one between Tom Benton's brother Jesse, and a man named William Carroll. An argument arose between Jesse Benton and Carroll that resulted in a challenge for a duel. Andrew Jackson was a good friend of Carroll's and when Carroll insisted Jackson go with him, Jackson agreed. The duel was a most unusual one. Carroll held his gun so awkwardly that Jesse Benton shot off Carroll's thumb. Benton got himself in such a contortion that Carroll's bullet cut across the seat of Benton's pants and scared the flesh! The whole community laughed about it for many months. All, that is, but Thomas Benton. He was furious to think that Jackson had befriended the man that Jesse was dueling! Jackson had been his good friend, but that was all over! When Jackson heard that Benton was going to challenge him, he sent word to his old friend Tom, that he'd horsewhip him the next time they met.

They met in a rambling inn in Nashville. So much went on that the contestants couldn't give coherent stories, and witnesses contradicted each other, but at least six people seem to have been involved! As the story goes, the two old friends-now antagonists-met in a long hall of the Inn. Jackson carried his horsewhip. As the men approached one another, Jackson dropped his whip, and with a gun pressed against Benton's chest, he backed him down the long corridor toward the porch.

Jesse happened to be in the bar, and seeing Jackson pushing his brother Tom down the hall he rushed out and fired at Jackson. A slug of lead and two bullets entered Jackson's left shoulder. As he fell his own gun went

off burning a hole in Tom's coat. Relieved of the pressure of Jackson's gun, Tom shot twice at Jackson now lying on the floor, bleeding profusely, but both shots missed. The shooting attracted the attention of other persons in the hotel. One of these was John Coffee who came dashing in to Jackson's aid. He shot at Benton, but missed him. He then attacked Benton with the butt of his gun. Benton dodged and in so doing, he fell down the flight of stairs backwards. He was not seriously hurt physically, but his pride and his dignity had sustained a horrible moral blow.

At that moment Mrs. Jackson's nephew rushed in waving his sword cane. He attacked Jesse, but the blade struck a button and broke. By that time many people had gathered and the fight was stopped. Blood from Jackson's wounds soaked two mattresses and doctors talked of amputation. This Jackson would not hear of and murmured, "I'll keep my arm" which he did, though it gave him trouble as he grew older.

In 1832, when a visiting surgeon from Philadelphia expressed the opinion that the bullet might safely be removed, Jackson asked him to take it out at once. Baring his arm to the shoulder, the President took a firm grip on his walking stick. In a few minutes the operation was over and Jackson was able to attend a small dinner party that evening.

After this fracus Tom Benton decided in rather a hurry to leave town. Nashville didn't seem a very healthy place in which to linger. Strange as it may seem, there was only a temporary rift in the friendship between Jackson and Benton. In rather a short time they became completely reconciled and were the warmest personal and political friends.

Although Benton was such an expert on dueling etiquette and regulations neither of his own duels were "according to Hoyle".

His second duel was with Charles Lucas of Missouri, who was the son of the large and well known family of John B. C. Lucas. The elder Lucas had come to the United States from France at the suggestion of Benjamin Franklin, and had settled in St. Louis. He intensely disliked the Anglo-Saxons and was especially disturbed when Jefferson approved the Louisiana Purchase which meant the end of French domination and an influx of Americans. Part of his dislike for Americans carried over to his sons, so there was a deep-set antagonism between the Lucas and Benton families.

The quarrel between Tom Benton and Charles Lucas grew out of a law case. Benton was thirty-four, Charles ten years younger. Facing each other in court, each contradicted the other. The jury decided for Lucas' client and Benton challenged Lucas. Lucas refused the challenge and ill-will continued. In an election ten months later Lucas let himself in for more trouble when he challenged Benton's right to vote. Benton turned to the election judge and said,

"If you have any questions, I am prepared to answer. But I don't intend to reply to charges of any puppy that crosses my path!" Being referred to as a "puppy" Lucas wouldn't take, so he challenged Benton to "a personal interview."

They met the next morning at Bloody Island, a sand bar in the Mississippi River. Here each was examined to see if he were wearing any metal protection (called a coat of mail), and then the two men took their positions ten paces apart.

Lucas aimed at Benton's leg and grazed him just below the knee. Benton shot Lucas in the neck and he bled heavily. The seconds asked Benton if he were satisfied and he said no, he wanted another shot. Lucas, however, was bleeding so profusely that the doctors refused to allow him to enter into another round. Benton then asked for a second meeting, later.

When Lucas was recovered sufficiently, they again met on Bloody Island. Benton insisted on a distance of only three paces. This time Benton's bullet bore a fatal shot. The bullet struck Lucas' right arm and went through the body straight to the heart. Death came very quickly. Lucas had had a premonition that he would not survive this encounter. He had remarked that he had little desire to "stand up a fool, and be shot down like a brute". Again Benton was unpopular in the community. Charles Lucas had been a well respected young man in St. Louis and it was unheard of for a challenged person to insist on a second duel. Benton seldom spoke of these encounters and burned all his papers relating to them. Obviously he wished they had never happened. He promised his wife he would fight no more duels, and he kept his promise.

Andrew Jackson versus Charles Dickinson

In 1828 when Andrew Jackson announced his candidacy for the Presidency of the United States, a political enemy in Nashville published a pamphlet entitled "The Indiscretions of Andrew Jackson". The author listed a total of one hundred three duels, fights and altercations in which the "Hero of New Orleans" had been involved during his life time. The first instance could have been when he defied one of General Tarleton's British troopers and was rebuked by a sabre slash across his head. His biographers indicate that Jackson was a man of spirit, in fact it seems that Jackson's spirit sometimes caused him to hunt trouble.

Much of the trouble in his life resulted from his marriage. He had married Rachel Robards who was a divorcee. At least she thought she was. Rachel's marriage to Lewis Robards had not been a happy one, and at the advice of Robard's mother she had left her husband's home in Virginia and

returned to her parent's home in Tennessee. There in due time she heard her husband had obtained a divorce, so she married Andrew Jackson. Now scandal raised its ugly head, for time proved that Robards had "applied for a divorce" but had not completed the divorce processes, so the divorce was not final. In those days an appeal to secure a divorce had to be made in the state legislature. When the permit for divorce was granted by the legislature, it had to be followed by court action to become final. Robards had appealed to the Virginia legislature and had received his permit, but the court action had not been completed, so he and Rachel were not actually divorced. From this misunderstanding concerning the finality of the divorce, Rachel was referred to as a woman of loose morals, a bigamist and such. To Andrew who loved her deeply all this was as a red flag to a bull. He defended his wife's honor, and his own at the least slanderous comment. He was criticized for marrying a bigamist and for living with another man's wife. His political enemies never missed a chance to insult him or Rachel.

One of the men with whom Jackson had difficulty was John Sevier who was Governor of Tennessee and also major general of the militia. Jackson coveted the major generalship and demanded that Sevier resign in his favor which Sevier refused to do. This led to words and ill will grew between the two men. Jackson challenged Sevier to a duel, but Sevier refused on the ground he was too poor to fight and risk leaving his large family penniless. Jackson kept insisting, stating he deserved the position because of his services to the state of Tennessee. This aroused Sevier who taunted Jackson, "Services, I know of no services you have rendered the country except taking a trip with another man's wife." The response to that was a pistol shot, but no hit. However, the two did meet later on the highway. Jackson flashed a pistol and warned Sevier to defend himself. The governor swung from his saddle, but the horse bolted ahead carrying Sevier's guns! His seventeen year old son, bearing a gun dashed to his father's side, but a crowd gathered quickly and there was no more of fighting between them.

Jackson was a very busy man. He ran a large farm, he kept a store, he was a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, and later a member of Congress. He also raised roosters trained to fight, and bred race horses! It was from his horse racing activities that his most important duel arose. One of his best horses was Truxton, who was challenged to race with Ploughboy, a very fast steed owned by Joseph Erwin. A match was arranged with stakes of $2000 and an $800 forfeit. The money was put up on Truxton by Jackson and on Ploughboy by Joseph Erwin and his son-in-law, Charles Dickinson. In the tryouts Ploughboy did not do too well so the match was forfeited and Erwin and Dickinson promised to pay Jackson the $800. Out of this, rumors, insinuations and ill will were spread and what could have been a peaceful payment of debt became a name calling, bitter conflict, ultimately taking on the pattern of Jackson's other quarrels-with reflections cast on Rachel's honor.

Finally in May of 1806, Jackson challenged Charles Dickinson to a duel. "Your conduct and expressions relative to me have been of such a nature and so insulting that it requires and shall have my notice" etc. The date and place were set, May 30 at Harrison's mills, on Red River, Logan County, State of Kentucky at seven a.m. The distance was to be eight paces. The parties were to stand facing each other with their pistols down perpendicularly. When ready, the word "Fire" was to be given and each man could then fire as soon as he pleased.

Both parties, attended by their seconds and a retinue of friends set out by different roads for the Red River on the morning of May 29. Many bets were placed on the outcome, the odds favoring Dickinson, who was known to be a good shot. That night he boastfully exhibited to his friends a card from a deck of playing cards. It was a "ten spot" with all the spots shot out at dueling distance. On the road to the dueling grounds, Dickinson made fancy shots demonstrating his skill with a pistol cutting a leaf off here, severing a twig there, hitting an apple on a fence post at ten paces! He admonished his credulous admirers: "If General Jackson comes along this road, show him that."

While the Dickinson party progressed with reckless riding, shouting and shooting along the way, Jackson and his escorts traveled more soberly. Realizing Dickinson was a better than ordinary shot, Jackson was worried. Everyone knew that Dickinson was a snap shooter-that is, he took no aim. When his pistol was raised to the right level he fired automatically. Jackson was one who was more deliberate and needed time to aim. Jackson and his seconds were certain that Dickinson would have the first shot, so planned their defense accordingly. Dickinson was a large man, Jackson thin as a ruler. He had dressed for this occasion, in large loose garments, his outer coat a heavy great coat. Into these over-sized clothes he shrank his slender form as much as possible, even twisting his body inside the heavy coat until he was almost sidewise, making a very slender target being thinner from left to right than he was from back to front.

At seven a.m. all were in place, the second inquired, "Are you ready?"

"I am ready," answered Dickinson.

"I am ready," answered Jackson.

"Fire: came the order.

There was but one shot and as they had feared, it came from Dickinson's gun. Jackson had deliberately held his fire. Dickinson's bullet had grazed him, but he stood steadily on his feet, disguising that he had been hit. With his left

arm drawn tightly across his chest, he slowly raised his right arm. Dickinson, seeing Jackson's arm lifting the pistol was startled and stepped back a step or two and queried, "Great God. Have I missed him?"

Dickinson was ordered back to the mark. He was a doomed man and he knew it. He stood erect, but did not face the cold stony eyes of his antagonist. Jackson pulled the trigger but the gun did not go off. He could have stopped the duel then and been merciful, but for those who dishonored Rachel's name there would be no mercy. He recocked his pistol, took a deliberate aim and fired. Dickinson swayed backwards but was caught by his friends as he fell. Red stains appeared on his clothes. The doctor tore away his shirt and found the bullet had passed through his body below the ribs and was bulging out in the skin on the opposite side of his body.

As Jackson and his party turned and walked away, his doctor noted that blood was dripping from Jackson's shoe.

"General Jackson, are you hit," he exclaimed.

"Oh, I believe he has pinked me a little," was the quiet reply.

When the big loose coat was removed it was found that Jackson's twist of his body had saved his life. Dickinson's aim for Jackson's heart had been true, if his heart had been where Dickinson thought it was. The breast bone had been severed and several ribs had been fractured.

When they reached the tavern, a negro servant was churning. Jackson stopped to inquire if the butter had come: the woman gave him a quart measure of buttermilk which he drank with a relish. He then went to his room where the doctor dressed his wounds. After word came that Dickinson was unconscious Jackson admitted to the others that he had been hit but he had been determined Dickinson would not have the satisfaction of knowing he had hit his hated opponent. Dickinson died that evening. Jackson was confined to the house for a month. "I should have hit him if he had shot me through the brain" he said years afterward. However, his wound never properly healed and gave trouble later in his life. Since the bullet lay so close to the heart it could not be removed.

The duel did nothing to improve Jackson's popularity in Tennessee. His constituents did not admire his quarrelsome tactics but when the War of 1812 came along and he so gallantly defended the city of New Orleans they forgot their grievances. He became the hero of New Orleans from where his path lead to the White House.

Felix Huston and Albert Sydney Johnston

It is amazing how many people of prominence became involved in duels. One of these was Albert Sydney Johnston who was a serious, soft spoken, and rather stern young man. He was large, well-built, in his early thirties, and devoted himself unselfishly to "Duty". The duel which involved this young man from West Point, was, however, not of his own making.

In 1835 young Johnston lost his wife, and this caused a restlessness which he found hard to conquer. While he was in this mood he heard a rousing speech by Stephen Austin which influenced him to go to Texas where he enlisted in the Texan army. The commanding officer, General Rush, was impressed by this unusual recruit and when he found that Johnston had graduated from West Point and had had prior military service in the United States Army, he offered him a place as Adjutant General. The offer of this coveted position to a newcomer infuriated Felix Huston, a young hopeful who had come up the hard way through the ranks, and who thought the position of Adjutant should be his. Huston was a soldier by instinct and desire. He loved army life and soldier's glory. He had no time for formal discipline. West Point's stern tactics were frowned upon by this dashing young officer who ruled his troops by personal magnetism. No one could have been more popular with his men.

After the battle of San Jacinto, the American officers thought it best to lie low, wait and see if the Mexicans attacked again. This was not the strategy Huston wanted or approved of. What he wanted was action, attack and fire, which might let him win more glory. It was at this time that Adjutant General Rusk resigned as commanding officer and trouble developed at once. The army, the people of Texas, the Texas Legislature were all concerned. Huston was positive he would be appointed to fill the vacancy and he had lots of friends. Finally the news was read before the army in Huston's presence. Johnston had been appointed. Huston was angry, he felt humiliated, and he took his disappointment out on Johnston. He challenged him to a duel.

The challenged one had the privilege, of course, of choosing the weapons. Johnston was a good shot with a rifle, but he thought since pistols were more often used, that he should choose pistols, even though every one knew that Huston was an excellent duelist and pistols were his preference.

When the fateful day came, hair trigger pistols were used though Johnston had never held one in his hand before! Huston came wearing an army uniform, his coat buttoned tightly. Johnston, however, had put aside his coat and vest, bound a sash around his waist and wore a white shirt. Huston wasn't to be outdone, so he, too, tore off his coat! The men agreed that they should take their places and face one another, each to hold his pistol in his right hand with the right arm lowered full length, the elbow pressing the body. Upon the

signal, they would raise their forearms to a level with the elbow and fire. Johnston realized Huston was more expert than he so he decided he would shoot swiftly hoping Huston would then fire before he could take deliberate aim. It was risky, but he thought it worth a try.

The signal came--both shot at once, and neither made a body hit. Johnston's bullet snapped a twig, Huston's bullet went through the edge of Johnston's sleeve. The duel could have ended there, but Huston would not have it so.

At the second signal, they promptly shot again. Johnston's bullet skimmed along the ground, Huston's gun didn't go off. (They were on their way to one of the long duels in history!) Huston still was not satisfied.

A third exchange brought no hits. It seemed Johnston's plan was working and Huston was not at ease.

A fourth fire--no hit!

A fifth, and Huston was finally successful. Johnston fell to the ground, a bullet had pierced his hip. He was lifted onto a litter and taken to a nearby town. The doctors felt that the wound was fatal. For weeks Johnston remained in a critical condition, but he finally won his fight for life though all the rest of his life he suffered from this wound.

Huston won the duel, but Johnston won more in the long run. Public sympathy went to the ill-fated officer. Huston's popularity decreased and he resigned from the army and went into law and politics. Albert Sydney Johnston continued in the army. He became Secretary of War for the Republic of Texas. He served in the Mexican War. Later he served with the Confederate Army, and lost his life early in the war at the battle of Shiloh (Pittsburg Landing.) The South thus lost a noble soldier.

Jim Bowie versus Several

Not many names are better known in American folk lore than Jim Bowie. He is described as a peaceful fellow, frank, and friendly but when once he lost his temper, that was a different matter! He was sometimes called "the terrible Mr. Bowie."

Davy Crockett has written in his autobiography an interesting description of James Bowie when he met him at the Alamo-"I found Colonel Bowie of Louisiana, in the fortress, a man celebrated for having been in more desperate

personal conflicts than any other in the country, and whose name has been given to a knife of a peculiar construction which is now in general use in the southwest. I was introduced to him by Colonel Travis and he gave me a friendly welcome, and appeared to be mightily pleased that I had arrived safely. While we were conversing, he had occasion to draw his famous knife to cut a strap, and I wish I may be shot if it wasn't enough to give a man a squeamish stomach."

Another later date entry after the Mexican attacks on the Alamo had begun reads:

"Colonel Bowie has been taken sick from overexertion and exposure. He did not leave his bed today until after twelve o'clock. He is worth a dozen common men in a situation like ours."

Another excerpt from Davy Crockett's book reads: "The conduct of Colonel Bowie was characteristic to the last. When the fort was carried he was sick in bed. He had also one of the murderous knives which bears his name. Lying in bed, he discharged his pistols and gun and with each discharge brought down an enemy. So intimidated were the Mexicans by this act of desperate and cool bravery that they dared not approach him, but shot him from the door! As the cowards approached his bed, over the dead bodies of their companions, the dying Bowie, nerving himself for a last blow, plunged his knife into the heart of his nearest foe at the same instant that he died."

Bowie's life had been as strange and violent as his death. Born in Kentucky, he moved to Louisiana with his family when he was a young boy. When he was seventeen he left home to win his own way. He wanted variety and enjoyed danger and risk. He made his first money in the illegal slave trade. He had a powerful build. One of the stories that spread over the whole southwest was that he roped and rode live alligators in the Louisiana bayous.

He once fought a duel with Bloody Jim Sturdevant, a notorious gambler. In Natchez, under-the-hill, the poor district of Natchez, when passing a gambling house, Jim Bowie saw a young man, the son of a rich planter in a poker game with Bloody John. The young man was one of a group of young men who had come to Natchez to sell the cotton crop from their plantations. These young men were easy pickings for the gamblers. Stopping close to the table Jim Bowie could see that Bloody John was winning away all the young man's profits. Bowie whispered to the boy and took his place at the table. Bloody Jim did not recognize Bowie but he soon realized he now had an opponent who had an expert eye and he knew that with this man he could try none of his "sharpers" tricks. Bowie won back the young man's money in game after game. When he was satisfied with his winnings, he swooped them up and gave them to the young man, warning him in the future to keep away from swindlers.

Bloody John was wildly offended, his honor had been impeached. He jumped to his feet, threw the table over and demanded "satisfaction."

Bowie replied that he could have it, saying "I am James Bowie." Upon hearing that fearful name Bloody John's enthusiasm for "satisfaction" practically disappeared, but he had made the challenge and now to save his "honor" he had to go through with it. Since Bowie was the challenged one he could arrange the plans. The meeting was arranged for early the next morning, down river from Natchez. They were to stand, their left wrists tied with buckskin, knives to be held in their right hands.

At the signal Bloody John struck fiercely at Bowie, but Bowie paried. Soon with a single swing of his forceful arm, he pulled Bloody John close to him, cutting away. He ripped Sturdevant's right arm to the bone, slashing the tendons. Bloody John was stunned; he looked helplessly at his arm. The duel was over. Bloody John had had his satisfaction. The young planter came and untied the wrists of the duelists. Bowie turned to the gambler and told him he hoped he had learned a lesson.

There are stories of other duels. An Arkansas Judge told of one in which Bowie and a Mexican settled their differences. This one was also fought with knives. The duelists agreed to sit face to face on a log. To make sure that neither could pull away, their leather breeches were nailed down to the log. Bowie won, (of course!)

In New Orleans, Bowie was once challenged by a rich young "dandy". Accepting, Bowie again could set the terms, which were knives in a dark room. The doors were to be locked, the rooms cleared of all furniture and the windows sealed to keep out every thread of light. The men were to wear no shoes so that they could move noiselessly. When all was ready the seconds left, the key clicked in the lock and the second outside clapped his hands, the signal for the duel to begin. For a time there was no sound at all, the fighters were moving stealthily. Then there was the sound of frantic wrestling and a high scream. Then a call came from inside, "open up." When the door was opened there stood Jim Bowie, his opponent lay dead at his feet, the Bowie knife pinning him to the floor.

At another time he took part in a multiple duel in which six people were engaged.

Such was the strenuous life of Jim Bowie He seldom picked a fight, but when he did, quite fabulously he won. It is a legend that when friends brought word of his death at the Alamo to his mother she stood silent for a minute then spoke. "I'll wager they found no wounds in his back".

It wasn't Jim Bowie's way to turn his back on trouble

Conclusion

Many laws were introduced to forbid dueling before its popularity had faded. Most of the bills did not at first pass because to make a duel an offense by law, would mean imprisonment for offenders. Legislatures objected that men fighting duels were not guilty of a crime which should put them in cells of a penitentiary and make them associates of felons. But in time public opinion grew against these affairs of honor, and they came to be regarded as deliberate murder. There have been no duels of note in the United States since the twentieth century fostered a more rational approach to the settling of personal quarrels.

MARCUS AND NARCISSA WHITMAN, MISSIONARIES IN BUCKSKIN

Marcus Whitman is one of the great unsung heroes of United States history. His quiet courage, and overwhelming vision have often been neglected in favor of the more boisterous pioneers, such as Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, and John Fremont. But Whitman's story and that of his wife Narcissa, is a red letter chapter in the opening of the far west. For to Marcus Whitman may be given the credit for visualizing the far Northwest as a future home for the American overflow.

Marcus Whitman was born in 1802 at Rushville in New York State. He studied medicine and received his medical degree when he was twenty. (To graduate as a doctor then was rather a short and simple process for medicine was a simple art of setting bones, administering a few herbs and bleeding). After graduation Marcus settled down to treat the few patients who would come to him, and to saw wood. Medical fees were scanty and hard to collect so most doctors were also laborers. Marcus' knowledge of the out of doors, and his ability with an ax and his strong muscular body proved to be of great value to him in his pioneering efforts.

When Marcus was twenty-three years old he was greatly stirred by an appeal made by two Indians "Rabbit Skin Leggings" and "No Horns-on-His-Head" who came from the far northwest to St. Louis and pleaded for some one to come to their home area and tell their tribe about the white man's God. These Indians, haggard and wan, appeared on the streets of St. Louis where General George Clark, commander of the military post listened to their appeal and saw that it was translated and published. This plea was like a trumpet call to the missionary societies in the East, and many answered the challenge, among them Marcus Whitman. He and the Reverend Samuel Parker volunteered to go out into that unknown land beyond the Rockies and survey the need of the Indians. They joined the annual caravan of fur traders traveling up the Missouri to Green River, Wyoming. Here it was decided Parker should go on to Vancouver, and Dr. Whitman would go back for helpers. Two Indian boys, I-tes and Tac-i-tu-tos were allowed to go East with Marcus. This party of three joined the returning fur convoy and eventually reached Rushville.

Dr. Whitman presented his story before the Mission Board who authorized him to find associates for his return. He then went home and married Narcissa Prentiss and enlisted H. H. Spalding and his bride. These four young people and the two Indian lads and a Mr. W. H. Gray started on their long thirty-five hundred mile journey west. The bridal trousseau of the young ladies consisted of leather suits and buckskin

mocassins. By sleigh and canal, through mud and slush, over stony trails and across swollen rivers, this small party finally reached St. Louis. Here they found that the fur convoy upon hearing there were women in Whitman's party, had refused to wait, so the seven started out alone to overtake the convoy. Doctor Whitman drove a four horse wagon, Mr. Spalding took charge of a light two horse wagon, the Indian boys drove the mules and cows. Narcissa and Mrs. Spalding rode in the wagons or walked along beside them.

This long lumbering journey was a far cry from travel in those same areas today. It was filled both with monotony and wild adventure; monotony because so many days were just alike-hard walking, slow going, plodding along step over step-a few miles a day. Other days were filled with constant danger, hard work and often frustration. The wagons teetered over rugged untrodden paths and around jagged boulders. Sometimes there were attacks from hostile Indians and always there was the challenge of nature and a fight for survival as swirling rivers had to be crossed. The friendly Indians were amazed at the wagons, particularly the large one driven by Whitman. They named it the clickety-clackety-clax and watched dumfounded as Whitman guided it across swollen rivers and crossed gorges and precipices where the wagon had to be pulled up and let down by ropes.

Narcissa kept a diary from which there come interesting sidelights. "We have made our tent. It is made of bed ticking and is large enough for us all to sleep under. It is raised with a center pole and fastened down with pegs, making a large circle. In this each night we shall live, eat, and sleep, all summer. We spread our India rubber cloth on the ground, then our blankets and encamp for the night. We have plenty of Mackinaw blankets which answer for our bed and bedding at night and in the day when we journey we place them over our saddles and ride on them."

"I had made for me in Rushville a pair of gentleman's boots. We have, each of us, a life preserver, so that if we fall into the water we shall not drown. They are made of India rubber cloth, air tight, and when filled with air and placed under the arm, will prevent one from sinking. Marcus has got me an excellent side saddle and a very easy horse. He made me a present of a mule to ride the other day. I do not know which I will like best."

"Our fuel for cooking, since we left the timber, has been dried buffalo dung, and it answers to very good purpose similar to the kind of coal used in Pennsylvania. The men brought in buffalo meat yesterday for the first time. I wish mother could see us while we are sitting at our meals. Our table is the ground, our table cloth is an India rubber cloth (used as a cloak while it rains). Our dishes are made of tin, basins for tea cups, iron spoons, plates for each of us, several pans for milk and to put our meat in when we wish to put it on the table. Each one carries his own knife in his

scabbard and it is always ready for use. We make our own forks with sticks and when we eat we imitate the Turks-each one lying down on his blanket by the table. We have tea and plenty of milk which is a luxury in this country. The milk was of great value in making bread to supply us for meals three times a day. We have stopped bread baking now, saving what little flour we have left for thickening our broth. We don't need the bread now, for I never saw anything like buffalo meat to satisfy hunger."

If Marcus had kept a diary its substances would have been of rougher stuff, the Indian menace, the perilous task of taking the wagon over gorges, ravines, and mountain crags. To Marcus, the wagon was the important thing. At Fort Laramie it was the custom of the Fur Company to leave their wagons. Here goods were repacked on horses and mules to be taken over the Rocky Mountains and through the Great South Pass. Whitman would have none of this, however. His wagon must go through. After long discussions the Fur Company finally consented and Marcus was put in charge of the wagon train. He soon learned that taking the wagon through was strenuous work. It frequently overturned and sometimes it was almost swept away in the turbulent current. Marcus usually came in to camp at night puffing from exhaustion, but in good spirits and with his wagon right side up.

Narcissa wrote in her diary--

"Marcus has had a tedious time with the wagon today. It got stuck in the creek this morning when crossing, and he was obliged to wade considerably in getting it out. After that in going between the mountains, on the side of one so steep that it was difficult to get the horses to pass, the wagon was twice upset. It was a greater wonder it was not turning somersaults constantly. I hate to see him wearing himself out with such excessive fatigue. All the most difficult part of the way he has walked, in laborious attempts to take the wagon."

And later on the journey she wrote of crossing the Snake River:

"The packs are placed upon the tops of the highest horses, and in this way crossed without wetting. Two of the tallest horses were selected to carry Mrs. Spalding and myself over. In the last half we rode as much as a half mile in crossing and against the current, too, which made it hard for the horses, the water being up to their sides. Husband had considerable difficulty in crossing the cart. Both cart and mules were turned upside down in the river and entangled in the harness. The mules would have drowned except for a desperate struggle to get them ashore. Then after putting two of the strongest horses before the cart, and two men swimming behind to steady it, they succeeded in getting it across."

You may wonder why Marcus Whitman was so insistent on taking the wagon all the way. The wagon was a symbol, a practical demonstration that if he could take a wagon through, so could others, and the wagon meant settlers. For this reason there was considerable opposition by the Canadian and American fur companies to the wagon. There was no objection to missionaries, but a strong prejudice existed against settlers. Settlers would spoil the forests and ruin the fur business. The Canadians were very hostile and convinced the Indians they must repel the American invader who would come in wagons. Whitman realized the future of the northwest depended not on the conversion of the Indian to the white man's religion, but on the strength of the American invasion, and so he persisted in his lonely gargantuan effort. He had to finally remove two wheels and put them inside his wagon and complete the journey in a two wheeled cart, but he could boast his wagon had gone all the way.

On September 1, 1836, the party crossed the last barrier of the Rocky Mountains and moved on to Walla Walla, Washington, four months after reaching the Missouri. The thirty-five hundred mile "honeymoon" was over, and the Whitman's life work in the great unknown northwest was about to begin. They were assigned to a mission among the Cayuse Indians at Waiilatpu, twenty five miles from Walla Walla, and Mr. and Mrs. Spalding were sent one hundred twenty-five miles eastward to Clearwater River to work among the Nez Perces.

In December the Whitman's home was ready and Narcissa described it when they reached it. "We found a house reared and the lean-to enclosed, a good chimney and fireplace and the floor laid. No windows or doors except blankets. My heart truly leaped for joy as I alighted from my horse, entered, and seated myself before a blazing fire. We had neither drawer, bedstead nor table, nor anything to make them of."

The house was adobe. Before long, doors and shutters, clumsy but effective, were added, gardens were planted and bore food abundantly, and homemade furniture was fashioned piece by piece. In this house, Narcissa Whitman dispensed gracious hospitality, worked with the Indians, and lived a happy, fruitful life.

But with Marcus it was different. He was bothered by the surly, unfriendly attitude of the Indians and the constant efforts of the Canadians to foil American settlement. He heard constant rumors of the quarrel between the English and Americans over the ownership of this territory and over the northern boundary of the United States. One rumor had it that Oregon would be taken by the English in return for a settlement favoring the United States in the Maine boundary dispute. Marcus brooded--he felt he must go and tell his story to Washington. He said to Narcissa, "I must go to Washington. If we do not act at once, the English will settle this country and America will

be too late." He had written and pleaded and warned, but it all fell on deaf ears.

Many American statesmen were as opposed to the settling of Oregon as the fur traders were. Such statements as these were made by eastern opponents--

"The whole country of Oregon is as irreclaimable and barren a waste as the Desert of Sahara".

"In this country rain never falls and the country is wholly impassable. Of what use would it be for agricultural purposes? I would not give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory."

The National Intelligencer (prominent newspaper) had this to say--

"Of all the countries on the face of the earth, Oregon is the least favored by heaven. If the United States would ever need a country to which to banish her rogues and scoundrels, the utility of such a place as Oregon would be demonstrated."

Even Daniel Webster spoke out disapprovingly, "What do we want with the vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs. To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, or these endless mountain ranges, impenetrable and covered to their base with eternal snow. What can we ever hope to do with the Western coast, a coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless and uninviting and not a harbor on it. What use have we for such a country. Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer to Boston that it is now." Don't you wonder what Daniel Webster would think now if he could see the Pacific coastal states now? Wouldn't you like to guide him around?

Such was the state of affairs which made Whitman fear the United States was about to lose the Oregon country. Stories in the press, in the Congress and on the street corner painted a very dismal picture of the far west. The English press, the Hudson Bay Fur Company (even some American fur traders) and those capitalists who gained their fortunes from the fur trade fostered these stories--Oregon was a land only good for Indian hunters and not for settlers, but Whitman knew better.

He had explored.

He had cultivated the soil.

He had seen forests of pine for ships and great cities.

He had taken a wagon over the long, arduous trail.

He knew he had to go East to tell the truth about the great Northwest. So, accompanied by a young man from Boston, Amos Lawrence Lovejoy, and an Indian guide, Marcus left on October 3 for the long trip back to Washington. This ride is reckoned one of the most famous rides in history. Winter snows, Indians on the war path, crevasses hidden by snow, and scarcity of food were just a few of the dangers that lay ahead of the three men. They took a southern route, through Taos, New Mexico, and it took a month to get that far. Whitman left Lovejoy at Bent's Fort and got to St. Louis in January, after enduring unbelievable hardships. He had suffered from snow blindness for days and had almost frozen to death because of the lack of firewood and the loss of his axe. A wolf stole his axe from his tent one night, having apparently been attracted by a leather thong wrapped around the split handle.

On the third of March, five months after he had left home, Whitman reached Washington. He was a figure to attract attention. He had a five months' growth of beard on his face and was dressed in buckskin breeches with fur leggings and boot moccasins, topped by a long overcoat with a hood of buffalo skin. His first objective was to see President Tyler who received him in the White House with Secretary of State Daniel Webster.

In glowing words Doctor Whitman painted the glories and possibilities of the Oregon country. Tyler was impressed but Webster was still unconvinced.

"How can we get settlers to Oregon", he objected. "No wagon will ever cross the mountains".

Now the long, exhausting, back breaking and "do-it-yourself" efforts to take the wagon across the mountains paid off, for he could reply, quietly but triumphantly "A wagon has already crossed the mountains." A call was sent out for volunteers, newspapers carried the stories, an Oregon fever filled the air. By the first of May, St. Louis saw an exodus of over one thousand settlers and hundreds of wagons which became a forefunner of a constant migration of thousands. England and the United States settled the boundary at the forty-ninth parallel and Marcus Whitman's dream became a reality.

But Marcus Whitman did not live to see the full realization of his dream. A year after his famous journey back to Washington he was murdered by the Indians at his station in Waiilatpu. The Indians had resented the coming of the whites into their homelands. They had believed the propaganda the British fur traders had deliberately fed them and unfortunately a severe epidemic of measles swept through the northwest. The whites recovered, but the Indians suffered from this disease to which they had built up no immunity. Many died.

The Indian medicine men told them that the white doctor was deliberately killing them off. So he who had been the teacher and guide to better living now became the symbol of the Conqueror.

In 1847 some Indians came to Whitman at his home for medicine. As he bent over his desk to get the medicine, one of the Indians drove his tomahawk into the back of Dr. Whitman's head. The Indians then murdered Narcissa. This was a signal for a general attack. Fourteen white people who were at the station were likewise massacred, and fifty men, women and children were taken captive. In the annals of Indian warfare this holds a record for being one of the most heartless attacks on the white man ever perpetrated by the Indian. For no more gentle, well-wishing, earnest people ever lived than Marcus and Narcissa Whitman. While it might be said that he failed to achieve his purpose in serving the Indians, Marcus Whitman must long be remembered and credited with being the major factor in the awakened interest in Oregon which ultimately led to its addition to the United States.

ASA MERCER AND HIS MAIDS

Some one sighted a ship, even though it was dark, sailing into the harbor, and the word spread all over town in a few minutes. The whole population of Seattle rushed down to the water front.

"What ship is it?"

"Do you see any gals?"

"Do you suppose Asa Mercer is there?"

"That is Asa! There are girls!"

This was confirmed, as the passengers having changed from the big boat to the rowboats, were rowed to shore. A rousing cheer went up. Asa was back and he had the girls! It was midnight, but the celebration went on for most of the night.

But who was Asa, and why all the interest in the girls?

Asa was Asa Mercer, the time was 1865 and the place was Seattle, the new port of Washington Territory. The girls were prospective brides from Boston.

Asa Mercer, fresh from graduating from Franklin College in Ohio had come to the pioneer territory of Washington in 1861. His elder brother, Thomas, was Judge Mercer, a man of prominence in this newly populated area. The young Judge got his brother a job clearing a site for the budding University of Washington. From that job, Asa went on to work as a carpenter on the building and when it was finished in 1862 he was named the first President of the University of Washington! He was likewise teacher in the University, its only teacher, but he was recognized as a man of prominence.

Asa had fallen in love with the beautiful Northwest and became its first salesman. In his ardor he talked to everyone about its fine points, its fertile farms, rich forests, good fishing and hunting, potential mines. It was "Man's paradise". He did more than talk about it, he wrote about it and sent his articles to newspapers back East. He made much of all its resources and listed its one drawback, "all that is lacking to make comfort dwell in the shadow of each household, is an increase in population, especially the introduction of female society in greater abundance." There were one hundred eighty-two people in Seattle of whom ninety-six were bachelors. In the whole territory the ratio of men to women was nine to one! There were in all some three

thousand men in the territory with estimates that two thousand wished for a wife. Girls were so scarce on this frontier that any man who brought a girl to a dance got in free, and if he brought two girls he received a bonus of a quarter! It was a marvelous spot for a Matrimonial Bureau, but there was none. Asa pondered what could be done to better the situation. He went to see the Governor, William Pickering and proposed that the Territory of Washington advance him a certain amount of money, and he, Asa Mercer would go to the East Coast and bring back a boat load of maidens from New England. The Governor thought the idea an excellent one, but he could not advance any money for the excursion. The territorial treasury was empty. So Asa returned to Seattle, did a little soliciting on his own among the young male citizens of Seattle, and took the first ship to Boston.

At Lowell, Massachusetts, a few miles from Boston, he found the textile mills had closed and put more than one thousand women out of work. He engaged a hall and gave a speech, extolling the attractions of Washington. He didn't stress that his chief interest was feminine immigrants, but he did stress the opportunities and good pay for school teachers, nurses, housekeepers, music teachers and so forth. In a few days he had eleven "recruits", Yankee and Irish girls who set out with him for Seattle via the Isthmus of Panama. This group received a royal reception. It is true the men "looked like grizzlies in store clothes and their hair slicked down like a sea otters". But "love is blind" is a trite old truism and before very long ten of these girls were wives (one had died, unmarried). Asa's venture had been a success, but ten wives were only a "drop in a bucket".

Asa became a local hero, he was voted into the upper house of the Washington Territorial Legislature. Newspapers all over the Northwest praised him. Citizens everywhere were "honored" to shake his hand. He was a celebrity! But he was urged more often to make a second trip East than he was to sponsor some particular legislation!

In 1865 this advertisement appeared in the Puget Sound Herald:

"Attention Bachelors: Believing that our only chance for a realization of the benefits and early attainments of matrimonial alliances depends upon the arrival in our midst of a number of the fair sex from the Atlantic States, and that to bring about such an arrival, a united effort and action are called for on our part, we respectfully request a full attendance of all eligible and sincerely desirous bachelors of this community to assemble at Delin and Shorey's Bldg. on Tuesday evening next, to devise means to secure this much needed and desirable emigration to our shores."

Men came running from every part of the Washington Territory. The stag party lasted all night and the theme of all discussion was, "Find ways and

means to attract women." As a result of this meeting Asa Mercer put an advertisement in the paper; it read:

"I, Asa Mercer, of Seattle, Washington Territory hereby agree to bring a suitable wife, of good moral character and reputation, from the East to Seattle, on or before September 1865 for each of the parties whose signatures are hereunto attached; they first paying me or my agent the sum of $300, with which to pay the passage of said ladies from the East and to compensate me for my trouble."

In March 1865, Asa set out again for the Atlantic seaboard. He hoped this time to bring out five hundred, six hundred, seven hundred young women who would become a part of growing Washington as the first group had. He had definite ideas to work on this time, too. The Civil War was just over and there would be hundreds of Civil War orphans and widows to whom he could present this proposition. And this time he would contact President Lincoln and ask him for a ship in which to transport his "maidens". But luck did not ride with him this time as it had before. As he came down to breakfast at six o'clock on his first morning in New York his hotel was draped in crepe and the hotel clerk told him the President had been shot. Mercer was stunned As a little boy he had sat on Lincoln's knee and listened to his stories. He had felt sure that Lincoln would remember him, and because as President he would be interested in the welfare of the country, he could easily write out on order for a ship to be put at Asa's disposal. Now Asa had no contact. In time he saw President Johnson, but found no cooperation there. He met the powerful Governor of Massachusetts, John Andrews. The Governor was impressed, thought Asa had a fine idea, but as Governor he had no ships. But Governor Andrews introduced Asa to Edward Everett Hale, and from then on he was passed on from one important man to another. He finally got the ear of General Grant who gave Mercer an order for a steamship to carry five hundred women from New York to Seattle. Asa was delighted, his burdens fell away. But when he took the order to the quartermaster General that officer refused to honor it, declaring it illegal. (Of course, General Grant had no right to order ships of the United States Navy here and there) The Quartermaster offered him a sixteen hundred ton government surplus ship, the Continental, for $80,000 cash. But Asa had no such sum as that, so again he faced disappointment.

But he worked out of this as he had before. Ben Holladay, a famous shipper of the West coast approached him. He was a shrewd and ruthless operator and he saw a chance to get this government-surplus ship worth $240,000 for $80,000. He told Asa he would advance Asa the money to buy the Continental and then carry the five hundred women to Washington for a "nominal sum" It wasn't what Asa had dreamed of, but he signed the contract.

Asa had had no trouble lining up his group of emigrants, but before the ship trouble had been settled, popular opinion turned against the venture. Newspapers argued against it, pointing out this was territory settled by Mormons who practiced polygamy. In churches, ministers preached against it picturing a dangerous, unknown life out in a country populated by men known to be rough and ruthless. It was also pointed out that Indians had been unconquered as yet, and a girl should think twice before she offered herself as a subject to be scalped. The results of this publicity were instantaneous--more than two thirds of the ladies who had contracted to go, sent in their resignations. The passenger list began to melt away. This meant more trouble, this time with Ben Halladay. The contract with him for reduced fares was on a basis of five hundred passengers. Now with less than one hundred, Halladay demanded full fare. This left Asa practically penniless and with no renumeration for all his efforts in this expedition.

Finally with tearful mothers, scowling fathers, giggling girls, disappointed would-be passengers and envious women watching, the Continental started on her seven thousand mile trip around South America to Seattle. Once on the high seas the ship was discovered to be "war-surplus" indeed. So these tidy New England girls went to work scrubbing decks, walls and staterooms. The food was pretty bad, too-fried salty beef, tea steeped in salt water, and the endless diet of beans. But here the New England woman asserted herself again and once in a while one ventured into the galley to bake some ginger bread or other favorite dish.

In general, however, the whole trip was pleasant rather than unpleasant. These descendants of the Pilgrims became well acquainted, played tricks upon each other and the crew, exchanged confidences, bragged about their hope chests stored away down in the ship's hold.

After ninety-eight long and sometimes endless seeming days had passed the ship came to San Francisco. Here Asa's capital was $2.00 and he was still one thousand miles from their destination. Contact was made with captains of lumber schooners which plied between California and Puget Sound to take groups of this "feminine cargo" on the last leg of their journey to Seattle.

So they finally reached their destination--not in one "splendid and overpowering" party, but in insignificant batches of six or eight at a time. But as each boat anchored there was always an eager welcoming party of males, whiskers shaved off, hair cut, clothes washed and mended, cabins even carefully scrubbed. The saloons were closed for the day. As the girls came up the shore hardened pioneers who would face a grizzly bear without a tremor, backed away until they bumped into the buildings, they

blushed, they stammered and twisted their hats till they were practically ruined! At first the girls held their heads high, their noses in the air, but before long the young men, and Mercer's Maids were good friends.

Women on the Steamer "Continental"

The Mercer girls soon settled down into their new life. They taught school, they were music teachers, they were dressmakers. But soon they were married and became homemakers. Then the melodeon, the rocking chair, the baby cradle and all the homey things in the hope chests brought so many thousand miles began to fill their destiny, too. From this time on, the Northwest changed. Weddings, housewarmings, families, gave new atmosphere. The girls brought to the Northwest the soft hands of a woman, to temper the steel will of a man. As for Asa Mercer, it is said he married the most shy of all the Mercer Maids. In the history of the Northwest he is reckoned as one of its unique, resourceful and loyal pioneers.

HARRIET TUBMAN-UNDERGROUND RAILWAY CONDUCTOR

In memory of Harriet Tubman

Born a slave in Maryland about 1820

Died in Auburn, New York, March 1913

Called the Moses of her People

During the Civil War With Rare Courage

She led over Three Hundred

Negroes up from Slavery to Freedom

And Rendered Invaluable Service

as Nurse and Spy

With Implicit Trust in God

She braved every danger and

Overcome Every Obstacle. Withal

She Possessed Extraordinary

Foresight and Judgment so that

She Truthfully Said

"On My Underground Railroad

I Nebber Run My Train off De Track

An I Nebber Los' a Passenger"

This Tablet is erected

By the citizens of Auburn.

The above is the inscription on a tablet placed at the entrance of the Court House in Auburn, New York. It honors a Negro woman who lived

and died as a citizen of that town. It is probably the only such tablet in the whole United States! Let us study this remarkable woman.

Harriet was born in 1820 a slave on a plantation on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. This was called the Tidewater area, and it was here the big plantations were located. If a man owned many slaves he often hired out some of his extra ones. This happened to Harriet when she was six years old. She was hired out to "tote and fetch", or in other words she was sort of an errand girl. She could dust, gather eggs, feed the chickens, set the table and such things, but Harriet didn't like it. She liked the out-of-doors best, and would rather help with the outside chores. Once she was tending a trout line when it was raining, she didn't feel well that day and got soaking wet. It turned out she had the measles and she became very ill. The woman sent her back to her master. She was disgusted with Harriet.

On the plantation her master decided to let her work out doors. She was strong as a boy. Her hands became calloused, her back and arms strong, she sang as she worked and she worked from dawn to dusk. When she was old enough her master allowed her to "hire her Time". This means she could hire herself out for wages and give her master a percentage of what she was paid. Harriet liked this for she could choose her master and the kind of work she liked to do. In this work she plowed fields, felled trees, drove an oxcart and such heavy work. Though it was hard manual labor she loved it and from it she learned about birds, berries-those good to eat and those poison-water-lilies and their roots, medicinal herbs, roots and bark, how to walk in the woods noiselessly so that not a leaf would rustle or twig crack.

For six years she "hired her time", and though she was fairly happy in her work her mind was ill at ease. Her master died. Many slaves were sold and she lived in dread that she might be sold to someone unkind or where the work would be obnoxious. Thoughts of escape were constantly in her mind. Though she was only in teens, she wore a bandana headgear, which was a sign of maturity. One day she got in trouble. On a celebration day a man slave moved closer and closer to the edge of the crowd, and then suddenly made a dart for freedom. The master saw him and gave chase and Harriet ran after the two of them. Finally the slave was cornered, and the master picked up a stone to throw at him. Harriet stood between the two and the stone struck her in the temple. For days she lay, almost dying. Her mother finally nursed her back to health but all her life she carried a scar that was an identification.

After this episode she really was fearful of being sold. In 1844 she married a free negro, John Tubman and as his wife she felt some security, but the desire for freedom gnawed at her mind all the time. She suggested to her husband that they escape, but he had no sympathy for such an idea and flatly refused. Hearing she was to be sold convinced her she must go alone.

Once she had tried to go with her two brothers but before the first night was over they decided it was too risky so all three returned.

In 1849 she decided to try it alone. Leaving her husband sleeping in their slave quarters, she stealthily left. Her first destination was the home of a woman she had seen driving on the road several times. The woman had said, "If you are ever in trouble, come to me." The woman put her to work at once, sweeping the yard so she would appear to belong there. That night the woman gave her a paper on which was written two names and the woman's husband took her on to the next station in his wagon. From then on she was on her own. She followed the river, she worked toward the north star. If the night was cloudy she felt the tree trunk for moss on the north side, she slept in haystacks or potato holes, for her road to free Pennsylvania was a long ninety miles. She told her friends "When I arrived on free soil, I looked at my hands to see if I was the same person. There was such a glory over everything, the sun came like gold through the trees and over the fields. I felt like I was in Heaven."

She was also wiser. The things she had learned about nature had paid off well. She knew what it was to travel, hunted, and to escape the hunter. She learned that the "underground railway" was not a train which ran in underground tunnels, but was a loosely organized group of people, offering food and shelter to the runaway slave. She learned that the most helpful people in that area were the Quakers and the stout-hearted Germans.

Harriet would have been easy to identify. She was short in stature, a scant five feet; she had a scar on her left temple; she was muscular like a man; her skin was very dark; she had a husky rather beautiful voice. Despite all these identifying features Harriet was never caught.

She secured a job in Philadelphia without difficulty, as hotel cook, but cooking, washing pots and pans, scrubbing floors, wasn't her type of work so she changed jobs. Harriet like changing jobs. It was a symbol of the fulfullment of her freedom. There was an active Vigilance office in Philadelphia which she visited often. It was the agency which helped direct the Negroes in their efforts to run away. In 1850 it arranged for the escape of Harriet's sister, her husband and two children. Messages were sent to the "underground" to expect "two large bales of wool and two small ones."

Harriet's first trip back to the old plantation was to bring out two of her brothers and their families. To retrace her steps into an area where there was a reward for her capture took great courage, and to bring out a group took a great deal of planning. Progress was made only at night. They had to hide in every conceivable place, attics, haystacks, cellars, barns, chimneys, marshlands. Sometimes they had to wade through pools and ford

rivers and streams. Eating was a problem too. They had only berries, fruits, raw potatoes and small amounts collected from homes.

Evading officers, keeping up the fugitives' spirits and guiding them to the right places was a difficult task, yet Harriet made such a trip every spring and fall for several years. In all she made nineteen trips back bringing out a total of over three hundred persons. On one of her trips, when she was bringing out eleven slaves, an unusual number of difficulties were encountered. Some of the people in the group became nervous with the delays and finally one couple refused to go on declaring it was too dangerous. In instances like this Harriet showed her iron will and unswerving purpose. She aimed her gun at the defiant ones with the ultimatum "Go on or die." To let them return would destroy the route she used. They would be tortured to reveal the "stations" and the "helpers". They hated her for forcing them to go on, but they respected her, too. This group she had to take to Canada. The new fugitive slave law made it too dangerous to stop any longer in a free state. No negro was safe anywhere. This journey was especially dangerous for she had never been in the New York territory and had to go slowly, herself, to be sure she was making the right contacts. But she finally landed all eleven of them in Canada, crossing at Niagara and proceding to Ottawa. This was in 1851.

It is understandable why, after a few such accomplishments, her friends as well as the fugitive slaves referred to her as Moses. Indeed she was a Moses, leading her people out of bondage into a promised land. Like Moses, she had a total lack of fear and a total trust in God. "Lord, I'm going to hold steady on to you" she would say. She often passed posters which offered a reward for her capture. She couldn't read but knew they were for her by the pictures. They read "Reward $12,000, negro woman, short, dark skin, muscular build, scar on left temple, scars on back of neck." She would smile to herself, feign a limp, pull her sunbonnet down further and go her way. Once when leading a party to Canada she went out exploring and when she returned, one of the party described her--"Owling through the dusk, she looked like a small, squat man in her old suit covered with ticks and burrs. Her head was bound in a bandana, on it a greasy hat, upside down. Three eggs lay on a nest of moss in the crown. She carried a rifle, and a pail of foamy milk". She had found a cow! For eight years she led her people out, every step a hazard, for if she were caught she could and most surely would be hanged. One time she took a party across the bridge at Wilmington where they saw posters advertising the whole party, with big rewards offered, especially for Harriet--"very dark, short, stout build, speaks deep, scar on left temple, for her capture $80,000." Harriet was stealing them blind! The authorities were getting desperate.

In the late 1850's Harriet bought a little house from William H. Seward,

on time. She went back to Maryland and brought out her aging father and mother to her little home on the outskirts of Auburn, New York. By this time she was a legend, her prodigious strength, her fearlessness, her religious ardor, her visions became embellished as they were told People no longer just whispered about her. They built her into a fabulous creature. "She could see in the dark like a mule, she could smell danger like a fox, she moved in the forests with no sound like a field mouse, she talked with God."

In 1858 she gave a lecture in Boston, very fittingly in Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of Liberty". She was given a rising ovation, her audience clapping and cheering in complete admiration.

Harriet made her last trip south in 1860. When the Civil War came she was hustled off to Canada, but she returned and served the Union forces well as scout, spy and nurse. For a long time she was stationed at Port Royal off the coast of South Carolina. Here she nursed the Negro men who were seized as the contraband of war. She went out into the woods and marshes and gathered roots and herbs and made medicine for the sick. In 1863 she aided in a raid in which a large number of Negroes escaped, fugitives from their southern owners. In 1864 she returned to Auburn for a while. Her prize possession was a large bundle of letters and possessions given her for safe passage through the lines, by Union officers. She couldn't read, but she knew the words in every letter and on every pass. Her memory was remarkable. She returned to Fortress Monroe and worked there in the Contraband Hospital until July 1865.

When the war was over. she was like a lost person. Her whole life had been spent in leading her people to freedom. Now they were free by law. What could she do now She applied for a government pension. but it never came through. Many prominent people worked in her behalf but none were successful. For Harriet Tubman who had dared to do so much, there was only scorn, ridicule and poverty. A school teacher in Auburn, Mrs. Sarah Hopkins Bradford became her friend and wrote a book about her called "Scenes in the Life of Harriet Tubman." This gained for Harriet a sum of $1200 with which she paid off the mortgage on her home.

In 1868 she married again, this time to Nelson Davis, a big handsome negro who was twenty years her junior. People speculated as to why she had married when she was close to fifty, a man so much younger. Maybe because she wanted a home like she had dreamed of and never had, except for a few short years with John Tubman. (Harriet had saved her first hard earned money in freedom and gone back for John, to find him living with another "wife". That broke her heart.) Maybe she married Nelson because she felt sorry for him because he had tuberculosis. For twenty years she had a home and companionship from this marriage Nelson died in 1886 and as his widow she received at

long last, a pension--$20 a month! Just before Nelson's death Mrs. Bradford had written a second book called "Harriet, the Moses of Her People". With the profits of this book she wanted to found a home for the aged, helpless, homeless people of her race. For a long time she cared for these elderly people herself, but in 1903 she turned her home and twenty-five acres over to the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church.

Harriet Tubman was respected wherever she went. Though she could not read or write she could talk, and talk unusually well. Though entirely uneducated she could thrill the most polished and well educated persons with her stories. She had an indelible memory, a highly developed sense of the dramatic, an unusual sense of the comic. All in all she was a superb story teller and could delight her listeners with tales of her experiences. There was the time she helped the army steal three hundred slaves during the war. With an average value of $1000 per slave this was a $300,000 theft from the South.

Or the time she led a party to a home with government agents close on their heels. They reached safety and relaxed only to hear loud pounding on the door. As the agents rushed in one door, Harriet and her party were whisked out a back door and into a box sled in which a party of young people were starting out on a sleigh ride party. Lying on the floor of the wagon box under buffalo robes, they were whisked around the countryside while the young folks made merry and finally returned to a quiet safe retreat. The agents had been foiled!

Once in Maryland she had a narrow escape. She stopped and bought a pair of live chickens and tied their legs together, then assuming her limp she proceeded toward her former home, her sun bonnet pulled down over her face. She was accosted by her former owner, but she was quick-witted. Pinching the chickens so they squawked and wiggled, she let them escape and then hurried away to catch them. The man was deceived and amused, calling after her, "Good luck Auntie, but I am betting on the chickens." To Harriet, the chickens no longer mattered. Her ruse had worked.

Among her friends she counted such well known personages as Frederic Douglass; Thomas Garrett (a Quaker who helped twenty-seven hundred slaves escape), Gerret Smith, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, William Seward, Horace Mann, the Alcotts and Ralph Waldo Emerson. In the homes of these people she was considered an honored guest. Free Negroes everywhere were also her friends. Her name was synonymous with the song that was so often on her lips and which she sang long ago as she wandered in the night between cabins to let her people know she was there.

"Go down Moses
Way down to Egypt land
And tell old Pharoah
To let my people go."

Her work was also well known far beyond the sound of her voice. Even in Scotland and Ireland, people were thrilled with her daring work and sent contributions.

Harriet lived long, to the "ripe old age" of ninety-three, dying on March 10, 1913. On July 12, the city of Auburn set aside the day to pay her tribute. With flags at half mast, the bronze tablet quoted at the beginning of this chapter was unveiled at the front entrance of the Court House. Many dignitaries were there, white people honoring the greatness of a black woman. Booker T. Washington gave the principal address for the heroic woman who had served eighty years in leading her people to freedom, as she proudly boasted "I never run my train off the track and I neber los' a single passenger."

NAT TURNER'S INSURRECTION

Nat Turner's Insurrection is one of those incidents in history that receives two or three lines in a text book but which at the time of its performance was of terrific significance to the people in the vicinity of its occurrence and had a lasting effect on a large group of people who were in no wise participants in the event itself. It was so bizarre it seemed more like fiction than fact. It was in reality a drama, which the dictionary defines as "a series of human events leading to a climax." It was almost a drama in reverse for it began in a measure with a climax. It could likewise be called a tragedy which, again to quote the dictionary is "a play which ends unhappily, arousing pity or terror by the misfortunes that befall the principal characters--a melancholy occurrence; a fatal event, a calamity." It was indeed all of these!

THE SETTING

The plantation of Joseph Travis in Southampton County in Virginia. This was a small plantation, a large farm rather. Mr. Travis was a coach-maker and worked at his trade, leaving the farm work in charge of an adult Negro who was his "overseer". Southampton County lies along the southern boundary of Virginia It is not a cotton growing area, but one given over to tobacco, peanut culture, apple orchards (for cider and brandy), hogs, (from which came the famous Smithfield hams). In fact it was a forerunner of modern diversified farming. This meant no great need for large groups of slaves Negroes lived in rather close relationship to the whites. There was no distinction between house negroes and field hands. Negroes had Saturday afternoon and Sundays for their own, and were encouraged to go to the white man's church services on Sunday. Sometimes a Negro became a "preacher" for his own race. A Simon Legree was unknown in this area, both whites and blacks seemed on good terms with one another.

THE TIME

August 1831

THE CHARACTERS

Joseph Travis-Plantation owner, coach maker, father of a baby
Mrs. Joseph Travis
Putnam Moore-sixteen years old, a foster son of Mr. Travis
Joel Westbrook-sixteen years old, a hired apprentice to Mr. Travis
Sam and Will and Francis, brothers of Mrs. Travis.
Negro workers and neighbors

THE PREACHER

His real name was Nat Turner. He had been born in Southampton County of an African mother and a slave father, who had run away when Nat was a small boy. Nat had been raised by his grandmother who worked on his religious education and by his mother, so recently torn from all the voodoo mysteries of the African jungle. He was a very precocious boy and his master was proud that the lad was quick and smart. He encouraged him to read and gave him a Bible. Due to his mother's influence, probably, Nat became very adept in mysticism. He searched the Bible for references to predictions and prophecies. He found meanings in the sun and moon, he claimed to have the gift of second sight, he saw hieroglyphics on the markings of leaves and flowers. He set himself up as a sort of superman who could read signs in the sky and who talked with the Holy Spirit. He believed he was destined to lead a holy mission. He was not a deceiver. He actually believed it. The nature of his "holy mission" was probably determined by the abolitionist propaganda which had fallen his way. An eclipse of the sun in 1831 convinced him the time was near. He enlisted the aid of a few helpers and set the date of August 21 as the "day of deliverance". He was then thirty-one years old.

DRAMA-TRAGEDY!

The evil day fell on Sunday. The Travis family went off to a camp meeting with their friends and relatives, the Negroes gathered at the Travis place. Nat, or the Preacher, as his fellow men called him stayed aloof until afternoon, then he joined the others and outlined his plan. The Travis family returned about dark, weary from their expedition and went right to bed. The Preacher waited until ten o'clock, letting his men while away the time with apple brandy stolen from Mr. Travis' store room. Thinking by that hour the family would be sound asleep, Nat Turner led his men-there were eight of them-out of the woods to the dark farmyard. One of the men set up a ladder to a second story window. The Preacher climbed the ladder, let himself in the open window, tiptoed down the stairs to the front door and opened it to his accomplices. Someone handed Nat Turner a hatchet, another carried a broadax. They followed Turner into the master's bedroom. The Preacher advanced to the bed, looking down on the man who had been kind to him always. The other men waited, knowing the leader must strike the first blow. Then the Preacher struck, awkwardly. The blow hit the sleeping man on the side of the head. He struggled out of bed, barely awake, called to his wife, but then Will Francis brought his broadax down on his head with a single heavy stroke. Without a word Mr. Travis fell dead to the floor. Whirling around, Will struck Mrs. Travis with the broadax. She died instantly, probably never entirely awake. The group then moved on to where the two sixteen year olds were sleeping and killed them as they

lay asleep. Next was the baby's room. The baby awoke, and recognized the Preacher who had been fond of him. He couldn't commit murder on this little child. He backed out of the room and a couple of others went in and bashed the baby's brains out against the brick fireplace.

Now that everyone in the house had been murdered they helped themselves. They took four shotguns, several muskets, powder and shot and exchanged their garments for the clothes of the dead men. They tore sheets into strips, dyed them red in the freely flowing blood and added these for sashes around the waist and over the shoulder for color and symbol. Now they were dressed properly and equipped properly to go on to new fields of destruction. Helping themselves to horses, they rode to the next farm. It was the home of one of Mrs. Travis' brothers. Mr. Francis, a bachelor who lived alone with his slave Nelson. They called to him from the yard, and when he opened the door, they seized him. They grappled for awhile, but he was attacked so viciously with the hatchet that he died. His slave, Nelson, escaped to nearby woods hoping to warn Mr. Francis' brother.

The group moved on. In some homes women alone with their children were murdered in their beds. As these whiteswere left dead, their Negroes joined the Preacher and his group. In some places they robbed as well as murdered; silver, more decorations for their costumes, horses, and hard cider or apple brandy. By daylight their group numbered fifteen. Sometimes escaping whites were beaten to death with fence rails. The story grew more bloody, revolting, and savage. In one home seven were left dead, in another five. Some Negroes refused to go with the Preacher. The word by morning had spread to some farms and the people had escaped to a safer neighborhood. One farmer who had resisted bravely the attack of the now drunken mob was "laid out" respectfully. They did not mutilate his body but placed him on a bedquilt and laid a plug of tobacco on his breast. By noon on Monday the band numbered fifty. It was difficult to form an opposition force of white men. Those who assembled first, saw the bleeding and mutilated bodies of the victims then hurried back to their own homes to protect their own families.

The mob moved on-at one place they killed ten children in a boarding school. By now they were drinking the blood of their victims. In the first day and night fifty-one people had been butchered and mangled; thirteen men, eighteen women, and twenty-four children.

Early on Tuesday morning the mob moved on the home of a Dr. Blunt. This was more on the plantation type than any of the places visited the day before. Upon approaching the darkened house, a shot was fired to see if any response would come, but none came. So, emboldened, the mob moved upon the house. When fifty or sixty feet away fire broke out from the porch. Dr.

Blunt, his son, and his overseer blazed away at the intruders. Several were mortally wounded, many turned and ran away. Dr. Blunt's Negroes rounded up a number of prisoners. Dr. Blunt had offered his Negroes the choice of fighting with him and his family, or leaving. They had chosen to stay and fight. This was a hard blow to the Preacher. When his own people fought against him he lost faith in his insurrection. In desperation he turned his band back over the route they had followed the day before and ran into the county Cavalry Militia. In the battle which took place all of the band except the Preacher and two others were taken prisoner or killed. Nat hid for six weeks in a dugout, two miles from his old home. He was discovered and arrested one Sunday morning as he left his hideaway. He was ragged, emaciated and wretched looking. After being taken to jail he confessed fully and gave all the details of the murders of more than fifty people. He was tried, found guilty, and hanged. He faced the end with calmness. Of his followers there are these statistics:

28 convicted and condemned

16 (including one woman) executed

12 transported

2 acquitted

The others were killed in the gun battle, except for two who escaped.

EPILOGUE

Nat Turner's Insurrection had an effect just opposite to what he desired. It strengthened the fear in the Southerners that the blacks might arise and do them harm. It put an end to many mission efforts, for free Negroes had aided Nat Turner. In some areas it increased the demand for deportation. It worked for greater bitterness against Garrison and the abolitionists and increased hatred toward the North. New restrictions were placed upon the Negroes. No education, no church services, less freedom. The South never again was free from fear.

ANNA ELLA CARROLL-AIDE TO LINCOLN

Every one who knows who Anna Ella Carroll was, stand up! What? No one on his feet? Well, you need not feel ashamed. If you should stop the first five hundred people you meet, and ask who she was, probably no one would know and you could probably extend the number to fifty thousand or five hundred thousand. Yet there was a day when the people who knew her, thought she saved the United States. Lincoln thought so and said it, publicly Another estimate of her services referred to her as the "great unrecognized member of Lincoln's Cabinet."

Who then was Anna Ella Carroll? She belonged to one of the most famous colonial families, the Carrolls of Maryland. One of her relatives was the Charles Carroll who, when signing the Declaration of Independence wrote, "Charles Carroll of Carrollton", stating, it is said that he would give his address so if the King wanted to hang him, he'd know where to find him.

Anna Ella Carroll was born in Kingston Hall, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Her father Thomas King Carroll became the Governor of Maryland when Anna was quite small. Her mother was generally busy with her family, her home, her slaves, so that little Anna spent a great deal of time with her father in his study Anna was rather a plain little girl and serious minded. There were no books written for children then, so her father read aloud to her from the stories of Sir Walter Scott or Shakespeare. By the time she was twelve years old she was no stranger to her father's books on law. She read Coke and Blackstone and had learned to put two and two together legally, and work out the details of a case in law So while her seven brothers and sisters lived an outdoor life and loved it, Anna worked with her father There were no stenographers then, but Anna could cut a goose quill properly and write the legal opinions her father had decided on.

She met her father's friends, the members of the Maryland Legislature and the intelligent men of the colonies They all adored her and respected her intelligence as well. They did not hesitate to discuss their plans and machinations in front of her, so she was exposed in a way to a liberal education in law and politics When she was about sixteen she often ventured her own opinions which were respected by the older statesmen She even wrote articles, anonymously, which were printed in the newspapers; an unheard of thing for a lady to do in those days! Females in politics were regarded as very low!

When her father became Governor, he moved his family to Annapolis. Here Anna had more social life and became acquainted with her relatives, the Charles Carrolls Anna had the characteristics of a great lady, but her father had trained her as a son, and she preferred the life of politics and government

to that of being a social butterfly.

When Mrs. Carroll became very ill, Thomas Carroll gave up politics and went back to plantation life. Anna remained in Annapolis and Washington and kept her father informed on current political issues. She breezed around the Capitol city with the newspaper people she liked so much. In the Pre-Civil War conflicts she became a pamphleteer, and a lobbyist. Her mailing list was a private and personal record of the names and addresses of the people who mattered in Washington. Many of these she had met through the high social standing of her relatives and others had been the politicians she had met in her father's office.

One of her first "causes" was that of advocating Henry Clay for President, a campaign beginning in 1843. Another "cause" she worked for was a railroad across the continent, so that the West might be opened. She denounced the Ostend Manifesto and worked against the vote by immigrants before they were educated enough to read the ballot.

In 1860 she worked for the election of Abraham Lincoln and was a close and respected friend of members of his Cabinet, Bates, Smith and Chase. After Lincoln's election she devoted all of her energies to saving Maryland for the Union. It was universally believed at that time that if Maryland seceded, the District of Columbia as a seat of government would fall and since so many residents of the city were of southern origin and sympathy, this was not a wild possibility. If Washington were lost to the Union, so were all the public buildings and the Archives. This would not only be a severe blow to Union prestige at home, but in Europe as well. Anna worked tirelessly to "save Maryland".

This was an age of the pamphlet, a published attack or defense of some topic of the day. Miss Carroll wrote several, in fact she was regarded as an able propagandist, doing perhaps her best writing at that time. One of her most able pamphlets was an attack on Senator Breckenridge of Kentucky who had taken an opposite stand to Lincoln on an issue concerning Maryland. Lincoln was so pleased with the pamphlet he ordered fifty thousand copies for personal distribution. This brought Lincoln and Anna closer in their efforts to win the war and she sat in on most of his councils. At this time the North was desperate. The war had been going on for eight months and no victories. The financial men were terrified. The war was costing two million dollars and the South was the side which was winning!

Anna was convinced that the railroads were very important in both the North and South. She felt southern railroads were more important to the South than the Mississippi River, which most northern men regarded as a

number one objective. Lincoln sent Anna Ella to St. Louis to do some sleuthing on her pet theories. There she met Edward William Johnston, librarian, and brother to Confederate Generals Joseph and Albert Sydney Johnston. She "pumped" him on southern strongholds, amount of supplies and plans. She also met Scott, an old river man of forty years experience and at that time pilot for the boat on which General Grant traveled. From him she learned the depth of rivers, the Tennessee, the Cumberland, the Kentucky. What she learned confirmed her belief that plans to take the Mississippi were not sound, but to control the Tennessee would deprive the South of their main artery for shipping all the way to Chattanooga and from this location, side forays would secure other rivers leading south to Mobile.

After six weeks she had her necessary information and had written another pamphlet for Lincoln "The War Powers of the General Government". She returned to Washington. (This second pamphlet won Anna more respect from men in top positions.) At parties, her entrance signaled a bow of respect, or as one contemporary said, "It was as if a Queen had come."

On her trip west she had met General Sherman and had explained to him her theory concerning the necessity of seizing the Memphis-Charleston Railway, the only railroad from the Atlantic to the Mississippi River. To her it was the spinal column of the Confederacy and its capture would disrupt their supply lines. From St. Louis to New Orleans was one thousand two hundred eighteen miles along the too wide and impregnable Mississippi. The Tennessee was a much more strategic, easier and more vital line of attack, flowing through the heart of the South.

The War Department was not impressed with her new plans and the facts and statistics she brought home with her. Men trained in Army techniques couldn't be expected to fall for plans dreamed up by a woman. But Lincoln believed in them and so did Stanton. Orders for this new strategy were sent to the Federal officials and Grant's subsequent victories at Fort Henry Donelson, at Shiloh and down the Tennessee to Chattanooga justified Anna's plan of attack. People realized some new and extraordinarily skillful person had injected new ideas into the military, but no name was revealed. In the House of Representatives, Roscoe Conkling introduced a resolution to find who was responsible for the victories but no action was taken. Among those who knew, there were some who believed Anna should be publicly introduced but Lincoln objected. He considered it would be too embarrassing to Grant, Sherman and the other Union officers. The New York Herald made this explanation later.

"It appears that the splendid conception of the project called for the immediate reward of a grateful Congress as the representative of the whole people. But when it was found that it was neither Grant nor Halleck nor Buell

but a woman who showed more genius and patience than all the military men, the resolution was suppressed and the combined effort of many of the ablest men of the Republican party could never resurrect it."

In 1863 Miss Carroll returned to St. Louis to find out more facts and data from Pilot Scott. She then urged the attack on Mobile and Chattanooga, from there it was only one hundred thirty miles to Atlanta which would further the division of the Confederacy. When she returned to Washington, Lincoln agreed with her new plans and accepted them and soon they were facts. So the plans she had conceived for dividing the Confederacy and disrupting the supply lines were accomplished, though McClellan and other army men had turned thumbs down on them. Nevertheless the War had been won on Anna Ella Carroll's strategy.

On Thursday, April 13, 1865 Grant came to Washington for the great victory celebration. Lincoln had plans which he confided to Anna. He proposed to have Senator Wade as Chairman of the Committee on the Conduct of the War call the House and Senate together in the next fortnight. He would then make public, in a joint statement, with Edwin Stanton (Secretary of War), a full review of her many services with special emphasis on the Tennessee campaign, her suggestions for the capture of Vicksburg, and her help and advice on many military matters. Recognition would also be given for her fine pamphlets. Captain Scott, the pilot, would be included in these honors. It was Lincoln's desire that she be paid a sum equal to the salary of a Major General in the United States Army to be retroactive to November, 1861, and continuing till the end of her life.

On April 14, Lincoln was shot, and with his death, the plans to honor Anna Carroll also died. After his death the political situation was too touchy for Wade or Stanton or others to go on with Lincoln's plans. The Reconstruction governments were too selfish and vindictive to think of honors for others. To reveal Anna's story would refute the military records, alter judgments of military ability and make it necessary to revalue reputations. It would especially embarrass Grant who was in the midst of a campaign for the 1868 election. No one was bold enough to do it so it was postponed from year to year. The Military was jealous of its reputation and Anna was a woman! As the years passed Anna's friends died one by one. She outlived them all. Her declining years were spent in retirement in Maryland. She grew deaf and frail. But many people sought her out to pay their respect to her great talent and services to her country. After being an invalid for twelve years, Miss Carroll died in 1893 and was buried in the churchyard of Old Trinity Church in Cambridge, Maryland. Her tombstone bears this inscription:

Anna Ella Carroll

"A Woman Rarely Gifted - an able and accomplished writer".

P. T. BARNUM-MASTER SHOWMAN

Phineas Taylor Barnum was the most fabulous showman the United States has ever produced. Born a Connecticut Yankee in a poor, small village home on July 5, 1810 he became one of the country's millionaires by the simple method of adding pleasure to the lives of the American people

Phineas at an early age demonstrated an unusual trait concerning money. While his school mates were out skylarking around he was working to put pennies in his pocket. He would buy a gallon of molasses, boil it down, work it into candy and sell it to his neighbors, ultimately clearing a dollar profit. Before long he increased the scope of his operations and added ginger cookies, sugar candies and cherry rum which he sold primarily to soldiers stationed near his home. By the time he was ten years old he had so much money he wrote that his "father considerately allowed him to buy his own clothes."

His maternal grandfather, Phineas Taylor, had more of an influence on young Phineas than any other person. It was he who instilled into the mind of the boy the ideas of thrift and financial exploits. He had given young Phineas a swampy, snake-infested tract of land known as "Ivy Island", which, though not worth much proved to have a moral prestige as well as some financial value.

Phineas was a quick scholar, particularly in arithmetic, but farm work he hated. In reviewing his youth, many years later he confessed "Head-work I was excessively fond of, but hand-work was decidedly not in my line." Once when he was twelve years old his teacher and a neighbor got him out of bed late at night. The teacher had bet that Phineas could figure up the correct number of feet in a load of wood in five minutes. Phineas marked down on the stove pipe in his father's kitchen the given dimensions and in less than two minutes gave the correct answer to the delight of his teacher and astonishment of the neighbor.

Phineas' first job was working in a store, a job he enjoyed when the town story tellers and wits dropped by and he had time to listen in He hated the early hours though. He had to sweep the floor, take down the shutters, and make the fire before customers would come at seven o'clock In order to rise so early he worked out a clever plan. For two shillings a week, he hired the night watchman to pull a string which, attached to his big toe, hung out his bedroom window. For this store job, Barnum received six dollars a month and his board. Later in life, Barnum told a story of a boy he heard of which was typical of his own youth A grocer, who was a church deacon, was heard to call downstairs before breakfast to his clerk

"John, have you watered the rum?"

"Yes, sir."

"And sanded the sugar?"

"Yes, sir."

"And dusted the pepper?"

"Yes, sir."

"And chicoried the coffee?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then come up to prayers."

In 1828 Grandfather Taylor offered Phineas half of his carriage house, rent free, if he wished to establish a business in his home town. Phineas accepted and decided to open a store selling fruit, ale, candies and oysters. He spent his entire fortune, $120., on stock for his store and the first day took in $63!

Any business which Phineas engaged in in his early years had a lottery connected with it. Lotteries were very popular being patronized by both church and state and were the source, quite often of a very profitable return. Phineas was always careful that the object on which the gamble was to be made was an honest deserving one.

Not until he was twenty-five years old did Phineas find a "route to prosperity" that suited his tastes and talents. He had been married when he was nineteen and at twenty-five he moved his family to New York City. His first venture there was a boarding house and from that he had soon realized enough so he could open a grocery store. One day his attention was called to a news article about a Negro woman in Philadelphia. This was Joice Heth. He hurried to Philadelphia to see her and there his future as a master showman was settled. Joice Heth swore with positive conviction that she was one hundred sixty years old. But her extreme age was a minor attraction, her chief hold upon the public lay in her equally positive claim that she had been the nurse of George Washington. As a public entertainer, she showed remarkable garrulity in relating anecdotes about "dear little George". She was present at his birth, dressed him in his first clothes, "In fact," she would say, "I raised him." An absolute invalid, unable to move any part of her body except her right arm, totally blind, toothless, the nails on her

helpless right hand four inches long and those on her toes a quarter of an inch thick, she lay hunched up on her couch day after day, spouting on about George and the Washingtons or singing hymns and beating out an accompaniment with her withered but still mobile right arm.

As Barnum looked at Joice Heth, he sensed what a sensation she would make, and decided he must try to buy her. He only had $500 and when he asked the owner for what price he would sell her, the answer was $3,000. They finally agreed upon $1,000 and Barnum got the bill of sale. This he viewed scrupulously--it looked creased, fragile and old. It was dated February 5, 1727, and in it Augustine Washington, George's father, deeded to his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Atwood, "one negro woman, named Joice Heth, aged fifty-four years, for and in consideration of the sum of thirty-three pounds lawful money in Virginia." His "hunch" on this misshapen, repulsive, forty-nine pound near skeleton was a good one. He soon was clearing $1,500. a week on her.

Barnum's advertising and exhibition plans were interesting and unique. He worked on three theories

1. the power of advertising

2. the belief that he could fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, and

3. to be profitable, exhibits must be "family style" so that children as well as adults would be interested.

For Joice he set up a tremendous advertising barrage. The newspapers often aided him with news stories, stories on the longevity of some people, especially men. Other stories appeared on the Washington family, all stimulating the public interest in Joice Heth. Barnum sometimes used a negative approach. When audiences fell off, he wrote a notice for the newspapers, and signed it "A Visitor". This notice maintained that Joice was a humbug, she was made of India rubber, whale bone and hidden springs and the exhibitor was a ventriloquist which accounted for her powers of conversation. The crowds poured in again to ascertain if "A Visitor" was right or if Joice was human, and Barnum was in the money again!

But Joice Heth was not immortal. She died in 1836. An autopsy was performed, before a large and distinguished company of doctors, clergymen and editors. The operating doctor's diagnosis gave an opinion that Joice had not been over eighty years old. Then the argument started afresh, people and newspapers going on and on. Meanwhile Barnum sat back, taking no part in the discussion but delighted by it because it kept his name

before the public. He had Joice Heth buried on his family lot in Bethel.

Barnum's next big find was a juggler. His name was Signor Antonio and he had been performing in London and Canada for years. Barnum changed the name to Signor Vivalla, described him as the "eminent Italian artist" and raked in money by the hundreds of dollars.

In 1840 he heard that a Museum, Scudder's American Museum, was for sale. This museum had been founded in 1810 and by 1840 it had become a great store house of curiosities. The sale price was $12,000 which was more than Barnum had but he "talked up" his "Ivy Island estate" so that by offering it as security, he was able to buy the Museum. Curiosity and patriotism were both satisfied by the displays he now could advertise:

trained fleas
educated dogs
jugglers
albinoes
fat boys
fat ladies
giants
dwarfs
rope walkers
Punch and Judy show
Ethiopian singers and dancers
fancy glass blowing
knitting machines
American Indians who performed some of their ceremonial dances

There was usually a lecture which closed with the admonition to "go home and ponder over the marvels that a beneficent God and a liberal management placed before us for the low sum of twenty-five cents." It is interesting to note some of these exhibits in detail. Sometimes the advertising was as interesting as the exhibit.

"The Great Model of Niagara Falls, Real Water." This consisted of a single barrel of water churned by a small pump that forced the same water over and over again a model of the huge cataract.

"Fiji Mermaid" was an ingenious contraption with the head, arms and breast of a female monkey, and the tail of a fish, about three feet long, apparently the handwork of some tireless and unscrupulous workman. When Barnum noted that its mouth was open, its tail turned up and its arms thrown up, giving the appearance of having died in great agony, he was sure that this

would be a worthy successor to Joice Heth. Here he again effectively used the newspapers for a build-up. The newspaper articles stated that "Dr. Griffin, a high European authority on anatomy, had found this speciman and was bringing it to New York for exhibition." Ten thousand pamphlets were printed and turned over to newspapers to sell at a penny each in all the hotels, stores and public places. He then manufactured a number of wood cuts of mermaids sporting around in the ocean in "all their classic beauty". These were used to illustrate an article in the Sunday papers. When the "Mermaid fever" reached the proper pitch, he hired a "Dr. Griffin" and began exhibitions for twenty-five cents. In a month's time this exhibit had taken in $2,000 and for years afterward was one of the big drawing cards to the Museum. It was proof of Barnum's dictum: "The American people loved to be humbugged."

One of the cleverest pieces of humbug that Barnum ever used was the man with the brick. He hired a tramp at $1.50 per day and gave him five bricks. Four of these were placed at the four corners of the square in which the museum was located. Carrying the fifth brick the man was to walk from corner to corner. As he came to the brick on the corner, he would replace it with the one in his hand. He was to talk to no one. Crowds began to collect and follow him, curious as to what he was doing and why. At the end of every hour, he was to enter the museum, and after a few minutes, leave by a rear door and start over again. Inside of one half hour five hundred people were watching him, many following him into the museum. The police interfered several days later because the congested traffic practically closed all the streets in the neighborhood of the museum. "Barnum's bricks" were discussed for weeks and received much newspaper space.

THE ORIGINAL BEARDED LADY

The Bearded Lady was exhibited in 1853. According to Barnum's advertising she had been born in Switzerland in 1831. When she was a baby her parents noted a slight down on her face. At the age of eight she had a soft beard two inches long, and as she grew older her beard continued to grow. She had been exhibited in France where she was very popular. When Barnum hired her, she was married to a French artist and was the mother of two children. It is estimated more than eight hundred thousand curious people paid to see her.

The Biggest Woman-Anna Swan, a native of Nova Scotia was obtained by Barnum when she was seventeen years old. She was seven feet, eleven inches tall and weighed over four hundred pounds. She married Captain Bates, a Welshman eight feet tall and the two were shown for many years as the Welsh Giant and Giantess. Sometimes Dot, a two foot midget was shown with them for contrast.

ONE OF BARNUM'S FIRST FAT GIRLS
She weighed more than 500 pounds

Tom Thumb was perhaps Barnum's greatest prize. He was obtained by Barnum in 1842. When he first saw the dwarf Barnum realized he had here a natural curiosity which could be transformed into a unique and profitable exhibit. The dwarf's real name was Charles S. Stratton. His parents were normal people, but Charles at the age of five was two feet, one inch in height, and weighed fifteen pounds. His hair was flaxen, his eyes dark, his cheeks pink and healthy looking. He had an abundance of physical charm. His parents consented to exhibit their son at Barnum's Museum for $3.00 per week, and board for himself and his mother. Barnum advertised him as an English dwarf, age eleven, and changed his name to General Tom Thumb, a name borrowed from one of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. Barnum went through the usual build up period. He taught him to tell jokes and roles to play and found the midget a very quick pupil with an aptitude for the ludicrous. Then they made the round of the newspaper stories.

When he felt Tom was ready, Barnum put him in the Museum where he sang songs, danced, and told stories in the pert and saucy manner of people who are too small to be slapped.

After sending Tom Thumb on a tour of American cities Barnum later took him, his parents and a French tutor to Europe. He was escorted to the dock by a brass band and ten thousand people saw him off. His conquest of Europe was as successful as it had been at home. The climax came when there was a command performance before the Queen of England and her children. By this time Barnum was paying Tom fifty dollars a week, but the English newspapers estimated the receipts for this three year European tour exceeded £150,000! Barnum was no one to let an opportunity slip by. In England when Tom had gone to perform for Queen Victoria he posted a notice on the theatre. "Closed this evening, General Tom Thumb being at Buckingham Palace by command of Her Majesty." And when he returned home the new advertising read, "General Tom Thumb, patronized by all the Crowned Heads of Europe."

In 1862 Barnum added two other dwarfs to his group, Commodore Nutt and Lavinia Warren. Tom Thumb promptly fell in love with Lavinia and they became engaged. This announcement caused great popular excitement. People rushed to the Museum to see Lavinia--the receipts were $3,000 a day and Lavinia sold $300 worth of photographs of herself daily. The receipts were so good Barnum offered Tom and Lavinia $1,500 to postpone their wedding for a month, but Tom refused. "No, sir, not for $50,000," he said excitedly. Their wedding took place February 10, 1863 in Grace Church where admittance could be gained only by special card. The General was twenty five, his bride twenty two. Among the guests were several Governors, members of Congress, some Generals

A Crayon Drawing of Tom Thumb

from the Army (in respect to General Tom), millionaires, men and women of high society. President and Mrs. Lincoln had sent the couple a "gorgeous set of Chinese fire screens". Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt gave them a coral and gold-set brooch and earrings and studs of the finest workmanship and Mrs. August Belmont sent a "splendid set of silver chaste charms "

The neighborhood of Grace Church was crowded, the people waiting hours for the privilege of watching the diminutive bride and groom enter the church. Inside the church a platform, three feet high had been erected and covered with carpet so that from this elevation the little couple could see and be seen. They were attended by Commodore Nutt and Miss Minnie Warren, also a midget. The bride wore a dress of white satin, the skirt decorated with a flounce of very expensive "point lace", with a long train. She wore a bridal veil with orange blossoms. Tom Thumb and his best man were in full dress suits with white corded vests. There was a reception at the Metropolitan hotel in the afternoon, where from a raised dais the happy couple received their guests. The wedding gifts were on display in the hotel parlors. Two thousand boxes of wedding cake were distributed to the guests. In the evening the couple were serenaded by a band and the General made a speech of thanks from one of the balconies of the hotel. On their honeymoon they were entertained at the White House where President Lincoln gave a dinner and a reception for them. After the honeymoon they settled down to a comparatively quiet home life but the attractions of public life pulled at them so they soon left on a trip that encircled the globe. Later with Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren they toured Europe for three years.

Tom Thumb, except for his size, was quite a normal person. He spent much money on yachts, horses, expensive jewelry. As he grew older his figure became dumpy, his beard was thin and straggly, his mustache thin and irregular, his eyes stern and sharp He died when he was forty-five and was buried with ritual honors by the Masonic Lodge. Tom could have comforted his declining years with the reflection that more than twenty million people had bought tickets to see him. After his death, Lavinia was alone. She had had one child but it died with inflammation of the brain when only two and a half years old. Not long after the General's death, his widow married an Italian dwarf, Count Primo Magri who had received his title of nobility from Pope Pius IX. Mrs. Thumb and her new husband were exhibited for many years most often at Coney Island, then kept a general store called "Primo's Pastime" for tourists in Middleboro, Massachusetts. Lavinia lived to be seventy-seven years old, not dying until 1919.

The Siamese Twins were another of the world's great freak attractions. These were two nineteen year old boys, three-quarters Chinese and one-quarter Malay, joined together by a ligature growing

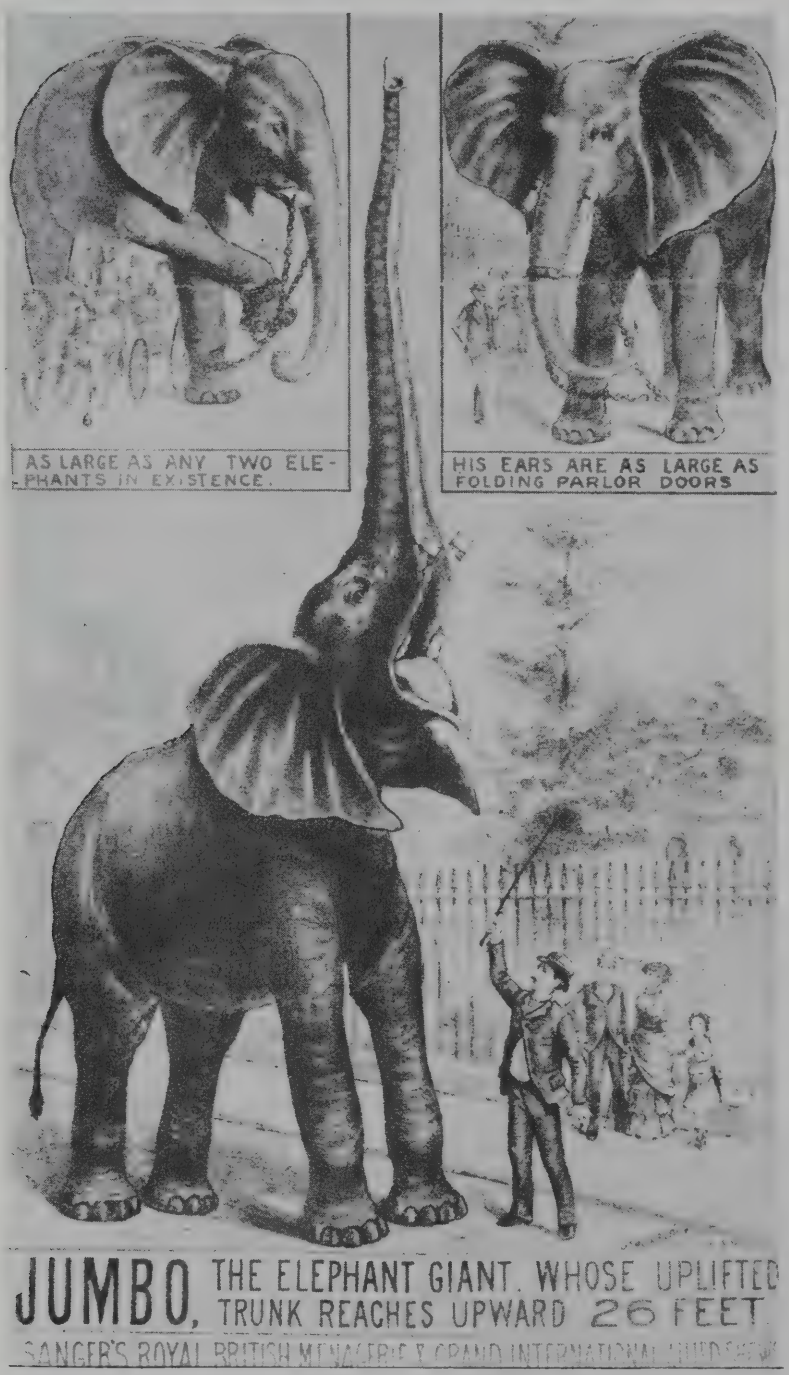
The Tom Thumb Wedding

out of their breastbones. They had been found in Siam by an American sailing captain. After Barnum acquired them he named them Chang and Eng and toured them widely. Both Barnum and the twins made lots of money.

Jumbo the elephant was one of Barnum's most spectacular attractions. For twenty-five years Jumbo had been a popular feature of the Royal Zoological Gardens in London. Here English children without number had enjoyed Jumbo, many shrieked with "joyous fright" as they rode upon his back. The children and grandchildren of the Queen had been among those who shrieked the loudest. Barnum acquired Jumbo in 1882 presumably for $10,000. Then began the usual advance advertising. Stories and poems in the press extolled Jumbo, commercial processes were set in motion to advertise the huge pachyderm--Jumbo cigars, Jumbo ear rings, fans, hats, cravats, Jumbo underclothes, Jumbo boots, perfumes and overcoats, in restaurants Jumbo soup, hash, fritters, stews, salad, pies, even Jumbo "kisses".

For three years Jumbo delighted untold numbers of admirers with his unusual accomplishments. Jumbo's greatest vice was his love of beer and his daily diet included a keg of beer. He was eleven feet, six inches in height and weighed fourteen thousand pounds. (This was four thousand pounds more than the average elephant.) His trunk reached upward twenty-six feet, his ears were as large as folding doors and an average horse drawn carriage could pass underneath his body between his front and rear legs. It is estimated that in six weeks Jumbo added $336,000 to the Barnum exchequer! Often a baby elephant, called Tom Thumb was exhibited with him. In September, 1885 in Ontario, Canada, Jumbo was struck by a freight train and pinned between it and a train of circus cars. The freight train was derailed and the locomotive shattered. "An irrestible force had met an immovable mass." Jumbo's skull was fractured and he received internal injuries. He died a few minutes later. His critics said he had been rambling the tracks in a drunken stupor, his admirers said he had seen the baby elephant Tom Thumb in danger and had gone to rescue him. He was mourned the world over--especially in England. Barnum had the skin stuffed and presented it to Tufts College where the Tuft elephant takes its collegiate place with the Yale bull-dog, the Princeton tiger and the Minnesota gophers!

The Wooly Horse probably amused Barnum more than it padded his purse. Hearing that a "wooly horse" was to be exhibited in Cincinnati, Barnum rushed to the Ohio city to inspect this freak of nature. He found a small, well-formed animal with no mane and very little hair on his tail, but the body and legs were covered with a natural growth of curly, thick hair, similar to a sheep's wool. Believing he could make money out of this unusual animal he bought it and took it to his home farm in Bridgeport where he kept it


AS LARGE AS ANY TWO ELE-
PHANTS IN EXISTENCE.
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FOLDING PARLOR DOORS
JUMBO, THE ELEPHANT GIANT. WHOSE UPLIFTED
TRUNK REACHES UPWARD 26 FEET

ROYALTY RODE JUMBO'S BACK. At least, so Barnum boasted in some advertisements for his circus. Jumbo's skeleton is preserved in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. His skin is at Tufts College in Medford, Mass.

secreted until a proper incident arose to bring it out to amaze the public. At this time the country was very interested in John Fremont, popularly known as the Pathfinder, who was on his way west, but no word had been received from him for some time. Rumor spread that Colonel Fremont had been lost in the Rocky Mountains. For weeks the country waited anxiously. Was the Colonel and his party safe, or had he died in the severe winter in the mountains? Finally word was received the party was safe and by this time Colonel Fremont was a national hero. Barnum had bided his time well. Now was the time to spring the Wooly Horse. So, the horse was covered with blankets and leggings to conceal his "unique features", and was taken from Bridgeport to an obscure livery stable in New York. Now Barnum's clever techniques bore fruit again. Dispatches began to appear in the newspapers that Fremont had captured in the far southwest a most extraordinary animal--it had no mane--no hair on its tail--but a body covered by wool. This animal dispatches added, was being sent by Colonel Fremont to a United States quartermaster, as a token of esteem.

Two days later the New York papers carried an advertisement reading:

"Colonel Fremont's Wooly horse will be exhibited for a few days at the corner of Broadway and Reade Street before being sent to London. He is extremely complex; made up of Elephant, Deer, Horse, Buffalo, Camel and Sheep. It is the full size of a Horse, has the haunches of a Deer, the tail of an Elephant, fine curled wool of a sheep, a camel's hair color, and it easily jumps twelve or fifteen feet high. Naturalists and the oldest trappers assured Colonel Fremont that it was never known previous to his discovery."

The public rushed to see the Colonel's curiosity. The Colonel was still in the West and there was no one to challenge the story or the horse. But when Barnum took the horse to Washington, D. C. he ran into trouble. Here Colonel Thomas Hart Benton, Senator from Missouri and father-in-law of Colonel Fremont, bought a ticket and went to see the animal and then sued Barnum's agent for "obtaining money under false pretenses." At the trial he testified he had received many letters from his son-in-law and no mention was made in any of them regarding a Wooly Horse. He was sure Colonel Fremont had never seen the animal. But the Court decided he had not offered sufficient evidence and the case was dismissed. Barnum kept the horse in Washington just long enough to satisfy the public curiosity, for the trial had brought a big increase in receipts. Then the horse was taken with no fanfare back to Bridgeport where he was turned loose in a field near Barnum's house so that all who passed by on the trains could see the Wooly Horse "eating Barnum's grass." The newspapers who had been fooled were furious and the public was delighted. They didn't mind being fooled if it didn't cost too much.

By this time Barnum's reputation as a showman had reached a high peak. He had written a number of books, he had been offered the nomination for Governor by the Jacksonian Democrats of Connecticut in 1852. This honor he declined but he did serve one term in the Connecticut legislature. He counted among his friends many eminent Europeans as well as Americans, including such people as Bayard Taylor, Elias Howe, Horace Greeley, President Grant, William Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, Mark Twain and many others. The friendship with Matthew Arnold is said to have begun when Barnum wrote a letter to Arnold when the latter was lecturing nearby and invited him to visit at the Barnum home in Bridgeport. The invitation read, "You and I, Mr. Arnold, ought to be acquainted. You are a celebrity, I am a notoriety". When the Prince of Wales visited the United States in 1860, the only place of amusement he visited was Barnum's Museum. Mrs. Trollope, a noted visitor, wrote of Barnum, "In acuteness, cautiousness, industry and perserverance he resembles the Scotch; in habits of frugal neatness, he resembles the Dutch; in love of lucre he doth greatly resemble the sons of Abraham; but in frank admission and superlative admiration of his own peculiarities, he is like nothing on earth but himself." In his eightieth year, he wrote "I think I can, without egotism, say that I have amused and instructed more persons than any other manager that ever lived" and that was not an exaggeration. A letter was once mailed to him from a remote spot in Asia. It was addressed to "Mr. Barnum, America" and it reached him with no trouble.

Barnum's two greatest exhibits from which world wide recognition came, were Jenny Lind, and his circus, the Greatest Show on Earth.

Jenny Lind was Barnum's most artistic venture. A prima donna who had all of Europe at her feet, she appealed to the great showman as an exhibit extraordinaire. The more he thought of it, the more infatuated with the idea he became. He sent an agent to Europe to contact the "Swedish nightingale". By terms of the contract, Barnum was to place $187,500 in the care of her bankers in London. She was to give one hundred fifty concerts in the period of one year, if possible, at least by eighteen months. Barnum was to provide her with a maid, a male servant and place at her disposal a carriage and horses with driver in every city she visited. He was also to pay her $1,000 for every performance and pay the traveling and living expenses of the singer, her companion and her secretary. The education of the public for appreciation of such an artist was carried on, as usual, by an intensive newspaper campaign. When Miss Lind stepped on the wharf in New York, she found herself in a bower of green trees decorated with blazing flags with two arches topped by the American eagle and gaudy inscriptions "Welcome Jenny Lind-Welcome to America." Her first concert in New York's Castle Garden was attended by five thousand delirious patrons who encored her wildly. Her tour of American cities during the next year was a series of successes never before paralleled by any native or foreign artist. Her concerts in Washington were attended

by the President, his family, all the cabinet officers and persons of distinction in the city. The next morning Henry Clay and Daniel Webster paid her a visit. When she and Barnum terminated their contract, Miss Lind had been paid more than $208,000 above her expenses, and Barnum's profit was probably a little over $535,000.

In 1870 Barnum gave the public the most stupendous of all his spectacular achievements, known then as the "Great Traveling World's Fair" and later as the "Greatest Show on Earth". Its tents covered nearly three acres of ground. It took sixty to seventy freight cars and six passenger coaches to move it from one city to another, and its receipts over a six months period totaled about $1,000,000. It was the most magnificent experience most Americans would ever know! The garish posters, the breath-taking parade ending with the steam calliope screeching out its "barbaric toots", then the circus with its side shows, its vicious animals in iron barred cages, men and women in tights performing far overhead, the cavorting clowns-gave them a full day! In 1880 Barnum made a deal with James Bailey and the combined new spectacular was known as Barnum and Bailey, the Greatest Show on Earth. It attracted all classes of Americans from President Grant down to the humblest citizen. Barnum took the circus to England where it attracted all-from the poorest to the queen's grandson Prince George (later George V). Barnum, while talking to the young Prince asked him if he intended to see the entire performance to which the Prince replied, "Mr. Barnum, I shall stay here until they sing God save Grandmother."

The great showman died in April 1891 having suffered an acute congestion of the brain a few months before. In his last months he refused to be morose about what all knew was approaching death. He gained a promise from his wife she would write the "Last Chapter" to the autobiography he had written. His interest was still in the Show. The same unpredictable mind which had been so steeped in his show for seventy years was still active. In the early days when some spectacle packed them into his Museum he had erected a sign-"This way to the Egress" which the eager visitor followed-only to find Egress was a synonym for Exit and he found himself outdoors. Now he was pondering an idea to pack them in again--maybe the mummy of the daughter of Pharoah who had saved Moses from the bulrushes could be brought to this country. His eagerness led him to offer $100,000 for it for a year, (but it was refused). "Every Hebrew in the world would go to see it out of hatred. Every one in Christendom would go to see it out of curiosity", he said.

Barnum planned his own funeral, picking the text, "Not my will, but Thine be done". He chose two humns, one by Whittier and the other by Oliver Wendell Holmes. A few weeks before his death Barnum had a bad spell and was thought to be dying. Upon recovering he had written a friend, "The only lacking to make me happy on my return to good health is the chance to see

what sort of lines would have been written about me." Some time later the editor of the New York Sun heard about the letter and sent a reporter to inquire from Barnum's press agent if it would hurt Barnum's feelings if the newspaper should print an obituary of him before he died. The agent replied "Not at all." The following day the Evening Sun carried four columns devoted to the story of P. T. Barnum's life. There was a noticeable improvement the next day, for a few hours at least, in Barnum's health. It would have pleased him greatly to know that after his death the newspapers alloted to him more space than had ever been given any person except the President of the United States.

So passed from the American scene one of its most unique figures. His thought and energy were spent for seventy years toward entertaining the public--some of the things were cheap humor, some were educational and worthwhile. Who will judge him? He would have been delighted at the post mortem comment which circulated widely after his death--

"Will Barnum get to Heaven?" The answer was

"He certainly has a good show."

AMELIA JENKS BLOOMER-FASHION MODEL EXTRAORDINAIRE

It isn't usual in history that a woman is recembered for something she didn't quite do, yet that is the case with Amelia Jenks Bloomer. Mrs. Bloomer is remembered for an article of feminine wearing apparel, which can be bought at a lingerie counter, but she was not the one to design, nor the first to wear, this garment. That honor should go to Elizabeth Smith Miller, daughter of well-known Congressman Gerrit Smith of New York, and cousin of reformer Elizabeth Cady Stanton. So, "Bloomers" should rightfully be called "Millers". However Mrs. Bloomer did wear this outfit which gave the article her name, perhaps more becomingly than did Mrs. Miller.

Like Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Bloomer was a reformer, and her greatest talent lay in the pen. She was born Elizabeth Jenks in 1818 in New York. Her education was primarily in private schools and when she was twenty she became a tutor and a governess. Later she married a Quaker newspaper publisher of Seneca Falls, New York. He recognized at once that she had an unusual writing style and encouraged her to use it. So she wrote unsigned articles on social, moral and political questions of the day, which were printed in her husband's paper.

Amelia was interested in the infant movement for Woman's Rights but she took no active part in it when she was first married. Her first active work was for the Temperance Movement. A drive against "Demon Rum" had been started in Washington by six gentlemen of Baltimore who had been "efficient drunkards" all their lives. Two of them came to Seneca Falls to denounce publicly their old "bottled friend". As a result, Mrs. Bloomer became interested and inspired and wrote articles which were published in a Temperance publication called "The Water Bucket".

It wasn't long then before Amelia's fine, forceful, literary style was thrown in to the battle for Women's Rights In 1849, the better to wage the fight, she started a journal of her own, believed to be the first in this country to be published by a woman. It was called "The Lily" and carried articles on education, the unjust marriage laws (whereby a woman, when she married lost to her husband all title to her property), and woman suffrage. By 1853 the magazine, a bi-weekly, had a circulation of four thousand Mrs. Stanton was a frequent contributor to "The Lily" Her articles, bearing on suffrage, were signed "Sunflower".

About 1851, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller came to Seneca Falls to visit her cousin, Mrs. Elizabeth Stanton. Her appearance had everyone agog. Above the waist her costume was what was usually worn by American women but her skirt extended only to the knee, and underneath the skirt she wore full, baggy trousers of broadcloth (a heavy material like that used for men's

suits) which were gathered together at the ankle with an elastic band. This was the same garment that had startled Washington a few months before.

The ladies all over the country hailed Mrs. Miller's costume as a new step towards freedom. The conveniences of the new costume appealed to women. The leaders in the reform movement, like Elizabeth Stanton, Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Pauline Wright Davis, and Celia Burleigh, sang its praises. So did Mrs. Bloomer.

Mrs. Amelia Bloomer gave her name to the costume shown above, which she popularized. For a time "bloomers" were regarded as a symbol of the feminist movement in America.

Through the columns of "The Lily" Amelia Bloomer launched upon a campaign of reform in women's dress, based on the new costume. Pictures of it appeared in her magazine and the circulation leaped by thousands, carrying her name and her costume reform campaign to all corners of the land. When Mrs. Bloomer lectured, wearing the new costume, the halls were packed. As many came to see her clothes as to hear her speak. At one of her lectures Horace Greeley was on the platform with her. He gave a favorable report on her outfit the following day in his paper, the New York Herald Tribune. Following his lead the press took the campaign up and in a very short time Mrs. Bloomer was identified inseparably and forever with the garment. The movement became known as Bloomerism, its followers Bloomerites, and the trousers as Bloomers.

Songs were written about "Bloomers" and hoodlums would sing this ditty, considered quite ribald.

Heigh Ho! In rain and snow
The bloomer now is all the go.
Twenty tailors take the stitches,
Twenty women wear the britches.
Heigh Ho! In rain and snow
The bloomer now is all the go.

But on the whole the attire never became too popular Many women found it embarrassing to wear Men ridiculed it, so eventually it fell by the wayside. Mrs Stanton gave it up saying her "dear old father" objected to the costume. Lucy Stone said that the dignity of her advancing years demanded a return to conventional attire. Mrs. Bloomer held on for eight years She was the last to give up, but when she and her husband moved to a new state to make their home she used the break to return to the usual feminine attire.

Around the first of the twentieth century a garment worn by female athletes and swimmers, full, with elastic at the knee, was called bloomers. but its popularity didn't last long either.

As a result of the efforts of Mrs Bloomer and others, woman suffrage is now the law of the land. But no court has ever dared to legislate concerning a woman's choice of clothes!

LEVI STRAUSS-ORIGINAL DESIGNER OF LEVI'S

Who in the United States doesn't know what "Levis" are? Most Americans have worn them, everyone has certainly seen them, but few know their history.

Levi's are the "invention" of Levi Strauss. Levi Strauss was a New Yorker who got bit, like many thousands of Americans in 1849, by the "gold bug". He was twenty years old when he left home and sailed to San Francisco around Cape Horn. He didn't have much money but thinking he might make a "grub stake" in California before starting for the Mother Lode, he carried to the West with him several rolls of fabric. He sold all of this material to fellow ship travelers except a roll of tent canvas. When he got ashore one of the first persons he met was a miner who was griping about how hard working in the gold fields was on trousers, "Pants don't wear worth a hoot up in the diggin's--can't get a pair to wear no time," he complained. Right then Levi Strauss had his brain storm. He took his roll of canvas and the miner to a tailor and had the tailor make him a pair of pants. The miner was very pleased with "these pants of Levi's" and the name stuck. Levi Strauss was smart enough to capitalize on this spark of success. He had the rest of the canvas made up into more pants for miners and he sent back to New York to his brother's clothing firm for all the heavy cloth--duck, denim, or tent canvas they could send him.

Orders rolled in, Levi forgot about his eagerness to mine gold. He organized a business which he called Levi Strauss and Company. The over-land freight wagon trains brought bolt after bolt of heavy cloth, and later other lines of cloth and ready to wear clothes. Before long most of the miners were wearing clothes they bought from Levi Strauss. The Levis were always the most popular style and there were few competitors. The characteristics of these pants of Levi's were--they were snug, low on the hips, tapering in the legs.

With the years two major innovations were introduced. First, Mr. Strauss decided it would be smart to have all the material used look alike so he had all his denim dyed indigo blue. This was the "genesis of blue jeans." His second invention was quite unusual. In the 1860's when the Comstock Lode was the center of great activity a tailor named Davis in Virginia City, told him that a miner called Alkali Ike, had complained that the pockets of his Levis were always ripping loose. It seemed the miners stuck jagged ore samples in their hip pockets. More for a joke than anything else, tailor Davis took Alkali Ike's Levis to a harness maker's shop and had him reinforce the pockets at the corners with copper rivets. After that all miners wanted copper riveted pockets! Mr Strauss patented the idea, made Tailor Davis his

production manager and the copper rivet has become a unique mark on the Levis ever since. Traders, scouts, wagoners, and cowboys wore no other brand than Levis. They needed a type of trouser which would not bind or bunch or burn the skin; that would resist all kinds of weather, hold up in the desert, in the saddle, in the mountains, and above all--wear like iron. It became, practically the standard garb in Texas and the mountain country.

The patent which protected the copper rivet idea had been granted in 1873 for the regular period of seventeen years. It was renewed with an expiration date of 1908. After the expiration of the patent, there was an immediate rush by competitors to use the copper rivet. The market was flooded by all manners and weights of fabric, and varying price levels. In spite of all this, Levi Strauss held his own. In fact the sales volume and distribution continued to expand. The Levis had something its rivals never equalled; the easy comfortable fit, the rugged construction and long wearing qualities. "Levis" meant something distinct to a purchaser--even as a "colt" or a "Stetson".

Now a hundred years and one hundred million pairs of Levi"s later, they are still the favorites. Cowboys on the ranch, the lumberman of the North woods, the embryo Davy Crocketts, the African safari hunter, the college co-ed, the weekend gardener, are devotee's of Mr. Levi Strauss' incomparable addition to human attire. Forgive us Mr. Strauss for remembering only your first name!

COMMODORE PERRY-THE MAN WHO OPENED THE DOOR TO JAPAN

In 1852 Commodore Matthew C. Perry sailed with a squadron of United States warships on a ticklish mission to Japan. He carried a letter from President Millard Fillmore and instruction from the State Department. The "squadron" was to offer a show of strength of naval power to facilitate negotiations. The object of the mission was two-fold:

(1) To insure future protection of American seamen and property in Japan and Japanese waters.

(2) To open one or more ports for procuring supplies and to induce Japan to open more ports for conducting trade.

The instructions provided that persuasion was to be tried first, and if that failed more vigorous methods could be used, but the mission was to be peaceful. The eyes of the world watched the Perry Mission with interest. All realized something must be done. Any shipwrecked sailor who had landed in Japan heretofore had been promptly picked up by the police and held suspect, indefinitely. American whaleships operating off the Kurile Islands near Alaska were often in need of supplies and aid. They were sternly warned away from Japan and the result was to arouse a public demand for establishing friendly relations by force, if need be. To this end, President Fillmore sent out Commodore Perry and his squadron.

Japan's suspicion of all foreigners had its roots in an unhappy experience they had had in the sixteenth century with the Portuguese and the Dutch. The Portuguese were discovered to be plotting to seize the country, and also to be cheating in their trade. In 1637, by imperial decree the "whole race of Portuguese with their mothers, nurses and whatever belongs to them" were ordered banished forever. The Japanese with the aid of the Dutch had massacred thousands of native Christians and in 1640 had beheaded forty-eight Portuguese visitors and an edict was spread through the Islands: "So long as the sun warms the earth, any Christian bold enough to come to Japan--even if he be the God of the Christians--shall pay for it with his head." So Perry as he approached Japan was facing a grave danger indeed. To pry open a door which had been slammed against any Christian, and to attempt a delicate mission with a very hostile country is to take your life in your own hands.

Using inadequate charts which had been bought from the Dutch for $30,000, the Americans sailed on November 24, 1852 from Norfolk, Virginia. The assembled fleet met at Napa in May 1853. They had followed the two mile per hour Gulf Stream. They spent several days exploring the Great Lee Chu Islands. They called on the Regent, they surveyed the harbor and made scientific explorations. The vessels in the fleet included the steam frigate Mississippi, the flag ship, the steamers Powhatan and Allegheny, the sailing ships Vermont, Vandalia, and Macedonia. Several other ships were stationed in Far East waters and could be added to the squadron if needed. The idea was to establish here a port for United States whalemen.

In February 13, 1854, the fleet moved up the bay toward Yedo and anchored about twenty miles below the capital. A number of boats bearing Japanese officials tried to stop them, but the Americans warned them off. The Japanese were greatly disturbed by the black smoke which poured forth from these steam driven ships. It was a new sight to them, and a frightening one--boats that moved without sails or oars and belched out black smoke! They were reminded of an old and ominous folk song:

"Through a black night of cloud and rain
The Black ship plies her way.
An alien thing of evil mien
Across the waters gray."

The man in charge of this expedition, Commodore Matthew Perry, (big whiskered Perry or "old Matt" as the seamen called him) was no stranger to difficult duty. He had commanded one of the pioneer steamships in the American Navy, had organized the first naval engineer corps, and had promoted the building of steam vessels so actively that he was known as the "father of the American steam navy." He had recently been commander of the American fleet of fifty vessels off Vera Cruz. He was sixty years old, and a mite crochety. He was large and heavy built, he did not fraternize with his younger officers and most of them held him in awe. He was a strict disciplinarian. Thick unruly hair and beetling eyebrows helped to blacken his countenance into a thunder cloud when he was displeased. Flogging had been abolished in the Navy, but a "dressing down" from the Commodore was just as effective. He wore immaculate white gloves and if he could find a trace of dirt to soil them anywhere on the ship, let the sailor beware. He suffered from chronic rheumatism and this didn't help his disposition. One seaman wrote, "So long as ye walked the chalk line, there couldn't be a fairer man than the Commodore, but God help ye, if ye slipped off that line."

In preparing for this mission he had traveled to many places to interview men who had information of the Far East he might profit from. There were about forty books that covered different phases of Japanese life.

He read these. In seaports Boston, Providence, and such, he sought out seamen who could give him information on navigating in Japanese waters. It was his idea to take samples of everything from books to tools to impress the Japanese on the benefits of trade with the United States.

By temperament then it would seem that Matthew Perry was the right person for this unusual mission. His plan was to surround his person with mystery and decline to confer with any subordinate officer. As the ship approached Yedo, the decks were cleared for action, but all effort was to be exerted to carry out the orders of the Secretary of State, "Make no use of force, except in the last resort for defense, if attacked, and self-preservation." When Japanese officials came close and asked to see the Commodore, Perry refused. He sent a lieutenant to say the fleet was on a friendly mission and that the Commodore had a letter from the President of the United States for the Emperor which he would deliver only to a dignitary of the highest rank. The Japanese hated to give in, no proper dignitary came to meet the commodore. Daily calls were made by lesser officials, great solicitude being shown for the Commodore's health by the ever-smiling emissaries. The Commodore's health was fine, but his patience was wearing thin. Two natives came out to the flagship. After much bowing they presented a red card about a yard long on which formal greetings were written. But the Commodore would not see these men emphasizing again he would receive no one but a dignitary of the highest rank. The next day four boats came out to the Susquehanna bearing the two officials rebuffed the day before. They presented another card, listing the gifts they had brought: a bullock, a goat, pigs, eggs, fowls, vegetables. The gifts were refused and those who brought them were not allowed on board. The officials of the United States did not take presents, and the commodore could receive no visitors of inferior rank.

Next a request came that Perry proceed to Nagasaki where foreign business was transacted. Perry refused! He made it very plain that he would deliver the message only from his present location. If no person of suitable rank came for it soon, he would go ashore himself, accompanied by a suitable force and deliver it. Boldness and threats finally succeeded. At long last, two princes, Prince Idzu and Prince Iwani, representatives of the Emperor, were received by Perry in elaborate ceremonies.

The next day word came that the Regent would honor the commodore with a visit. The marines put on their dress uniforms, the band prepared to play, the commodore retired to the seclusion of his cabin. When the decorated barge of the Regent came alongside, two captains escorted the old gentleman across the deck. A salute of six guns was fired and some of the men in the Regent's party were so frightened they fell on their knees. The Regent was then escorted to the commodore's cabin who in full dress was waiting to receive him.

The Japanese were told of the objectives of the United States, that only friendly motives were held and the present visit was to open negotiations. Then refreshments were served, pipes were smoked and after about two hours, the guests returned to shore.

A few days later Commodore Perry returned the call, accompanied by the artillery and the Marines, and the band playing "Hail Columbia". An hour of "bowing and scraping" followed, then a sumptuous banquet. Black laquered tables were set with chop sticks and in the center of the table earthen pots filled with sake. On each table were trays of twenty kinds of hors d' oeuvres and sweets. The first course was tea, followed by tiny cups of sake, then cups of soup. After this four more courses--gingerbread; salad of bean sprouts and onion tops; balls of sugary pulp covered with a shell of dough; next, a mixture of beaten eggs and a white root. The Americans were getting full, especially of sake. Their hosts informed them there were twelve more courses, but the commodore couldn't take any more, so he arose, proposed a toast to the queen mother and another to lasting friendship between the Japanese and Americans . For them the party was over.

In a few days Perry weighed anchor leaving the Japanese time to reflect on President Fillmore's proposals. He promised to return in a year to learn the decision.

Perry returned in February of 1854. The welcome mat was out. He found the Japanese very conciliatory. The Emperor had given orders that the American fleet should be received in a friendly manner. He appointed five commissioners to meet Perry and to consider the proposals in President Fillmore's letter. A meeting then took place in March of 1854 in Yokohama amid a great display of oriental pageantry. It is interesting to compare the mores and customs of two such opposite civilizations in conducting such a spectacular event.

Soon after eleven o'clock some five hundred officers and men from the American fleet embarked in twenty-seven boats and proceeded in formation to shore. When they landed they formed two lines about two hundred feet apart, the Marines on the left and the sailors on the right. When the commodore arrived he was given a salute of seventeen guns. He walked bare headed from the shore, preceded by his staff and followed by six armed Negroes. The bands played "The Star Spangled Banner". The Japanese welcomed them with much low bowing as they entered the building. The delegates of the two nations sat down in rows opposite each other on low benches covered with red cloth, with a low bench between them that was to serve as a table. The climax of the drama, perfectly timed by Perry (who was a master showman) came when the howitzers on the American boats burst into a salute of twenty-one

guns in honor of the Emperor and seventeen guns in honor the chief high commissioner, and the Japanese flag was run up on the flagship, the Powhatan. These martial compliments pleased the Japanese.

Methods of showing respect and good will differ in locales. The Americans were amazed at the Oriental technique. When the signal was given to start the ceremonies, the high commissioner lowered his body practically prone on the floor with his nose about two inches from the matting and dragged himself to a position in front of the Commodore, and said, through an interpreter, that the Prince was glad to see him and hoped his health was good. He then in the same position took back the Commodore's reply Before negotiations began, this same procedure took place as the high commissioner scuttled back and forth between the commodore and all the members of the Japanese delegation. After this "introduction" was over the members of the Japanese delegation retired to another room and left the Americans. A plate of candy was set before each of the American delegation, tea was served and pipes were supplied and the fire for lighting them When the commissioners returned a long scroll was handed to the Commodore. This was the Emperor's reply to the letter from President Fillmore. This document, called the treaty of Konagawa acceeded to the American demands It promised

(1) Better treatment to shipwrecked seamen.

(2) Supplies for ships that might need them.

(3) A port of trade.

(4) A supply of coal ready for ships in distress

Anticipating that the ceremonies would be ended with a big dinner such as had been served the year before, the Americans eagerly awaited food. Some Americans, frustrated by chopsticks, had brought their own knives and forks ashore with them. But they were doomed to disappointment. There was sake and wine, trays of fish and walnut seeds, but no dinner. When the Americans left they were faced with another Oriental custom A papersack containing the uneaten food was thrust into their hands and they were obliged to carry them away or insult their hosts This custom was followed by the Americans later when they returned the courtesy and invited the Japanese to dinner aboard ship. After the feasting, true to habit, the Japanese laid out soft paper handkerchiefs and trotted around the tables picking up a leg of checken here, a piece of pie there and wrapped up each morsel and deposited it in their sleeves. One man ended his "foray" by emptying a salt cellar into his napkin. An amusing incident occurred when a tipsy Japanese official threw his arms around the Commodore so tightly it crushed a pair of gold epaulettes, repeating "Nippon and American, all the same heart" Inside

Perry was furious, but he vowed he would endure it if it would help accomplish this mission which was his heart's desire.

It was nowtime to bring out the gifts which Perry had brought to please and influence the people. There was a wide variety.

Three hundred and seventy feet of railway track and a small locomotive and tender (1/4 size). Telegraph instruments and fifteen miles of wire.

One hundred gallons of whisky

Three stoves

Several Clocks

Eight baskets of Irish potatoes

Seven volumes of Audubons' works, showing the birds and quadrupeds of America

Printing press

Maps of America

Box of arms (five rifles, three muskets, twelve swords, carbine, pistols and ammunition)

Agricultural implements

For the Emperor's wife there were:

Elaborate wearing apparel

Telescope

Lorgnette

Clock

Fancy toilet soap

For the interpreter

Webster's dictionary!

The Japanese had great fun with their gifts. The railroad was laid out in a three hundred and seventy foot loop. They delighted in watching the rapid circling of the tiny locomotive and they shouted with pleasure at each toot of the whistle. The engineer stood on the tender feeding the fire with one hand and with the other operating the controls. The miniature coach was hardly large enough to hold a child of five or six. It had fifteen pairs of seats, and windows that opened. Unable to squeeze inside, the Japanese would throw themselves upon the roof, clinging on desperately and shaking with laughter as the locomotive developed a speed of twenty miles per hour and the wind made ballons of their loose kimona-like garments.

The telegraph furnished amusement and amazement. They would give a message to the operator then run from one end of the half mile line to the other, but no matter how fast they ran the message would be waiting for them at the other end when they arrived.

They enjoyed the agricultural implements, especially the grindstone. They all drew out the small knives they carried in their sword scabbards and sharpened them. Theyclimbed the folding ladder, and put in operation the garden engine with its water hose. They amused themselves by wetting the roofs and trees. Then someone climbed onto a roof and turned the water from the hose down on the people who laughed uproariously and scampered out of reach. Everybody wanted a colt revolver.

They admired the cloth in the clothes of the Americans, being especially entranced with pockets and buttons. They even took paper and pen and made sketches. The Americans were impressed at their efforts at imitation, an art they successfully developed to a very marked degree in the next century.

Later the Americans were invited ashore to receive gifts from the Japanese, in contrast to the American gifts which had been in boxes and brown paper, the Japanese gifts were beautifully wrapped. Their gifts included:

Laquered ware (book case, writing table, etc.)

Bronze flower stand

Twenty pieces of pongee (cloth)

Twenty umbrellas

Dolls

Bamboo articles

Porcelain goblets

Four Japanese Spaniels (from the Emperor for the Commodore)

Two hundred fifty bushels of rice

Three hundred chickens, and smaller gifts as well, such as

fans,

pipe cases,

cups of porcelain

garments.

The Americans were invited to an exhibition then, given by a group of strong men who moved the rice bags, each weighing more than one hundred pounds. Many carried two at a time, one man carried a sack suspended by his teeth and another held one in his arms and turned somersaults! After the exhibition, a lunch was served at which several Americans "demolished" four or five dozen oysters with chop sticks.

Feeling that his mission had been successfully accomplished, Commodore Perry turned over his command of the squadron to Captain Abbot, and he was now free to go home. He reached New York in January 1855 having been away two years and two months. News of the signing of the treaty had been hailed with jubilation by the press of the United States. The Yankees felt that their Navy, unassisted, had conferred a great honor upon the United States by the successful termination of a mission in which other nations had failed. But Perry's success and service to the United States Government was ignored by Washington. It was one political party which had sent him out and their opponents were now in power. President Pierce arranged no ceremonies honoring the naval diplomat. Rhode Island gave Perry a silver salver, New York gave him a silver plate and the merchants of Boston had a medal struck in his honor. For a year he worked to complete the report of his mission. It was called the "Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan". It filled three large folio volumes. It was an arduous task. He tried to get Nathaniel Hawthorne to help him, but Hawthorne refused (probably due to political reasons).

After his return, Perry was plagued with poor health, partly due to his chronic rheumatism, partly from overwork. He was Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy yard and was constantly in demand for consultation by anyone

interested in the Orient. He only lived three years after his return, dying in March 1858. In a sense Perry had had a vision beyond his time. He was an expansionist. He had regarded an hermetically sealed Japan as an obstruction to progress. He was probably the first government official to envision not merely the commercial, but also the political problems of Asia and the Pacific in their relation to world trade and politics. He had visualized a naval base in the Japanese Islands, but the idea was rejected by President Pierce and a good many of his successors.

After the Japanese ports had been forced open, all was not finished. There were formal treaties which had to be signed in each country. So one day in 1860 the first group of Nipponese set said from the shores of their hermit kingdom for the United States. Three ambassadors selected from the highest nobility with their retinue comprising a party of seventy-seven persons sailed for the United States on Perry's flag ship, the Pawhatan. A famous hotel in Washington known as Willard's was chosen as the "guest house". Sixty rooms in the hotel were set aside for the exclusive use of the Orientals. The rooms had been redecorated and refurnished. Three dining rooms (one for the ambassadors, one for the gentlemen of the party, one for the servants) were set aside. Special pantries and kitchen facilities were installed. They brought their own cooks with them. An exclusive entrance was roped off. The Marine Band was engaged to play for them every evening of their twenty-five day stay.

As these guests disembarked from the Powhatan they were given a roaring salute from the cannon on shore. As the group moved up the street to the hotel they were watched by hundreds of curious Americans. Their elaborate native garb, their peculiar hair-do with hair draped on the top of their heads surmounted by a black box resembling a black shoe box and their fans to shield their faces from the hot Washington sun, presented a queer picture to the Americans. From the letters written home, the Japanese were impressed by queer things in the United States, even as the Americans had been impressed five years before by things in Japan. To them bathrooms, carpeted like bedrooms, with flushing facilities, the use of soft pillows to sleep on, and the practice of bathing privately, seemed queer.

For many years no attention was paid in Japan to the debt owed to Commodore Matthew Perry. In 1901, Rear Admiral L. A. Beardslee who had been a Naval Cadet on one of the black ships which had witnessed Perry's success in 1854, visited Japan. He was surprised to find no celebration of the event by the Japanese. He pointed out that Perry had made it possible for Japan to come out of her dark ages of feudalism, to have the power of the military over-lords weakened, and to enter into the commercial and political life of the modern world. The Japanese heeded his suggestion and formed an "American Friends Society". On July 14th 1901, Rear Admiral Frederick

Rodgers, a grandson of Commodore Perry unveiled a monument to Perry which proclaimed in English words and oriental characters the event which had taken place. This was a shaft of unpolished granite, rising thirty-three feet from a massive base. It was erected in Perry Park, Kurihama. After 1854, the fleets of seventeen Nations had followed Perry into the Bay of Tokyo. In 1928, elaborate ceremonies were held again. Relics of the Commodore, a lock of hair, a coat button, a bit of gold braid and his wedding ring were presented by the American Ambassador to the American-Japan Society for deposit in the Imperial Museum. (In 1944 during World War II this beautiful Monument to the "barbarian invader" was pulled down by "militant patriots".)

In September 1954, one hundred years after Perry had forced an entrance into Japan with five hundred men in his entire force, Japan signed its surrender in World War II (with three hundred men representing newspapers, camera crews and radio present). Today telephone polls string wire the length and breadth of the islands and no one runs to "beat the message", now electric trains flash along between prosperous cities and no one laughs, and automobiles speed along highways where Perry's seamen trudged on foot. "Black Ship Festivals" are held from time to time in Perry Park, a spirit of good will prevails. Prosperity and commerce run hand in hand. Ships from all nations ply in and out of the harbors. Commodore Matthew Perry would be very pleased to see the present results of his "ticklish mission".

NELLIE BLY-AROUND THE WORLD IN 72 DAYS

Have you ever heard of Nellie Bly or of some one who did a Nellie Bly? Perhaps not, but you would have if you had lived fifty years ago. Nellie Bly was known, probably by more people than any other women in the world at that time, for she had done something no other woman had ever done. She had gone around the World alone, in seventy-two days. Jules Verne, a well-known French author had written a book "Around the World in Eighty Days" in which his leading man had done that, though people thought it was just a wild tale, and couldn't possibly be done. Then Nellie Bly, a newspaper woman decided she'd like to take a trip and better that time, and she did by practically eight days! So when anybody did an act in quick or record time, it was called a Nellie Bly.

Nellie was famous for two things--her trip around the world and because she was the first, honest-to-goodness woman reporter in the history of United States newspapers.

Nellie Bly was not her real name. Her real name was Elizabeth Cochrane, but in that time for a woman to be a newspaper reporter, was considered so brazen, immoral and unladylike she wouldn't dare use her own name! So she picked the name Nellie Bly from Stephen Foster's latest song on the 1885 hit parade.

As a little girl "Nellie" has scribbled stories, poems and fairy tales. Her father was a lawyer and he had taught her to think, and to have faith in herself. One day when she was eighteen she wrote an editorial. In a few days this item appeared in the paper, "Notice: Will the gentleman who wrote a letter to the Pittsburgh Dispatch, criticizing our editorial of Friday entitled 'What Girls are Good For', please send his name and address to the editor. Mr. Madden wishes to discuss with the unknown contributor the possibility of his writing a feature article on the same subject for this paper." Elizabeth realized she couldn't write a letter revealing her feminine identity so she wrote she would be at his office at a certain time and signed it--E. Cochrane.

The editor was amazed to discover the author was a young lady but was so impressed by her enthusiasm and determination that he gave her an assignment. She was to write an article for his paper and if he liked it, he would publish it. He liked it and published it and she was launched on a career for life, the first woman reporter. Though she was given routine assignments at first it was the articles she wrote that attracted public attention. Her interest in all phases of human living took her into the homes of the rich and the poor, into slums, insane asylums and pesthouses, factories and sweat shops and even around the world. To do this she risked her reputation as a lady. She

also risked her life to expose crime and corruption. She was attacked, resented and reviled, but her articles were so famous that they were read by millions--extra large editions of papers were often sold out.

This is the way she gathered her material. She would go into shops and talk to the women who worked there; she would go home with them and find out how they lived, where they learned their trades, what they did for amusement. She would take a photographer so she could have good illustrations. Her articles sold millions of newspapers, aroused the public against the horrible conditions she described and many reforms were begun.

One of her most famous revelations came from her "visit" to Blackwell's Island for the Insane, an institution with a horrible reputation. To get in she had to have herself declared insane by appearing before a board of doctors. She had to act insane, of course, and that was difficult. After a few days, she wondered how she was ever to get out! But after ten days, an officer appeared and she was free again. Then she wrote her amazing article "Behind Asylum Bars" in which she told of her terrific experiences. Nurses harsh and unfeeling, patients chained, poor food, lack of proper medical care. The article was a "bombshell". Before night came, practically every person in New York City had either read or heard of the exposé, and this continued as long as the installments were published. This article bore fruit immediately. The city appropriated more money, and new asylums were built, better food was ordered and more doctors were assigned to the asylum.

Another of her popular articles came out of a trip to Mexico in which she described the life of the people. She forced her way into jails, hospitals, everywhere. She found poverty here was worse than anything she had seen in the United States, people homeless and penniless. Whole families slept on the street. When she returned from this trip she went to New York and interested the great publisher Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World, who hired her for his paper. Here she earned a desk in the city room and her salary which had begun at five dollars an article was climbing toward a fabulous $25,000 a year. But she was still attacked as an immoral woman. Clergymen preached sermons against her, calling her a radical and condemning her for prying into such controversial issues.

In 1890, when she convinced the staff of the New York World to sponsor her efforts to beat the record of Jules Verne's imaginary traveler who encircled the globe in eighty days, she really became an international figure. By train, steamer, bicycle, rickshaw, and ox cart, she circled the world and arrived back in New Jersey with the monkey she had brought all the way from India, exactly seventy-two days, six hours and ten minutes after she had left. The bands played "Hail Columbia", "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and "Home Sweet Home." The people sang the Stephen Foster song which had given her her name,

"Nellie's Blue Eyes." The headlines ran "Father Time Outdone."

On her trip around the world she had had two proposals, but her life then was too busy for her to consider marriage. However, when she was twenty-eight she married Robert Seamon, a seventy-two year old, very wealthy bachelor. For nine years she lived a social life that contrasted with her newspaper life. Big parties, trips abroad filled her life--but after nine years of married life her husband died leaving Nellie, who had had so little money for so long, over a million dollars! She returned to the newspaper

Nellie Bly

world, but it was different. She had blazed the trail. Now there were many women in the newspaper field. She accepted an invitation of Arthur Brisbane to join the staff of the New York Evening Journal. Her last big story was one attacking capital punishment. At the age of fifty-five, this woman who had seen so much and had changed the lives of so many people died of pneumonia. Her obituary in the Journal would have pleased her. "She was considered America's greatest reporter".

BOSS TWEED AND HIS RING

There have been many instances in the history of the United States when people cheated the government and stole money and controlled public officials for their own selfish purposes. One of the most famous of these was Boss Tweed who with a group of henchmen called the "Tweed Ring" stole millions of dollars from New York City and county in the 1860's and 1870's.

Who was Boss Tweed? He was born William Marcy Tweed in 1823 in New York City. As a boy he was sharp in arithmetic but he didn't like to work. He enjoyed instead gambling, speculating and fussing around with politics. He became one of the volunteer firemen in a day when that was a dangerous business, not because fires were so bad, but because rivalries between companies ended up with horrible fist fights. Tweed led a group known as the "Roughs" and they out-fought all their rivals. This rough and tumble existence taught him lots of lessons on how to fight dirty When he was twenty-seven he entered politics seriously as an alderman and set out to earn his way dishonestly in his ward. He climbed the political ladder until he was on the Board of Supervisors which controlled most of the political activity and practically all of the money of the County.

Who were the members of his Ring? One was A. Oakley Hall, the Mayor. He aspired for social recognition. He was a very fastidious dresser and his appearance won him the nickname "Elegant Oakley".

Another was Peter Sweeney, the Treasurer of New York City and County. He was very "useful" to the gang because he was a very smart and "tricky" lawyer.

A third influential member was Richard B. Connelly, the comptroller. He was known about town, appropriately, as "Slippery Dick".

In 1869 this disgusting crew with their fellow crooks began a series of speculations that mounted year by year until at the height of their power they were dividing among themselves and their confederates eight-five per cent of the total expenditures made by the city and the county. Tweed received as his share twenty-four per cent of the "take!" and the rest was apportioned out according to a prearranged plan.

How was the cheating done? For one thing bills were "padded", that means that when a man presented a bill for work he had done, the "Boss" told him to add more to it. Say it was for $750. They could tell him to make it for $1000 or $1750 or $7500 and the "Ring" would divide the overpayment among themselves and keep it. This led to tremendous expenditures being

made for what really should have been inexpensive bills. Here are some examples.

It had previously cost about $250,000 per year to run the armory, but when Tweed and his gang gained control of the treasury it cost $3,200,000 annually, which means $2,950,000 was pocketed.

A courthouse was begun in 1868 which was to cost $250,000. In the next three years over $8,000,000 had been spent on it and it still wasn't finished.

Andrew Garvey, a plasterer was paid $138,187 for two days work. (No wonder the New York Times called him the "Prince of Plasterers"). His total bill for the Court House was $2,870,464.06. Since the Ring was always boasting how much they gave to charity, one of the reporters suggested the Ring give the six cents to the poor! Thermometers for the court house were listed to have cost $7500 a piece.

Three tables and forty chairs cost the tax payers $179,729.60.

One furniture company (whose owner, was a boyhood friend of Tweed's father) received a total of $5,691,144.26 for furniture for the Court House.

A carpenter received $360,747.61 for one month's work.

Lumber which should have been listed at $48,000 was put in the books as $480,000.

The plumbing cost $1,149,874.50.

Carpeting cost $350,000. (This would have been enough carpet to cover the City Park three times!)

The Ring made money in lots of other ways than just falsifying accounts.

They sold franchises and charters to utility companies.

They padded pay rolls.

They sold jobs. (One man contracted to remove dead animals from the streets. The salary was $25,000 a year, but he paid the "Ring" $60,000 for the job!)

Harlem hall was sold to be converted into a church. Its equipment was sold at public auction. Tweed bought three hundred benches at $5.00 each (costing $1500, then for all). These benches were later sold to the county for its armories at $600 each. The total bill was paid by the taxpayers, a sum of $169,800, a tidy return on Tweed's $1500 investment.

TWEED CALLED THEM "Those damn pictures," but they worried him because they appealed to all classes—his own illiterate followers became panicky.

"LET US PREY." This is one of Nast's most famous cartoons of Tweed and the Ring. Vultures waiting for the storm to blow over—but it didn't.

How could such cheating be perpetrated? Tweed and his Ring controlled all the offices where the financial records were kept and the money paid out. The average citizen never saw these books. He was notified how much his taxes were and he paid the bill. If he didn't, he lost his property. Many suspected they were being cheated but they had no proof. There were instances of fraud which everyone could see, but how could it be stopped? For example, a specie of asphalt paving was laid that was so bad it was declared a public nuisance. It was bought through Tweed's friend Jim Fisk, and called "Fisk's poultice". Although

a Grand Jury called it a public nuisance, great quantities of it were laid at vast expense to the city.

How could Tweed and his men stay in power? He controlled the Democratic Machine in New York City and the Republican Machine in the state. What is a Machine? It is a group of men who work together to control the vote. How can this be done? In each voting precinct are men, party men such as Tweed's men, who control all the voters in that area. They buy the votes of the men by granting favors, giving presents or some other such means. Tweed's great strength lay in that part of New York City where the immigrants lived. He and his men met the immigrants at the boats as they docked, then fed them, found them jobs, gave them goods, coal, had picnics for them, left baskets of food at Thanksgiving and Christmas, had presents for the children at Christmas, called when they or their families were sick, and got a doctor. The immigrant was paralyzed with all this friendliness. Tweed was like Robin Hood, he took from the rich, he gave to the poor. They returned his friendship at election time.

Bales of fictitious naturalization papers were secured. One year 105,000 blank applications and 69,000 certificates were ordered printed. Sometimes fifteen men would be naturalized in five minutes. On election day these men would repay Tweed. They would follow their leaders from polling place to polling place and mark their ballots as the leader said. Take a man named John Doe for example, he might vote several times in one day giving at each polling place a different name, and a different address. Names from tombstones in graveyards were "appropriated" and then used on voters like John Doe. By voting like this, Tweed kept his henchmen in power.

Many interesting stories are told about Tweed during his "king pin" days. He once sent a donation of $100 for an altar cloth to the Greenwich Methodist Church. The church trustees sent it back. They wanted none of his stolen money. His daughter Mary Amelia was married in Trinity Chapel, in one of the most spectacular weddings ever seen in New York. All of Tweed's friends were invited and sent lavish presents so as to get a good stand-in with the Boss. The New York Herald published the complete list of gifts which astounded the public, and wasn't such a popular idea with Tweed. It was a bit too graphic, even for him. There were over forty silver service sets, diamonds which queens might envy, in fact over $700,000 worth of presents all in all!

Such riotous living can't go on forever. "Pride goeth before a fall". Jealousy among the leaders reared its ugly head. Some of the younger men formed a little group of their own called the "Young Democracy". They were quite successful politically in being elected to the State Legislature. When

one of the Gang, Sheriff O'Brien was refused part of what he thought was his share of fees, he secured enough damaging copies of files from the comptrollers office to turn public opinion against Tweed. He gave them to the Times, and the newspaper published the astounding figures. From then on Tweed was hounded by the press. It was estimated the Ring had stolen $45,000,000 and that with taxes reduced to favorites and the issuance of bonds at exorbitant interest rates, it would total close to $200,000,000.

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Vol. XX.—No. 1018.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1876. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.
POLITICAL "CAPITAL."
IT HAS BLOWN OVER
WANTED REFORMERS OF THE TAMMANY CLASS
WANTED REFORMERS EDUCATED IN THE TAMMANY HALL SCHOOL OF REFORM.
REFORM
REWARD AND
NO QUESTIONS ASKED.
ANYBODY WHO WILL BRING A FEW PLUNDERERS OF THE STATE TO JUSTICE (!) WILL BE REWARDED BY THE HIGHEST OFFICES IN THE GIFT OF THE PEOPLE
O.D. LORD CONVICTED ONE OF THE CANAL RING.
TAMMANY HALL SCHOOL OF REFORM.
SCHOLARS WANTED FOR REFORMERS.
REWARD TO THOSE
HAVE ASSOCIATED
THIEVES, AND
STATE
DENCE.
REWARD TO ALL PUBLIC THIEVES WHO HAVE ENOUGH AND CAN STOP OTHERS FROM CHEATING AND STEALING.
THEY WILL BE REWARDED BY HONORABLE POSITIONS AND FAT OFFICES.
IT TAKES A THIEF OR ONE WHO HAS ASSOCIATED WITH THIEVES TO CATCH A THIEF.
TAMMANY POLICE RING
TWEED-LE-DEE AND TILDEN-DUM.

THE CARTOON THAT ENDED TWEED'S CAREER

When the fallen Boss escaped to Spain, he was recognized there by this "Tweedle-dee and Tilden-dum" cartoon of Nast's, and shipped back to New York.

The Times Newspaper was offered a cool million in cash if it would "lay off" the exposé. The gifted cartoonist, Thomas Nast, whose cartoons told the sordid story to millions, including thousands who could not read, was offered a half million if he would go to Europe and stop his caricatures. Finally Connelly opened his records to the reformers and the heyday was over. Samuel J. Tilden and Charles O'Conner, the Attorney General's appointees, drove all the ring members out of office.

Tweed was arrested on October 28, 1871, and gave a million dollars bail! At the first trial the jury disagreed and Tweed was jubilant. He said, "No jury will ever convict me!" But on his second arrest he was indicted on two hundred and twenty counts! A jury did find him guilty on two hundred four counts. He was sent to jail, but enjoyed unusual freedom. He left jail almost every afternoon in a closed carriage, with two keepers, and went for a ride. In the sparsely settled areas he would get out and walk. He often stopped on his way back to jail at his own home for dinner. One night he disappeared. When the "keepers" went to find him to return him to jail, he was gone. He escaped to Cuba. When he was detected there, he again escaped, this time to Spain!

In Spain he was caught and returned to the United States by our ambassador there. Back in New York, Tweed was sent back to Ludlow Jail. There he enjoyed unusual privileges, but he was carefully guarded. He tried all the ways he could think of to get out of jail, but none of them worked. He became weaker and died in jail in 1878, when he was fifty-five years old.

VIRGINIA CITY AND THE COMSTOCK LODE

There are few things in this world that will lure men away from their homes as quickly as a gold strike. American men have had the opportunity to rush off with their dreams of becoming rich the easy way, to California in the 1850's, to Nevada in the 1870's, and to Alaska in 1897. Each of these offered unbelievable riches, and adventure, but the Comstock Lode was perhaps the most fascinating of all.

The Comstock Lode and Virginia City were located in Western Nevada, perched high in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. A hundred and fifty miles to the north was the snowy Humboldt Range and forty miles to the south was the Forty Mile Desert. The rich vein was not far from well-known western trails. The old Emigrant Road over which thousands had gone to California was close by, following the course of the Carson River (for this was territory familiar to Kit Carson). Reno was fifty miles to the northwest and Carson City twenty miles to the southwest.

A few prospectors stopped at Virginia City in 1850 and found gold in placer mines on a hill at the edge of town. They called it Gold Hill. In 1859 gold was found in considerable quantities, and silver in even greater quantities, and the rush was on. The mine took its name from Henry Comstock who claimed falsely that he had a previous claim on the area where prospectors were having a run of luck. To avoid a quarrel, or worse, they cut him in on their strike and from his ramblings and boastings, the mine took his name.

To establish claim to a mine at that time one bought sections of veins by the foot. Prices varied from $300 to $400 a foot in the early days to fabulous prices as the ore proved more valuable. $4,000 a foot was not unusual in the region's heyday. The purchase of a vein was seldom for cash but on promise that the purchase price would be paid when ore was extracted or with "paper" trading "feet" in other mines for this one. In his book, "Roughing It", Mark Twain wrote a good description of this "foot buying". "We fell victims to the epidemic and strained every nerve to acquire more 'feet'. We prospected and took up new claims, put 'notices' on them (often just a paper with the owners name, held down by a rock) and gave them grandiloquent names. We traded some of our 'feet' for 'feet' in other people's claims. In a little while we owned feet in the Grey Eagle, Universe, Maria Jane, Columbiana, Branch Mint, Root-Hog-or-Die, Samson and Delilah, Treasure Trove, Golconda, Boomerang, Sultana, Great Republic, Grand Mogue, and several others. Many of them had never been molested by a shovel or scratched with a pick. We had not less than thirty thousand 'feet' apiece in the richest mines on earth, but we had no money, our credit was no good at the grocer's. It was the strangest phase of life one can imagine. There was nothing being done in the district, no mining, no milling, no production, no income, but a stranger would have supposed he was

talking to millionaires. Prospecting parties swarmed out of town with the first flush of dawn and swarmed in again at nightfall, laden with spoil rocks, nothing but rocks. Every man's pockets were full of them, the floor of his cabin was littered with them". But in time there was progress--ore was mined and milled, and production was fabulous. Now there was income!

At first all mining had been placer, but it soon changed to mining veins in the earth. Under the surface of Virginia City and Gold Hill ran the great silver lode, called the Comstock, a vein of ore from fifty to eighty feet thick, embedded in solid rock, and over two miles long. (This was much wider than most city streets and much wider than a vein of coal which was usually about eight feet wide).

The mine in the bowels of the earth grew to be a busy city. Thousands of men thronged in and out of an intricate maze of tunnels, guided by a winking sparkle of light. Overhead towered a vast web of interlocking timbers that held the walls of the gutted Comstock apart. These timbers were as large as a man's body and the framework stretched upward so far that no eye could pierce to the top through the gloom. It is hard to imagine such a scaffold two miles long, sixty feet wide and higher than any church spire in the United States! It cost a fortune to build this framework--indeed it has been said that the timbers inside the mine would cost several gold fortunes. There is a Spanish proverb which says it requires a gold mine to "run" a silver one. In the case of the Comstock, it was true.

One reason for the great expenditure in the early days of the mine was the tremendous cost of freighting the necessary materials in. All freight was brought over the mountains from California (one hundred fifty miles away) by pack train or in huge wagons drawn by mule teams consisting of thirty or forty mules. The cost of such freight was $200 a ton for part loads and $100 a ton for full loads. Rates were much higher in the winter. It was not uncommon for firms selling freighted material to pay $10,000 a month for this service. Then the gold and silver bullion had to be shipped out to San Francisco. The bullion was fashioned into bars, each worth from $1500 to $3000. With freight charges being one and one quarter per cent of the value, the freight per bar would average $25. Some stages could carry two tons (forty bars) which would bring the hauling costs to over $1000.

Wells Fargo operated the stages which came into Virginia City and Carson City. Their estimate for business out of Virginia City in the first year and a half that the mine was in operation was $5,330,000 in bullion and each year for some time to come it increased. (In 1863, the state of Nevada claimed to have produced $25,000,000 in bullion.)

The year 1859, saw the first "boom" to the Comstock Lode. Since there was yet no wagon road over the mountains, and the mountains in this area are treeless, men dug holes in the hills for shelter. Food and water were so scarce that everyone lived on whiskey (that being brought in on the stage.) Brush was the only fuel and it would take a ton of that to give a respectable fire. By 1860, Virginia City began to have growing pains. The census that year records 2,345. There were forty-two stores and forty-two saloons! The booming town boasted nine doctors, one dentist and two school teachers. Mark Twain gives this description of it: "Virginia had grown to be the 'livest' town, for its age and population that America had ever produced. The sidewalks swarmed with people, the streets were crowded with quartz wagons, freight teams and other vehicles. The procession was endless. Buggies frequently had to wait a half hour to cross the principal street. Joy sat on every countenance, and there was a glad, almost fierce intensity in every eye that told of the money getting schemes that were seething in every brain and the high hope that held sway in every heart. Money was as plentiful as dust. There were military companies, fire companies, brass bands, banks, hotels, theaters, hurdy-gurdy houses, wide open gambling palaces, political pow-wows, civic processions, street fights, murders, inquests, riots, a whisky mill every fifteen steps, a Board of Aldermen, a Mayor, a City Surveyor, a City Engineer, a Chief of Fire Department with three assistants, a Chief of Police, a City Marshall, a large police force, a dozen breweries, a half dozen jails, and there was some talk of building a church. Large fire proof brick buildings were going up and wooden 'suburbs' spread out in all directions. Hangtown, Negro Bar, Fiddletown, Whiskey Flat, were some of the immediate neighborhood. Some even referred jocularly to San Francisco as a suburb of this richest of all mining areas. One mine alone employed six hundred fifty men. Wages were from four to six dollars a day and the mines operated on a three shift day".

The city itself was built on the steep slopes of Mount Davidson, 7200 feet above sea level, atmospheric conditions were such that one could see for fifty miles. The mountainside was so steep that the entire town had a slant to it like a roof. Each street was a terrace and from each to the next street below was a descent of forty or fifty feet. The fronts of the houses were level with the street they faced, but their rear first floors were propped up on stilts. A man could stand at a rear first floor window on C Street and look down the chimneys of the row of houses below him facing D. Street!

At first there was no law, no justice, no peace. Confusion, feuds, fights were the order of the day. Claim had been staked on claim until in some greatly desired areas, they were "five or six deep". Corrupt judges smelling bribes, and adventurous lawyers smelling fat fees were always present. In their minds was a lust for wealth.

By 1873 when the big rush came to the Comstock, Virginia City took on a new look. There were still the serpentine streets, hundreds of wooden shacks,

and dugouts in the mountainside. Indians were squatting everywhere and everywhere there was dust, a cloud of it constantly in the air--dust, smoke and alkali covered everything. On every bluff and ledge were advertisements of pills, tonics, syrups, water cures, magnetic baths. Huge signs told men to "drink Sozerac", to "gamble at the El Dorado", to "eat at the Howling Wilderness", and to "dance at the Melodeon". There was plenty of everything in the city especially money. Two thousand teamsters were now employed in freighting. The Pioneer Stage Company had twelve resplendent Concord coaches pulled by six horses each, there were six hundred blooded horses in its stables. The Company kept over fifty drivers, attired in linen dusters and lemon-colored gloves. Private coaches were numerous with carriage lamps encrusted in gold, silver mountings on the harness, and coachmen dressed in "purple and fine linen." The streets were lighted by gas jets on iron standards. Houses had balconies (like in New Orleans) of black iron. The bars in the saloons were of solid mahogany inlaid with ivory and brass. Before every cigar store was a wooden Indian, Pocahontas, Minnehaha or Black Hawk. This was the year that Maguire's Opera House opened its doors. This building was more magnificent than the International Hotel or any of the saloons! It had a huge stage, illumined by gas footlights in "cabbage leaf" sconces, great crystal chandeliers, on either side a double tier of boxes in scarlet brocade with velvet railings and quiet chairs. Off the foyer were billiard parlors, smoking rooms, gaming tables and a mahogany bar inlaid with ivory. A colorful reproduction of Lake Tahoe was painted on the curtain.

Virginia City was no longer isolated. The Virginia and Truckee Railroad had been completed in 1869. It joined Gold Hill and Virginia City and was known as the richest, short line in the world! The first transcontinental railroad was not too far away. The federal government had eased the situation by building a Federal Mint for the coinage of silver money at Carson City. In time, the State government helped Virginia City bring order out of chaos. Rowdies and gun men were driven out of the state or hurried to new areas where new strikes were being found.

The wealth in Virginia City grew. Incomes were $10,000 a month and before long grew to $35,000 a month. A story is told of one of the original claim holders who gave a party that cost $25,000! She served thirty guests. Her menu included:

Lobster with minced Shallot, Madeira Sauce Allemonde

Lobster--Thermidor with red wine

Lobster--Spanish Style with white wine

Lobster--American Style with brandy

Virginia City

Frog legs in butter--with white wine

Baked eels

Baked cod in oyster sauce

Duck in olives and wine

Champagne	Cordials
Wine	Liquers
Brandy	Whiskey

(Lobster was served in so many ways because it was so expensive!)

Anecdotes of the fabulous days of Virginia City are as thick as the dust that used to blow there.

There is the story of a woman who left Virginia in its early days while her new house was under construction. She went to Europe and called on the world's most famous silversmith. There she ordered solid silver door knobs and a solid silver table service--forty forks, forty knives, forty spoons, forty plates, and bowls and serving dishes, all to be made from bullion from her own mine. To verify her ability to pay for such an order she handed the jeweler a letter of credit for $79,000! The bullion would be freighted from Virginia City to Paris.

A couple of teamsters did some hauling for a man who could not pay in cash but gave them a few "feet" in his mine. They gave a third man a third of their shares to open the mine. The next year the mine yielded $100,000.

One old "nabob" went about town with $6000 worth of diamonds on his chest--and swore he could not spend his money as fast as he made it.

Some of the best known names in town belonged to those who were "quick on the trigger". Sugarfoot Mike, Pock-Marked Jake, El Dorado Johnny, Six-fingered Pete, were brave, reckless men who traveled with their lives in their hands. They did their killing principally among themselves and held it disgraceful to die except "with their boots on", and often "got their man" before breakfast.

In 1876 Virginia City had a tragic fire--with losses reaching $10,000,000. In a few hours six thousand structures, mostly wood were swallowed up. However, so great were the resources then in this city, still younger than twenty

years, that the entire city was rebuilt in less than a year--(and a number of those buildings are still standing today.)

In its heyday, Virginia City entertained many of the world's finest entertainers. Stage plays moved from the theatres on Broadway to the theatres in this mining metropolis. Edwin Booth played in Virginia City and such famous artists as Modjeska gave concerts there. Ex-President Grant was a famous visitor.

Stories are told of the elegant ladies who went to these programs wearing the latest imported New York and Paris fashions. It is said that they would hold their hands for hours above their heads to render them properly white, bloodless and ladylike before receiving guests. Some used to order their carriages to make a call on their next door neighbor.

During the Civil War, sentiment in Virginia City favored the Union and two regiments were raised. Southern sympathizers caused some trouble. (The proprietress of the Tahoe House shot a man in the act of raising the Stars and Stripes over her hotel) No people contributed more liberally to the soldiers than did Virginia City. When the news came that Lee had surrendered to Grant and the war was over, the Lode went frantic with excitement. The air was filled with the sound of bells, whistles, anvils, bands, cheers. All the saloons were crowded.

Mark Twain told that one of his most vivid memories was of the tense period during the battle of Gettysburg when "the fate of the nation was in the balance". Once the dark clouds around the summit of Mt. Davidson suddenly parted to reveal the Union flag lit by the rays of the sun.

Tragedies came often in the mines. There were cave-ins, an average month saw about fifteen persons killed by cave-ins, falls from the scaffold, blasts or other mine accidents. Twice that many were seriously injured.

Money was plentiful. Boys could pick up $20. a day running errands. Hired girls were paid $75 a month beside their board and room . No saloon-keeper was expected to give change for a $5.00 gold piece. The ore that was unearthed in 1873, called the "Big Bonanza", was probably the richest body of gold and silver ore ever found on earth. The ratio of Nevada ore was one hundred parts of silver to one part of gold. (The silver was found in a blue clay.)

Mark Twain worked on the Virginia City newspaper, "Territorial Enterprise", for three years, and to this day his portrait appears on its masthead. This was a daily paper, printed by steam. There were six editors and twenty-three compositors. The subscription price was $16 a year.

Virginia City's most prosperous days came after the fire. By 1878 she could boast.

twenty laundries	six churches
eight dairies	thirty boarding houses
four hay yards	one hundred fifty places where liquor was sold
fifty dry goods merchants	eleven faro games
two pawn brokers	two homeopathic doctors
twenty insurance agents	thirty-five physician-surgeons
eighteen barbers	four banks
one joss house	

The fortunes of the Comstock Lode, like those of all mining areas could not be of bonanza quality forever. The population drifted away, the millionaires went to San Francisco, the others scattered. Some of the houses were torn down for firewood, some were taken down and rebuilt in other mining camps, sometimes a whole house was loaded on flat cars and set up again in Reno, Carson City or faraway Los Angeles. Some fell into their own cellars, or slid down the hills as the under-mined earth faulted and sagged here or there. By 1930 Virginia City was really a ghost town.

Today there is some activity in this famous old mining settlement. Some mining operations are carried on, but most of the money comes from tourists. Route 40 goes through Reno and Route 50 goes through Carson City. The two are connected by Route 395, a short spur. Route 17 leads off from Route 395 or Route 50 to Virginia City where the pages of history turn back. Here are sagging balconies, broken board walks, and crumbling brick buildings. The old saloons are virtual museums, displaying the relics of this once fabulous city. Here is the first bath tub that arrived in the city on a sailing vessel around Cape Horn, and the elaborate crystal chandelier from a once gorgeous hotel. The old Silver Dollar Hotel has been reopened and is now booked for weeks in advance. The Bucket of Blood Saloon attracts many. The proprietor purchased the dinner table and accompanying suite of Diamond Jim Brady, a study in ornate decoration. Roger Butterfield, author, lived in Virginia City. Its two most famous tax payers are Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg, popular historians of Western Americana. They have done a great deal to bring charm and historical reproduction to this most unique of all mining settlements.

Probably the most beautiful thing in the Comstock area is St. Mary's in the Mountains, the most beautiful church in the state and by many regarded as one of the loveliest in America. It is a large red brick building accented with white limestone. It is entered through three pointed-arch vestibules, has two pinnacles on its facade and a rose window high in the front. Above rises a white, turreted bell tower, supporting a steeple. The supporting pillars inside the church are of redwood. The high ceiling is a powdery blue. The hall is made of Comstock silver.

Such is the saga of Virginia City and the Comstock Lode. Once the mecca of the bad-man, the gold seeker, the unlearned and the get-rich-quick. Now the mecca of tourists, uranium seekers and students of Americana.

THE ASSASSINS

What sort of man would want to kill the President of the United States? What would he hope to gain? Would a sane man plan such a dastardly deed, or were the assassins insane? Three Presidents, Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley were killed by an assassin's bullet, and attempts were made on the lives of four more, Andrew Jackson, Teddy Roosevelt, Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman. The men who were successful in their fiendish plan were not insane--not thought dangerous by the people who knew them well, nor could they even plea temporary insanity regarding the hour of their crime. One man was recognized as a popular and successful actor, another was a minister and a politician depending on his whim, and the third came from lowly stock, resented the rich, but was not very vocal about it. Let us study these men.

In point of time the first "successful" assassin was John Wilkes Booth who shot Abraham Lincoln. Booth belonged to a well-known family of actors--his father Junius and his brother Edwin were favorites on the American stage. John, the younger brother had done very well for himself. Because he was considered handsome he was especially popular with the ladies. None of his social acquaintances regarded him as a potential killer. But there was a quirk in Booth's mind that was like a cancer that grows--hidden--and then is too deadly to control. The idea born in Booth's mind was to kidnap Lincoln, hold him for ransom, the ransom to be the return of Confederate soldiers held by the Union Army. In 1864 Grant had issued an order limiting the number of war prisoners that might be exchanged. Booth planned that if he kidnapped Lincoln, the Union would be willing to release a large number of captured soldiers in return for the release of the President. To this end he began to organize a shoddy group of men, most of them "down and outers."

1. David E. Herald, twenty-three years old, had a widowed mother and seven sisters. He was a clerk and delivery boy in a drugstore. He was not considered very bright-about as smart as an average sixth grader.

2. Samuel Arnold, a former playmate of John's who was now twenty-eight. He had served in the Confederate Army, but was discharged for illness. He worked off and on at his brother's Maryland farm.

3. Lewis Paine, the youngest, was twenty years old. His father had been a minister but no religious principles seemed to have rubbed off on Lewis. In appearance he was almost repulsive, resembling a gorilla with big arms. With two brothers he had served in the Confederate Army. His brothers were killed and Lewis was wounded and taken prisoner at Gettysburg but escaped. He was once arrested for assault and was freed with orders to move on to a new location but he stayed, where he was to eventually fall in with Booth's plans.

4. George Atzerodt, thirty-three years old, who looked fierce but was really a coward. He was a carriage painter by trade but picked up money on the side ferrying blockade runners across Pope's Creek in the Chesapeake Bay area. He was a short, squatty man who talked big.

5. John H. Surratt, also twenty, was a former Confederate spy. He probably had the best education next to Booth since he had attended college for a while. At this time he was a clerk for the Adams Express Company in Washington.

6. Mrs. Mary Surratt, about forty-seven, the mother of John Surratt. It was at her house part of the plotting was done, according to the belief of the authorities. It was also known that she carried bundles containing articles considered contributing to the fatal deed at Booth's request.

These then were Booth's so-called accomplices. How much each contributed to the murder of the sixteenth President is uncertain, but all these, and others were doubtless in some sort of plan to remove Lincoln from his position of authority.

Some of them were given money, others joined for a "crack at glory", and some were flattered to be included in a secret plot by the suave, distinguished actor. By 1865 Booth had spent $4000 of his own money, buying weapons and handing out doles to his gang. It is known he put his money in a Canadian bank which he considered safe if the Confederacy fell. It is also known that he went "shopping" in New York and bought two carbines, six revolvers, three dirks, two pair of handcuffs and later paid $80 for an old saddle horse, blind in one eye.

The plans to abduct the President didn't go very well. Booth never had sufficient finances to hire enough men to swing this deal in a big way, his helpers were always too few. It was a mild winter, roads were muddy which meant that flight after the abduction would be slow and dangerous. So finally Time ran out for Booth. If he would have been successful he should have recalled his Shakespeare and been properly warned-in the words of Macbeth. "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly."

But by April 1865 when the war was over, some of his gang of plotters had scattered. The only way left to Booth was murder, and to that some of his henchmen objected. They would go along with kidnapping, but to kill was another thing, and those who had a little sense backed out. But Booth by this time was desperate. He was losing face to himself--Lincoln had to go.

His plans and the successful realization of them are well-known. As a popular actor he had free access to the theatre. He listened to the play, chose

the spot where his "scene stealing" would work out best, drilled a tiny hole in the Presidential box where he could peak at his prey--all this with no suspicion from actors, stage hands and others in the theatre.

At the moment he had chosen he quietly entered the Presidential box, secured the door from the inside with a board so no one could rush in and fired the fatal shot. Throwing aside his derringer, he pulled his dagger, jumped the ten feet to the stage shouting "Sic Semper Tyrannus", (Thus always to Tyrants), the state motto of Virginia. One thing he hadn't counted on were some additional army flags which decorated the box, added in honor of Grant whose presence had been anticipated as Lincoln's guest at the play. Booth's spur caught in the flags so that in his fall, his leg was broken. The one thousand six hundred seventy-five people in the audience were stunned-there was a new character on the stage! People screamed, Mary Lincoln wailed, the stranger, brandishing his dagger, limped off into the wings. He was gone. Pandemonium broke loose.

What manner of man would commit murder so publicly, so daringly? One who loved publicity, certainly, one who was vain and sure of himself, one who was full of self-importance and one, it would surely seem, who wasn't too smart. Carl Sandburg, probably the best authority on Lincoln, thinks some of Booth's actions were those of an eighth grade school boy ready to act and not count the cost--or weigh the action and its certain results. As though fearing some person might not recognize him, the famous John Wilkes Booth, he wrote a letter outlining the plot, and the reason and signed it, so there would be written evidence that there are "men who love their country better than gold or life", John Wilkes Booth, Paine, Herald, Atzerodt.

Booth escaped for twelve days. A reward of $50,000 for him dead or alive was offered. He was captured in a burning tobacco barn. A diary alleged to have been Booth's carried this statement, "I can never repent it though we hated to kill. Our country owed all her troubles to him and God simply made me the instrument of His punishment."

His fellow plotters had not been so successful. Booth's plot had included the death of Grant, but Grant and his wife left Washington that afternoon. Atzerodt was to kill Andrew Johnson, but he went to a tavern instead. Paine got into Seward's home, wounded five men including Seward, and escaped shouting, "I'm mad. I'm mad." Herald didn't kill anybody but he joined Booth and spent the next twelve days with him until the fateful day of capture. Mrs. Surratt, Lewis Paine, George Atzerodt were hung, and four more were tried, found guilty and sent to one of the Nation's bleakest prisons--Fort Jefferson lying on one of the islands known as the Dry Tortugas off the coast of Florida. In 1869 President Grant pardoned those left in jail (one had died).

If it was fame that Booth craved--he got it. Every history book bears his name. Every school boy knows his story. When he was young a gypsy had read his hand. She said, "Ah, you've a bad hand--the lines all criss-cross. You'll break hearts, they'll be nothing to you. You'll die young, you'll have a fast life, short but a grand one. Now, young sir, I've never seen a worse hand and I wish I hadn't seen it." He was not a respected hero, but rather one that folk lore calls a "demon-hero." He was only twenty-six when he died, yet hate, a desire for self glory and a yen for murder gave him a twisted soul. No wonder he was called the "American Judas."

CHARLES GUITTEAU

The second Presidential Assassin was Charles Guitteau. Like Booth, he could be described as an egotistical exhibitionist. He was small, five feet, five inches, weighed only one hundred twenty pounds, had gray-blue eyes, sunken cheeks, dark brown hair, a thin mustache and full beard, no ladies regarded him as a handsome hero. He had a quick, nervous manner and at forty should have had a more stable mind. Guitteau had been born in Freeport, Illinois in 1841. His mother had died when he was seven years old and he had grown up under the guidance of his father. His father was a well respected person in the community, was considered public spirited, dividing his enthusiasms between Republican politics and religion. He was an advocate of the Oneida Community religious philosophy.

When he was twenty-three, Charles Guitteau left his father's home and set out on his own to win fame and glory--(in reverse!) He chose religion for his life work and with the "Bible for a textbook and the Holy Ghost for a schoolmaster" set out to win men's souls. As an itinerant preacher, the going was hard financially. He lived poorly, on crackers and dried beef. He married, but five years of such frugal living was enough and his wife left him. While "serving the Lord", Guitteau developed a peculiar philosophy. Having no money, he would stay at hotels, then when the management demanded payment, he would secrete a few clothes out in a bundle and disappear. If traveling, he would buy no railroad ticket. When the conductor came along he would loudly announce he was a "traveler like Paul and poor like Christ". Since he was "traveling for the Lord" he needed no ticket. Sometimes a conductor let him ride, sometimes he telegraphed ahead for police at the next stop, then Guitteau would jump off the train. Finding no financial reward in the ministry, Guitteau decided to change professions. He went to Chicago, rented an office and advertised himself as a "Councellor at Law". He could change his profession as quickly as a chameleon could change its color and he became a lawyer, an insurance salesman, and evangelist, an author, a publisher and one should add to be truthful, a swindler of landlords and railroad companies.

In 1880 he became very interested in politics. In the New York Library he worked for hours writing political orations, regarding himself as sort of a ghost writer of unsolicited speeches. Advertising himself as "the Little Giant from the West", he wanted to be a stump speaker for the Stalwarts. He wrote an oration on "Garfield versus Hancock" which he thought won the election for Garfield--the political opinion stating that a democratic victory would put the United States Treasury in the hands of the Ex-Rebels, and that would be ridiculous. As soon as Garfield won, Guitteau began to hound him for a political reward, he particularly wanted to be Ambassador to Russia; if not that, he would settle for appointment as Consul to Paris. He was so persistent that Grant, Garfield and Arthur all avoided him. When a personal contact failed he would write a note, "I presume my appointment will be promptly confirmed. There is nothing against me. I claim to be a gentleman and a Christian." There was something against him. Grant, Garfield, Arthur and other prominent politicians hardly knew him. His great services to the Republican party were a figment of his own mind, not a verity to others. As the weeks went by he looked less and less like a diplomat. His cuffs were frayed, his shoes scuffed, sometimes he wore no socks and sometimes he had to wear his coat collar turned up to conceal he had no shirt collar. He became a nuisance around the White House and the staff were given orders not to let him in when he called.

It was then that he got desperate. One night, as he was lying in bed, sleepless, he got the "impression" which he interpreted as a directive from God. If Garfield were out of the way all would be well with the party and the nation. He prayed, he said for two weeks and then decided he had had a direct order from God. He borrowed $15 and bought a self cocking 44-caliber British bull dog revolver. It had a white bone handle, a chamber for five bullets and the clerk assured him it "would kill a horse". His own reason for choosing this particular revolver was that it was a handsome little weapon and "would look good in a museum some day".

In the middle of June he wrote an address explaining his reasons for killing the President. He accused Garfield of working against Grant and Conkling, stating "he has wrecked the once Grand Old Republican Party and for this he dies." Twice before the fatal day, Guitteau had carried his handsome revolver with him, planning to shoot the President, but one day Mrs. Garfield was with her husband and she looked so frail, he hadn't the heart to do it. Another day he set out with determination but the weather was so hot and sultry he postponed it, but on July 2, 1881 the day had arrived! The President was leaving the city for a vacation, yachting on the Hudson and a visit to his Alma Mater, Williams College, where he would deliver the Commencement Address.

Guitteau went to the Baltimore and Potomac depot in the morning and waited for his victim. The President was accompanied by Secretary of State

James G. Blaine. As Blaine and the President crossed the depot, Guitteau who had been standing behind a bench followed them, and when a few feet away shot Garfield in the back.

"My God, what is this", the President gasped. As the President staggered, Guitteau fired a second shot. The President slumped to the floor, and Guitteau made a bolt for the exit but was caught by a policeman. He was taken to jail.

On his way to the depot, Guitteau had left at a newstand a package which he planned would fall later into the hands of the police. This package contained many of his writings--a note bequeathing his papers and revolver to the State Department Library--an autobiography with permission to the New York Herald to publish serially and a note stating, "The President's nomination was an act of God, his election was an act of God, his removal is an act of God." As he was carried along the way to jail, with the crowds crying "lynch him", he gloated, "Now Arthur is President of the United States. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts." He was indeed stalwart, no quiet flooded his mind. In jail he began a new book, "The Life and Theology of Charles Guitteau."

The President was not having it so easy. The bullet had fractured the eleventh and twelfth ribs and bored into the back bone. The doctors couldn't find the bullet, and Alexander Graham Bell devised an instrument to locate the bullet, electrically, but no attempt was made to remove it. It was a hot summer and all sorts of devices were used to cool the White House. Finally it was decided to move the President to the New Jersey seashore some two hundred fifty miles away hoping the sea breezes would make him more comfortable. He was carried from the White House on a bed which was placed in an Adams Express Wagon. The train was cooled by ice boxes. The President lingered until September 19. He had been President two and one half days short of four months and had known neither peace nor happiness. His death led to reform in the federal government. The belief grew that the President should not be a "petty job broker", and civil service was instituted.

Guitteau's trial lasted ten and one half weeks. Strange as it may seem, he had a great many admirers. Some days he received as many as two hundred letters of sympathy and approval. He received a telegram which read, "All Boston sympathizes with you. You ought to be President". It was signed "A host of admirers". Guitteau himself was quite confident he could be nominated for the Presidency in 1884! The trial beside being long was very noisy. Guitteau kept shouting in his own defense until the Judge threatened to have him gagged. Though he had agreed to the plea of insanity, Guitteau defeated his own chances by refuting it from the stand. The jury deliberated an hour and fifteen minutes then delivered its verdict--"Guitteau was sane and guilty!"

Charles Guitteau was hanged on June 30, 1882. Before leaving the jail he had written his own epitaph--"Here lies the body of Charles Guitteau, Patriot and Christian! His soul is in Glory." Four thousand people gathered around the jail on the day of execution, two hundred fifty people paid to get into the chamber so as to see the hanging (the price for this ghoulish privilege went as high as $300). On the scaffold, Guitteau intoned a prayer which ended with these words: "I therefore predict that this nation will go down in blood and that my murderers from the Executive to the hangman, will go to Hell!" (Sweet last thoughts!)

He then recited a poem he had written that morning which was several verses long and went, in part:

"I am going to the Lordy;
I am so glad
I am going to the Lordy
I am so glad
I am going to the Lordy
Glory Hallelujah, Glory Hallelujah
I am going to the Lordy."

Guitteau lacked a few weeks of being forty-two years old! Even after the black hood had been drawn over his head his last words as the trap dropped were "Glory, Glory, Glory"--

(It would seem being shot in a burning tobacco barn was preferable).

LEON F. CZOLGOSZ (chol-gosh)

When Booth shot Lincoln, feelings born of the Civil War and sectionalism ran high, and when Guitteau attached Garfield, party factionalism, Half Breeds and Stalwarts within the Republican Party and ex "rebel" Democrats fostered cunning and revenge, but in 1901 the nation was calm and prosperous. Why kill the President then? A fair guess would be class hatred raising its ugly head. McKinley was shot by a man who resented the fact that there were two classes, the "haves" and the "have nots" Leon Czolgosz was born in Detroit of Polish parents in 1873. The family was poor. His father had lived in the United States for thirty years and had not learned to speak the English language. His mother took in washing and died after her eighth child was born. The father had worked in the Detroit sewer system, but when Leon was a boy the family moved to northern Michigan farm where there was a Polish community.

Leon was a quiet, solitary child. He had no close friends though he had about five and one half years of schooling. On the farm he had a peculiar repulsion, he wouldn't step on a worm or kill a fly. As he grew older he engaged in hard physical labor and sought employment in the steel mills. A

strike in the mills had a peculiar effect on him. He and his brother had not approved the strike and prayed that it might end quickly. When their prayers were not answered they turned against God and became political radicals. Gradually they came to believe in Socialism and Anarchy. In fact anarchy seemed to have had a special fascination for Leon and he read all he could find about it. He went to lectures in Cleveland which advocated socialism and anarchy. No one knows when the idea of assassinating the President entered his mind, but in 1901 when McKinley had gone to Buffalo to speak at the Pan American Exposition, Leon Czolgosz had registered at a hotel under the name of John Doe. One of his possessions was a 32 caliber Ivan Johnson revolver. It had a hard rubber handle with an owl's head stamped on each side. He had paid $4.50 for it.

The morning of September 6, 1901 he rode a street car over to Niagara and back, and then went to the Exposition grounds. Speeches were made by other eminent guests--Vice President T. Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, Bob Lafollette. Sousa's band was playing. Fifty thousand people were there that day and after McKinley's speech they hoped to shake his hand in a ten minute reception which he had promised. There were many who had advised against the President's participation in this public reception, but McKinley had argued, "Why not? No one would wish to hurt me." He was wrong. Coming along the line was a slender young man about five feet, seven inches, weight probably one hundred forty pounds, slightly stooped, light brown hair. In general appearance he would have passed for a mechanic, a waiter, a barber. As the line moved along and he was closer to the President he drew a handkerchief from his pocket, but that attracted no attention, the day was so hot handkerchiefs were in evidence everywhere. Had you been watching closely you would have noticed he didn't wipe his brow, but wrapped his handkerchief around his hand, but a bandaged hand was nothing unusual in a crowd of 50,000 people. He kept his hand close to his side. As it was his turn to extend his hand to grasp the hand of the President, he shot instead. The handkerchief was set afire and the President's vest was stained with powder shots. McKinley shivered, straightened up to his full height, looked at Czolgosz in astonishment and slumped to the floor. One bullet struck the stomach, in the front and out the back.

Four detectives attended the President and fifty guards were close by. Czolgosz was knocked down and savagely beaten as he lay on the floor muttering, "I done my duty."

That evening Czolgosz made his confession. "I killed the President because I done my duty. I don't believe one man should have so much service and another should have none. I saw a great many people there saluting him, bowing to him, paying homage to him and honoring him. The President was the enemy of the working people, there is no prosperity for the poor man."

An operation on President McKinley lasting an hour and thirty-one minutes was performed but the search was in vain. No bullet was recovered. McKinley died eight days later of blood poisoning. His dying words, "Goodbye all--Goodbye. It is God's way."

Czolgosz was examined by five doctors and pronounced sane. His trial began September 23. He was defended by two Buffalo attorneys appointed by the Court, but since the defendant did not believe in courts or lawyers he would not talk to his counsel. There were no defense witnesses. He refused, even to take the stand in his own defense. All he would say was he had no grudge against McKinley, he just did not believe in rulers for countries. His trial lasted only two days. After thirty-eight minutes deliberation, the jury found him guilty. Forty-five days after he fired the shot at the President, he was electrocuted in the State Prison at Auburn. Though he had been dragged screaming into the prison he was calm as he was strapped into the electric chair--his final pronouncement-"I killed the President because he was the enemy of the good people, the good working people. I am not sorry for the crime." (Sulphuric acid placed in the coffin after it was lowered supposedly would disintegrate the body in twelve hours. The third assassin had gone the way of all flesh, but in a more violent way than most!)

What conclusions can be drawn from these three murders? For one thing each felt he was an agent, carrying out God's will. Booth's last explanation read: "Our country owed all her troubles to him (Lincoln) and God simply made me the instrument of His punishment." "Tell mother I did it for my country." A passage found in his diary read, "Hunted like a dog for what? For doing what Brutus was honored for. I, who cut down a greater tyrant am looked upon as a common cutthroat. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned with the curse of Cain." Guitteau followed the same thinking. "His (Garfield) removal is an act of God." He advised the jury, "Let your verdict be that it was the Deity's act, not mine." And Czolgosz, leaving God out, said "I thought it would be a good thing to kill the President."

It would seem they were all zealots, so imbued with the deed they had decided to do, that nothing, even Death, would have lured them from their vile deed.

Politically some good resulted. A better secret service was put in operation, and Civil Service took the place of the wholesale spoils system which plagued Garfield.

Otherwise we are back where we started. What did these men gain? Were they sane? Who knows the answers?

kill the President, he muffed his opportunity for the glory he thought due him and he lost his mind.

The second attempt that failed was on the life of an ex-president, Theodore Roosevelt. In 1912 when Roosevelt became the nominee for the Progressive party, it so upset John N. Schrank that he decided he must act to prevent Roosevelt having a third term. The two term tradition was sacred to John Schrank and he determined to maintain that tradition even if it meant killing Roosevelt.

Schrank had two grievances against Roosevelt, his attempt to win a third term and his belief that Roosevelt had killed President McKinley. This latter idea is explained in a letter written to the American people about a month after his attempt on Roosevelt's life. It read--

"On September 15, 1901 at 1:30 a.m. in a dream I saw President McKinley sit up in his coffin pointing at a man in a monk's attire, in whom I recognized Theodore Roosevelt.

"The dead president said, 'This is my murderer, avenge my death.'

"On September 14, 1912 at 1:30 a.m. while I was writing a poem, someone tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'Let not a murderer take the presidential chair, avenge my death.' I could clearly see Mr. McKinley's features. Before the Almighty God, I swear that the above written is nothing but the truth."

John Schrank had been born in Bavaria. When he was thirteen he came to America with an aunt and uncle, Flammong by name. He became a naturalized citizen and worked in his uncle's saloon. The saloon business often got him and his uncle in trouble with law enforcement, but by the service of Tammany, they had protection, so he favored Democrats in New York politics. When Theodore Roosevelt became President of the Board of Police Commissioners and began his determined reforms, the Flammong saloon was closed for two months. As you can see, Schrank was soured, completely, on Roosevelt. However he told police this had no effect on his determination to assassinate "T.R."

He had bought a .38 caliber colt for $14 and a box of Smith and Wesson cartridges for fifty-five cents. Then he started out on his mission of murder. He followed the ex-President on his 1911 speaking tour through Mississippi and Louisiana to New Orleans, and from there through Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky and Indiana to Chicago. At the LaSalle Hotel in Chicago, he had an opportunity to shoot, but there were too many people who might be hurt. Two days later the situation worked out perfectly for Schrank. He stood

with a crowd before Roosevelt's hotel in Milwaukee. As the former President walked across the sidewalk to his open car, Schrank drew his revolver from his vest pocket. As Roosevelt stood and waved to the crowd, Schrank poked his revolver between the heads of two men in front of him and fired. Roosevelt staggered back slightly, propping himself with his hand against the rear seat. The bullet had struck him in the right side of his chest, and bore upward fracturing the fourth rib. The injury would have been worse had not the bullet been forced to pass through a typed manuscript of fifty pages and a heavy metal spectacle case. Roosevelt insisted on going on to give his speech which lasted fifty minutes. He was then rushed to a hospital suffering from shock and loss of blood, and before morning was transferred to a Chicago hospital by train. At the week end he went to his home at Oyster Bay, New York and a week later when appearing at Madison Square Garden for his first speech since Milwaukee, he was given a forty minute ovation. However, he did carry the bullet in his body until his death in 1919.

As soon as Schrank had fired the shot at Roosevelt he was seized and arrested on a charge of armed assault with intent to kill. He was examined by a group of five doctors who gave a unanimous report; he was suffering from insane delusions. He was committed to a state hospital for the insane in Oshkosh, Wisconsin. After one and one half years there he was transferred to another hospital at Waupum where he remained the rest of his life--thirty-one years in these two hospitals, with never a letter, never a visitor. When Wilson was elected in 1912 and Roosevelt defeated, Schrank was delighted and wrote a letter to the Milwaukee police apologizing for the disturbance he had made.

Roosevelt was saved by luck, Schrank lost his freedom because of an obsession.

The third would-be assassin seems more like the type you might suspect of being dangerous. He was Giuseppe Zangara, born in southern Italy, but in 1941 was a thirty-two year old naturalized American. Giuseppe had two grievances; an almost permanent stomach ache and a fierce hatred for the heads of government and capitalists. He looked like an assassin--bushy black hair, swarthy complexion, thick accent, five feet tall, weighing about one hundred six pounds. As a child he started to school when six years old, but after two months his father took him out of school to work. He worked at road construction, shoveling earth. He later learned the trade of a mason and bricklayer. He blamed capitalists for his continual stomach ache, saying in court,"The capitalists get to be boss to my father, keep the money from my father, and my father send me to work, and I have no school, and I have trouble with my stomach and that way I make my idea to kill the President, kill any President, any king." At various times he had been "steamed up" to kill King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy, Presidents Coolidge and Hoover. To kill Hoover he would have to make a trip from warm Florida to cold Washington

D. C. so he switched from Hoover to Franklin Roosevelt who came to warm Florida and made things easier for Giuseppe. It was just seventeen days before inauguration so Roosevelt was almost a President.

Zangara came to the United States when he was twenty-three years old. He made good money, bought a car and had a bank account of around $2500. But about 1931 he lost interest in work and began to live off his savings hunting warm climates to make living easier. (When he went to jail after his attempt on Roosevelt he had about $300 left!) Soon after he arrived in Miami he bought a .32 caliber revolver and ten bullets. He put five bullets in the gun and the other five in his pocket

Ten thousand people gathered in Bayfront Park, Miami on February 15, 1933 to hear President-elect Franklin Roosevelt speak The crowd assembled early so that when Zangara who had planned to get a front seat, arrived the front seats were full, and the best he could do was about three aisles back. He could have shot that far but people were in the way. Roosevelt sat on the top of the rear seat and made a splendid target, but Zangara was too far away. After Roosevelt had finished, the crowd began to move out and Giuseppe got his front seat, but now the President had slipped down into the seat (a move which saved his life.) Mayor Cermak of Chicago moved from his seat on a stage back of Roosevelt's car to speak to the President. As Cermak stepped away Zangara fired. He hit Cermak in the right lung with one bullet; three other persons were also hit but their wounds were slight. It was reported that two people made a grab at Zangara's arm as he pulled the trigger deflecting his arm Zangara himself blamed his failure on the chair tipping as he pulled the trigger Cermak was placed in Roosevelt's car, the President-elect holding him in his arms all the way to the hospital. Cermak died three weeks later.

Though Zangara insisted he wanted no legal aid, the court appointed three lawyers to defend him. He was first tested by experts for sanity and found sane. Zangara was tried twice. He was first charged with assault, in an attempt to assassinate and was sentenced to eighty years in jail. After Mayor Cermak's death the charge was changed to murder. He was found guilty and electrocuted thirty-three days after his crime. He refused the services of a minister. "I want no minister. There is no God," but he was disturbed. "No cameramen? Lousy capitalist," he shouted. "No one here to take my picture. All capitalists lousy bunch of crooks."

He was thirty-three years old, life held no allure. He had no friends. No one claimed his body and he was buried in an unmarked grave on the prison grounds.

The most recent attempt to assassinate a President was an effort to

espouse a cause rather than kill a man. The killers, there were two, were members of the Puerto Rican Nationalist movement which was organized to free Puerto Rico from the United States. The group was small but very radical. The would-be assassins, Oscar Collozo and Griselio Torresola, on their own, they claimed, decided that if they killed the President of the United States it would start a revolution and in the conflict, attention would be centered on Puerto Rico and that long suffering island would get its independence.

Collozo was a well read, decent, zealous patriot. He was thirty-six years old, married, a father, and a man respected by his own people. Torresola was twenty-five years old, an unemployed clerk, living on relief, was married and had two children. These men had not known each other long, but felt a strong bond between them because of their passion for Puerto Rican independence. The trip to Washington from their homes in New York was somewhat spontaneous. When there, they entered the hotel singly and under fictitious names. Collozo was not an experienced gunman, so Torresola drilled him in handling a German Walther P-38 automatic pistol in their hotel room. (Torresola had a Luger for his own use.)

The President Harry Truman at this time was staying in Blair House as the White House was being repaired The men traveled around the area so as to acquaint themselves with the "lay of the land". About two o'clock on the afternoon of November 1, 1950, armed and carrying sixty-nine rounds of ammunition, Collozo and Torresola approached Blair House from opposite directions.

Blair House was well defended. The front door was approached by steps on each side coming up to a small landing before the front door. There were sentry boxes on the side walk on either side, and guards at the front entrance, the rear entrances and just inside the front door. Collozo tried to fire first at the policeman near the front entrance, but the weapon didn't fire. A second bullet hit the policeman's right leg, the only shot of the nine fired by Collozo that hit anything! Collozo began to ascend the steps when the sentries opened fire on him but the iron fence hindered the bullets from reaching their mark. Collozo was hit in the nostril, his ear was nicked, one bullet went through his hat. Several men were shooting at the figure crouched upon the steps and one bullet hit Collozo in the chest. No one knew whose shot had hit him. At the same time that Collozo tried to fire his first shot, Torresola approached the sentry box on the other side, shooting and injuring fatally that guard. He then joined in the fight Collozo was waging. He hit one guard with a shot that curved up through his neck, through his mastoid bone and out through his cap! The guard whom Torresola had wounded fatally spent his waning strength with a final shot at Torresola who at the moment was reloading his pistol. The bullet lodged in Torresola's brain and he dropped dead instantly. The guard and Torresola had killed each other. Altogether twenty-seven shots were fired in less than three minutes. The President, sleeping in a room above the

entrance was awakened by all the shooting and hurried to the window but fearing there might be others in the crowd the guard called to him to "Get Back."

Collozo was taken to a hospital where his wound proved not too serious. He was indicted on four counts including murder and assault with intent to kill. The court assigned him three attorneys. The jury after a deliberation of an hour and fifty-five minutes found him guilty on all four counts. The date he was to be electrocuted was set for August 1, 1952 but on July 24, Mr. Truman commuted his sentence to life imprisonment. Mr. Truman desired to make a gesture of friendship to Puerto Rico.

In summing up the would-be Presidents killers there are certain similarities. All except Lawrence were foreign born, yet none of them had been known to the police as lawbreakers or criminals. For the most part they resembled average Americans in appearance, except for the Puerto Ricans. On the whole they were small men, maybe psychologists would say it gave them a complex, but they all developed an urge, a hatred, an obsession, a Cause. Their purposes were not always political, economic problems seemed as vital as politics. There was a strange lack of any personal relationship between the assassin and his victim except for Richard Lawrence who did know Jackson. All of them, except perhaps the Puerto Ricans were lone operators. One thing they all had in common was a twisted approach to life, a form of insanity which led them on to what seemed to them a service to humanity. Even though they were conscious their deed would mean certain death, that stopped none of them.

As life grows more complex, it also grows more difficult and men break under the rush of it. The first attempt was made on a President in 1833, then 1865, 1881, 1901, 1911, 1933 and 1950. That is too often for a President's life to be put in jeopardy. What more can the nation do?

ELISHA OTIS AND HIS ELEVATOR

"Going up. Call your floors please." These are words which are familiar around the world. They are words that mark an excursion upon the safest mode of mass transportation known in modern times, and it is free! History books make much of the great changes brought about by the invention of the steam engine, the rotary press, the screw propeller, the steel plow, the harvester, the telephone and electric light, but not much attention is called to the elevator and where would we be without it? The elevator has made possible the concentration of capital and labor which are necessary for modern industry, and the hauling of heavy machines beyond the powers of men to lift. Without the elevator we would have no big cities.

Americans tend to take the elevator for granted. "Sky scrapers" are also taken for granted. A few years ago there was a strike of elevator operators in Chicago, a city of many very tall buildings. People were helpless without the elevators. Many struggled to their offices or apartments on the 30th, 40th, or 50th floor, but no clients came, and not one person left home or office in these high places to come back tomorrow. Business was as motionless as the elevators. Some people slept in their offices, food and mail were hauled up and down in baskets. But it doesn't take a strike to render an elevator useless, a bad storm or power failure could do the same, and then people would realize how they take for granted this system of silent, efficient and powerful transportation. However, power failures are very rare, for hundreds of men service the elevators night and day. This constant attention makes the elevator more safe than your kitchen floor, your bath tub, your car, or even walking across the street.

What is the history of this invention which has made possible the astounding growth of great cities?

First, credit for the elevator must be given to Leonardo Da Vinci, that great Italian who was so versatile. The first elevator was placed in the cathedral in Milan and there is a legend that it is "unwrapped" once a year and run from street to roof, a delicate "bird cage" affair--one of Leonard's wonderful and prized inventions. The first practical elevators were hydraulic, operated by water power with the aid of a long plunger which extended into the ground as far as the building was high. The plunger moved through water, which was forced into a deep hole or removed from it according to the direction the car was going. A hand rope extending through the car controlled it.

The first elevator in the United States was the brain child of Elisha Graves Otis. Born in Vermont in 1811, Elisha Otis was primarily a manufacturer and inventor, though he was civic minded too. He held the office of Justice of

the Peace, and was a member of the State Legislature for four terms. Before he was forty, he had lived in several cities in New York and New Jersey. He worked in mills, bedstead factories, and machine shops and was put in charge of the erection and installation of machinery of a new building in Yonkers. For this building Otis used devices of his own invention which included an elevator. This elevator had an ordinary wagon spring overhead. When all went well, the weight of the car kept the spring compressed. However, if the cable holding the car (which wound around a steel drum) parted or became slack, the spring expanded instantly and forced outward two metal tongs or prongs which caught in notched metal channels provided in the shaft wall for this very purpose. This stopped the car with a jolt. This safety device which operated automatically and prevented the operator from falling, attracted the attention of many men interested in the erection of new buildings. One New York manufacturer gave Otis an order for three elevators to cost three hundred dollars apiece. In 1854, Otis demonstrated his new elevator at a New York State Fair in a daring act. He stood on his model, then cut the rope after the elevator was at considerable heighth. The elevator did not fall. After that, the orders rolled in. He built a factory and in time, employed ten men. Six years later in 1861 he died but the possibility for such structures as the Empire State Building had been born.

After Mr. Otis' death, his business was carried on by his sons, Charles R. and Norton P. Otis. They were granted fifty-three patents on improvements on their father's invention. These have paved the way for the modern elevator; fast, safe, convenient, and popular. In 1880, an electric motor was perfected which made possible the use of elevators in tall buildings.

In 1894, a "push button elevator" was installed in the home of a Mrs. Shepard. From this time on the elevator grew by leaps and bounds. The modest plant employing ten men left by Elisha Otis to his sons, is now doing a one hundred million dollar a year business, with a number of rival companies in the field.

The applications of the elevator idea have been numerous and interesting. One of the popular applications is the escalator. (The word escalator, formerly an Otis trademark, was derived from the Latin word "scala" which means ladder). Escalators appeared in 1900. Escalators were promptly installed in stores, depots, subways, and proved to be a rapid and economical means of moving crowds.

Another application of the elevator is a ten-ton electric car, such as circles the roof of the Lever Building in New York. From this contraption, window washers lower themselves in a steel gondola car to clean the structure and wash the thousands of square feet of glass windows.

The largest elevator ever made was used at the Hippodrome in New York City, a huge structure in which circuses were sometimes held. At one time, a monster water tank weighing probably two hundred fifty tons, was lifted to the stage for a bathing beauty show. Horses, elephants, circus equipment were all hoisted on the same elevator.

Another use of the elevator was in coal mines where shafts had grown so deep it took a long time to walk down to the coal strata and at the end of the day, to return to the earth's surface. The elevator has speeded up that process and in case of an accident in the mine, can save lives by hasty exit.

Probably the world's smallest elevator is in Chicago. One of the world's most powerful aviation beacons was built on the Palmolive Building in Chicago and at once the problem of servicing this powerful light arose. The problem was solved by the Otis engineers, who installed in the slender towers which support the beacon, a tiny cage scarcely large enough to hold a very thin man. It rises fifty-six feet making two stops on its unusual journey.

The elevator and escalator are found in many interesting places.

The Statue of Liberty. Here an elevator lifts most visitors, except those who in the exuberance of youth go dashing up the stairs, a distance of ten stories. The rest of the distance must be made by foot.

The United Nation's Secretariat Building. Here was installed the first automatic and electronic supervisory system of elevators.

Carlsbad Caverns. Here an elevator shaft which goes seven hundred fifty feet down into these mighty caves in New Mexico is a great boon to sightseers. For those who dislike the long trip down the underground trail, the elevator speeds you down. For those who are tired after the mile walk down, it is a great relief to be whisked to the top.

The White House. The first elevator in the White House was installed in 1902. It was a delight to the Teddy Roosevelt children. It was Quentin who used it one day to take the pony upstairs to cheer up Archie who was sick in bed. The first elevator moved at the rate of seventy-five feet per minute. In the days of President Coolidge the engineers tried to speed it up to two hundred fifty feet a minute. The President objected. It amused him to get in the elevator alone and ride to the second floor while his Secret Service Guard dashed up the stairs to meet him. If he went too fast, it would spoil the fun. He would beat the best time his Escort could make, so the engineers compromised at one hundred feet a minute. This elevator was removed in the late 1940's when the White House was rehabilitated, and placed in the Smithsonian Institution. The present elevator travels at a faster clip.

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King Ibn Saud's Palace in Mecca. An interesting story is told of the installation of an elevator in the palace of the richest king in the world. King Ibn Saud ordered two very luxurious elevators. They were to be lined with green and white silk and be equipped with a satin cushioned divan (small seat for two people). The King was delighted with them and he enjoyed riding up and down in them with his guests who were notables in the Mohammedan World. Installation of the elevators had presented a problem, however. The only railroad running into Saudi Arabia had been destroyed in World War I and never rebuilt, so the elevators were delivered by truck. An even greater obstacle was the law that no one is allowed in Mecca, the Holy City of the Mohammedans but the people of that faith. To solve this problem the elevators were delivered to Cairo where a group of Mohammedans were assembled and instructed in the assembling and installation of the elevators. The elevators were then taken down the Red Sea to the port nearest to Mecca and from there were moved by truck to Mecca and installed in the palace.

The growth in use of the escalator is as fascinating as the elevator story. Most large stores now use escalators in preference to elevators, though escalators have not entirely replaced elevators. Macy's in New York had seventy escalators at a recent counting and Kaufman's in Pittsburgh had ninety. The Neiman-Marcus store in Dallas claims the most beautiful escalator in the world. It's sides are made of an imported green marble from Sweden with a special panel lighting. When a new Sears Roebuck store was opened not long ago in Rio de Janeiro, eighty thousand people rode on the four escalators on opening day. When the first escalator was installed in Shanghai, China, the store sold tickets at thirty cents each for a ride.

To keep all these elevators and escalators moving and to prevent accidents, the Otis elevator people and other firms keep a constant vigil. Between midnight and dawn, thousands of service men inspect cables, motors, and electric apparatus. With flashlights they scrutinize every possible place that might cause trouble the following day. Anything found worn or faulty is replaced. There are Otis men in every important port of the world to service elevators in ships and in those same ports are warehouses with stock parts for any elevator made by the company in the last sixty years.

Elevators now travel at the rate of six hundred feet a minute, and many of them do this with no operator visible. Automatic devices and signal controls take over. Passengers punch buttons for floor stops. Speeds of fourteen hundred feet per minute are possible and this will lead to a need for fewer elevators. Many stores have express elevators which stop only at certain floors-25th, 45th, 65th, 85th for example, with local elevators to service floors in between. It is in the realm of possibility to have just two shafts for elevators, one up and one down. As the number of passengers increase with growth of business, the need for more means to speed up "Transportation" will be needed.

Statistics on the use of elevators are rather astounding. Keep in mind that such statistics are increasing in volume almost everyday. It is estimated that in New York City 43,400 elevators carry 17,500,000 passengers, 125,000 vertical miles per day, while in the United States as a whole the figures are even more impressive. 232,000 (plus) elevators carry 20,000,000,000 passengers 500,000,000 vertical miles per day and this with practically no casualties of any kind!

An anecdote has been told for years in Florida that illustrates this story of ups and downs.

Walter Winchell, the famous columnist, once waited impatiently in a Florida hotel for an elevator which didn't come and didn't come. When it finally arrived, he said to the operator: "Where were you?" To which the lad replied, "Where can you go in an elevator?"

Well, you know where you can go. Many, many interesting places, from deck to deck on the Queen Mary, to the top of Lookout Mountain on the inclined railway cars, up the Statue of Liberty, or the Washington Monument, up the snow lift at Sun Valley, on an escalator in Shanghai, ride with King Ibn Saud (if you are invited) in his royal palace in Mecca, up to the Palmolive Beacon in Chicago (if you are skinny), to the top of the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco overlooking the Golden Gate, to the depths of the earth in Carlsbad Caverns, the gates of the Panama Canal or the Eiffel Tower, and on and on--there is no end.

A simple device, perfected by a forty year old Vermonter changed the structure, and usefulness as well as the skyline of our cities.

Warsaw Community High.
Schne. History Dept.
Room 21.